THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 400,000 Copies Sold Every Week

FREE NOVEL

November 18, 1939

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Published in Every State

PRICE 3D

NSW PUBLIC LIBRARY 16 NOV 1939

Inside: First copy of Sunday Telegraph's color comic

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625601

ANZAC WIT . . . As shells whizzed by

They set fine tradition of humor for our new army

THE new war has revived the old one. "Remember the time when . . ."

They're talking memories, they're telling the old jests again, for wherever there are soldiers there's laughter, large shouting laughter as strong as the stuff of which heroes are made.

They're looking out old records, dusty souvenirs. And down from the shelf comes "The Anzac Book," as fresh and vital now as the day its stories were written at Anzac.

"The Anzac Book" is a record of blood and courage, liberally laced with laughter. Produced in the lines at Anzac, on Gallipoli, in the closing weeks of 1915, it sets a tradition of humor to inspire the new Anzacs of 1939.

The Anzacs wrote more of laughter than of blood as they scribbled under the sandbags — and they didn't want to hear any hero stuff.

This is how they felt about heroics:

Oh! I've snarled to read the phrases
that the writers coined for us—
"Deathless heroes—lasting glory,"
and the other foolish fuss;
For we're simple sinful soldiers and
we're often rude and rough,
And our characters ain't altered
since we donned the khaki stuff.
. . . . . .
It's their fault I'm entertaining just
a tiny little dread
That me friends may want a hero
with a halo round his head.

A CORPORAL sang of "My Anzac Home" . . . to give a glimpse of what life on Anzac was really like.

It isn't quite as roomy as the mansions of the Tsar;
From sitting-room to bedroom is not so very far,
For the dining and the smoking-room you stay just where you are,
In my cosy little dug-out on the hill.
The fleas they wander nightly, as soon as I've undressed,
And after many weary hunts I've had to give them best.
As the ants have also found it, there is very little rest
In my cosy little dug-out on the hill.

Here's a story worth the retelling:

"Bill was put on sapping for over a fortnight, and at the end of that time had a growth of stubble that would have brought a flush of pride to his dirty face if he had seen it.

"At the end of a fortnight he was taken off sapping and put on observing. Anyone who has used a periscope knows that unless the periscope is held well up before the eyes one sees only one's own face.

"Bill did not hold the periscope up far enough, and what he saw in it was a dark, dirty face with a wild growth of black stubble.

"He dropped the periscope, grabbed his rifle, and scrambled up the parapet, fully intending to finish the Turk who had dared to look down the other end of his periscope.

"He had mistaken his own reflection for a Turk's."

Australia's official war historian, C. E. W. Bean, edited "The Anzac Book," and among his contributions to its pages is this generous tribute to the Turk:—

We will judge you, Mr. Abdul,
By the test by which we can—
That with all your breath, in life,
in death,
You've played the gentleman.

FOR heroes, there's the story of "Icy," so called because of a reputation as a "cold-foot." Whenever the shells came screeching overhead "he would involuntarily duck and then smile in that peculiar manner of his as much as to say 'I can't help it.'"

Came the night when Icy was one of a covering party sent out ahead of men detailed to dig a new trench. Suddenly a machine-gun began to strafe the diggers, winging three and killing two on the first discharge.

The order came along to retire, but when the parties mustered Icy was missing.

"At the landing and here ever since."
Drawn in red-and-blue pencil for "The Anzac Book."

Something to remember us by.
A Turkish study from "The Anzac Book."

The machine-gun was silent, and later they found Icy half-way back sprawled over the machine-gun he'd sneaked over and stolen.

"To this day we don't know how he did it, as he never will talk about it; but before they took him on to the hospital ship next day—with his sixteen bullet wounds and scratches all told—there went down to see him a crowd in which I was among the foremost, which apologised to Icy very humbly.

"And, do you know, he only smiled back at us in that funny old way of his."

This marching song reminded the Anzacs that their kit was worth caring for:

Leather and canvas, steel and wood,
They'll stand by you if you're good;
Keep them oiled and keep them dry,
They'll see you home safely — by and by.
Boots, belt, rifle and pack.

"Iron rations"

"A MAN dies more easily in the charge."

This is one of the most poignant sentences in "The Anzac Book." The writer claims that "the work of enemy shell behind the actual trenches is peculiarly horrible. Men are struck down suddenly and unmercifully where there is no heat of battle. **A man dies more easily in the charge."**

But they didn't grumble about death . . . here is "The Growl."

We can take our "iron rations,"
Tho' they 'and 'em out like 'Ell,
An' we'd charge the blankey Turkeys
Thro' a cataract of shell!
But wot narks us more than any
Is to 'ear the sergeant say:
"The sea's too rough to land our stores;
There ain't no jam to-day!"

"SENSE OR" rhyme will tickle the CENSOR!

THE Anzacs apparently had censor trouble to complain of. A sergeant penned this ditty in 1915.

SENSE OR — ?

There's a certain hard-hearted old censor
(Which is not meaning any offence, sir)
Who won't let us tell
When we say "I'm quite well,"
Where we've planted the water condenser.

And that same stony-hearted old censor,
When we speak of the shell-smoke as dense, sir,
Will rule it out straight
And the same if we state
That some of our non-coms. are denser.

And yet this same rigid old censor
(Whose business must now be immense, sir),
Will let it go through,
Tho' he knows it's not true—
If we tell her our love grows intenser.

THIS season fashion decrees sweet simplicity—in frocks, hats and, especially, complexions. So Erasmic presents "Peach." A new, delicious powder shade to make your skin look sun-kissed, velvety, wholesome — just like a fresh-picked, dewy peach. To give you that "little girl" look that one must have this season. Other shades in this exquisite English face powder are Suntan, Natural, Brunette and Rachel.

Erasmic Creams (Vanishing or Cold) 1/- PER TUBE

57.49.27

Let's Talk Of Interesting People

Curator of Sydney zoo

MR. R. A. PATTEN, recently appointed curator of Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, in succession to Mr. A. S. le Souef, was formerly superintendent of the zoo, and will now combine both positions.

He has progressive ideas on animal welfare, and innovations he has introduced include new systems of feeding and diet charts. He also designed the new hospital, quarantine quarters, and breeding aviaries.

An Australian, Mr. Patten graduated in veterinary science at Sydney University.

Noted American pilot

MRS. ARLENE DAVIS, of Cleveland, U.S.A., is the only woman in America to hold a 4-M air rating licence.

After passing U.S.A. Government tests she obtained the licence, which permits her to fly any plane except big ocean-flying boats.

Controls fish market

A RESPONSIBLE task on Britain's home front is that entrusted to Mr. T. J. Dove, of London. He is in charge of the nation's wartime fish distributing scheme, and has worked out an elaborate system of marketing to meet emergency conditions.

In times of peace Mr. Dove is superintendent of Billingsgate Market, London's famous fish centre, and issues the daily price list to the newspapers, so that fish dealers all over Britain and the world can check up market prices.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625602

London children find haven in countryside

ST. PAUL'S Walden-Bury, home of the Queen's brother, Mr. David Bowes-Lyon (in circle), where evacuated London children are having the time of their lives.

FOSTER-MOTHER to evacuees takes the children for a picnic on her country estate. Their knapsacks and baskets carry the lunch.

Queen's brother plays host to youngsters at lovely Walden-Bury

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

The dark clouds of war have a silver lining for hundreds of children and their mothers in England.

With the evacuation of huge parties from crowded city centres, youngsters from slum districts are now literally "Kings of the Castle" in aristocratic country homes.

Huge medieval galleries echo with the sound of children's laughter, and Cockney children and tired mothers are waited on by butlers in luxurious drawing-rooms.

WHILE evacuation meant disorganisation and even hardship for some, for others it meant fairy tales come true.

The stately homes of England, almost without exception, opened their doors to the children and mothers of working-class districts.

For Mrs. Hawkins, of Stoke Newington, a crowded industrial London suburb, it is like a tale from the Arabian Nights.

She is at present sleeping in the Queen's former bed in the lovely Hertfordshire country seat of the Bowes-Lyon family.

"I did not know what family I was to be billeted with," Mrs. Hawkins told me. "I arrived late, and was received most kindly by the lady of the house.

"Then I was taken to the daintiest blue-and-white bedroom I have ever seen, and given a muslin-draped four-poster bed. I knew immediately that I must be staying with close friends of Royalty, for around the walls were pictures of the Queen as a young girl and snapshots of her with her family.

"Even so, imagine my surprise when I found I was staying in the house of the Queen's brother. The lady who met us on arrival was none other than the Queen's sister-in-law, and the house is the birthplace of our beloved Queen."

Mrs. Hawkins said she went to the country in charge of her nine-year-old son Philip and other children evacuated from his school, determined to put up with all sorts of hardship in order that the children should not "be blown to bits or scared out of their wits by bombs.

Simply Heaven

"THE most I expected was a place to sleep. Instead, we were met with the greatest kindness. We were all treated as friends and given the run of the enormous house and beautiful grounds. We found everything was shared and shared alike.

"It's simply heaven for the children. They have the use of bicycles and ponies, a rocking-horse, toys, and play games with the Bowes-Lyon children."

Mrs. David Bowes-Lyon, on the arrival of the huge family, immediately organised her household so that everything would work out smoothly. She personally attends any sick child.

All of them have put on weight now. In the words of Mrs. Hawkins, "They are real pictures of health."

Lady Carnarvon, formerly the famous dancer Tilly Losch, is hostess to sixty youngsters and twenty-four mothers in her fifteenth-century Highclere Castle, standing in six thousand acres of estate in Wiltshire.

Lady Carnarvon turned over the top floor to the children. The great nurseries have been repainted, and the library turned into a playroom. She organises the whole programme for this huge family.

She tells the children bedtime stories in the firelight of the great Elizabethan fireplace in the library, and declares the youngsters are no trouble at all.

At first they were shy and afraid to move away from each other, but soon became accustomed to their changed environment.

The mothers are cooking for their children under the supervision of the Castle chef.

Lady Crewe, whose sixteenth-century Madeley Manor in Surrey is famous for its gardens, is hostess to twenty-eight children from the slums, who are in charge of two teachers.

They are housed in both wings of the Manor and Lady Crewe is living in the centre. They have the run of the garden and may eat any fallen fruit in the orchards.

The gardener says: "I don't think all the fruit falls naturally, but they're not a bad lot of youngsters."

Well behaved

THE boys' bedrooms are painted blue and the girls' pink.

The staff of the Manor have adopted the children. The lodge-keeper's wife does their laundry for them, and the butler spent a week's wages on toys.

Lady Crewe says the children are exceptionally well-behaved.

Lady Astor has eighty-two children staying with her in her famous house, Cliveden. In addition, all her employees living in the cottages on the Cliveden estates have adopted two or three children.

The whole estate has become a small colony of young Cockneys.

The children were at first overawed by the great country houses. They held each others' hands in the galleries in fear of the figures of men in armor and the huge portraits of medieval lords and ladies, but soon settled down.

Lady Zia Wernher, president of the Day Creche for poor children, took all the creche children into her Hertfordshire home

LADY ASTOR has 82 children staying at Cliveden. Here is an East End youngster gathering berries on the estate.

How Princesses are faring. See page 30.

New COLOR COMIC *for your children*

JUST a word about the magnificent color comic you find in this issue . . .

This gift copy is the first number of the wonderful comic that will appear every week in the new SUNDAY TELEGRAPH.

Nothing so lavish has ever been included in a Sunday paper in the Commonwealth before.

It groups in the one magazine the sixteen most popular comics in the world.

Sold separately it would be wonderful value at 3d. It comes to you FREE with each issue of the SUNDAY TELEGRAPH.

And here's another surprise. This Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night, you can turn on your radio during the children's session and hear the characters in this marvellous comic re-live their adventures.

Listen in to this session by Charlie Chuckle from stations 2GB, 2SM, 2KY, 2CH, 2UW, 2GZ, 2KO, 2KA, 2LM, 2KM, 2WL, 2TM, 2CA, 2HR, 2WG, 2NZ, 2GF.

Every Sunday commencing November 19 Charlie Chuckle will dramatise the comic to you from the following stations:

8 to 8.30 a.m.: 2GB, 2SM, 2KY, 2UE, 2GZ, 2KO, 2LM, 2TM, 2CA, 2WG, 2NZ.

8.30 to 9 p.m.: 2UW.

The SUNDAY TELEGRAPH is a product of Consolidated Press, which puts The Australian Women's Weekly into more than 400,000 homes every week, and which has raised the circulation of the Daily Telegraph from 90,000 to 215,000 in three years.

The best journalistic talent in Australia has been assembled to produce it, and apart from a comprehensive news cover it will give you a brilliant array of special features.

You must order the SUNDAY TELEGRAPH now!

Owing to the wartime shortage of paper only a limited number will be printed, and an advance order to your newsagent is necessary to ensure delivery.

On page 44 in this issue a full-page advertisement gives you details concerning the new paper.

NESTLÉ'S MALTED MILK has *added Vitamin 'B'* to give you

BETTER HEALTH —more energy!

Sign a new lease of health and vigour by increasing your daily intake of Vitamin 'B'. Drink Nestlé's Malted Milk, which contains extra Vitamin 'B', drawn from richest natural sources, especially added to create a strong defence against a far-too-common deficiency.

For Perfect Health you need this all-important Vitamin every day!

The body cannot store Vitamin 'B' which must be renewed daily by the diet. Lack of Vitamin 'B' results in loss of weight, vigour and growth, indigestion, constipation, colitis and serious nerve disorders. Ample Vitamin 'B', obtainable by drinking Nestlé's Malted Milk regularly, assists appetite, growth and vigour, and helps to protect you against nerve diseases.

Every tin of Nestlé's Malted Milk offered by Chemists, Stores and Milk Bars now contains added Vitamin 'B'.

COPYRIGHT 478

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625603

PARIS PLANS the dual PURPOSE FROCK

Utility and glamor combined in latest creations

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Correspondent in London.

Fashion is determined, despite the war, to keep the colors flying. Dauntless women feel that good frocking is a splendid way of keeping up morale.

The fact that so many women are in uniform makes more precious the off-duty hours which allow their frocking to become entirely feminine.

Paris—versatile as usual—is meeting this demand for both the utility and the glamor gown.

MILLINERS are creating frivolous hats to offset the simplest frocks. At the top there's the piquant Eugenie topper with a huge bustle bow at the back. The other is a cocktail pillbox with a trail of flowers sweeping down the back. In place of handbags, fashion leaders advocate these quaint bracelets, from which they hang all their beauty aids.

WARTIME collections now showing here have produced an excellent idea—Schiaparelli's "up and down" frocks.

The "up and down" frock is made with a peplum and a full skirt, which is short for afternoon wear but can, by means of a cleverly-concealed draw-string, be dropped to ankle-length to become a dinner dress.

These dual-purpose dresses have been quickly taken up by smart Parisiennes, who find that the vogue for afternoon entertaining at cocktail parties and tea dansants frequently leaves little time to change for evening engagements.

By loosening a draw-string concealed beneath the peplum the skirt falls to the ankles, making a graceful dinner dress.

The same house puts pockets in every conceivable place. Handbags are now demode, so pockets in the back of jackets or a fold of the skirt take their place. Small pockets for paper money are sometimes concealed under epaulets or other trimmings.

Bracelets, from which hang all beauty requisites, are another substitute for handbags, and are quite the smartest of the new accessories.

All houses show knee-length skirts and colors more subdued than those which made up the autumn collections before the war.

Hip-length swing coats

MOLYNEUX has deserted the fitted jackets of his pre-war sports clothes, and is now showing super-swing hip-length coats worn with pencil-slim skirts slit for a few inches from the hem to provide movement.

These suits are made in beige or neutral shades of tweed, brilliantly lined in red or another vivid color to match the blouse.

Jersey tuck-in blouses in heather colors are a smart variation for this swing-coat ensemble.

London's millinery experts support the couturiers with new creations which preserve femininity in spite of the exigencies of wartime.

In fact, the war seems to have inspired the designers with new and delightful ideas for feminine headgear.

For the woman in uniform there is a great relief in a thoroughly feminine hat when she gets a chance to wear "civvies."

Even if clothes have to suit the blackout and the income-tax, the hat, at least, can be frivolously feminine.

Thaarup has a most alluring collection on these lines, including two distinctive styles for the autumn—the Eugenie and the bustle.

The Eugenie is a version of the topper, with waisted crown and narrow, rolled brim. Most of these are in felt or velvet.

This hat is not easy to wear. It has a piquant chiceness that requires corresponding make-up and coiffure.

One model for smart occasions is in cerise velvet with dull ribbon to match tied in a bow at the back. Others in black felt have the ribbon bunched high on the crown.

The bustle is a softer style with a period atmosphere. The general line is a small pill-box worn over the right eyebrow with a trail of dark roses, a spray of delicately-dyed ostrich plumes or a cascade of ribbons in varying shades falling to the shoulders.

SCHIAPARELLI'S famous dual-purpose frock. For afternoons the slim silhouette is counteracted by a flared peplum, but if you haven't time to change for dinner just loosen the cunningly concealed drawstring and the skirt falls gracefully to the ankles.

A small, padded, black felt in the Arab style has a bustle of wide cerise and jade picot-edged grosgrain ribbons tied in a soft bow with the ends touching the collar.

The tricorne in black velvet with dull cerise ostrich plumes brings back an age of leisured elegance.

For evening wear, to be worn with the smart, day-dinner dress, is a conical crown of cerise velvet that tilts with gay insouciance over a carefully-curled coiffure. From the top of the high crown a variegated plume of the same color droops down to shade the eyes.

More businesslike occasions demand simplicity, and there are smart tailored models in the new khaki-olive felt trimmed with dull yellow ribbon.

Shapes vary from the sailor to the homburg.

Condor shows variations of the bustle, close-fitting fur caps, an open-crowned sports hat, and the new snood.

A pill-box crown in seal felt with heavy satin bows pressed flat is extremely chic without being too elaborate.

Velvet snoods

ANOTHER hat has velvet draped round the front of a sailor crown and hanging in delicate folds from under the narrow, turned-up brim at the back.

One lovely snood style hat has a circle of luxurious mink with cap and snood of dark aquamarine velvet.

Black velvet crown with cap and snood of fishnet is very chic especially for the black ensemble.

To be worn with a fur coat is a small, close-fitting toque of swathed felt and fur.

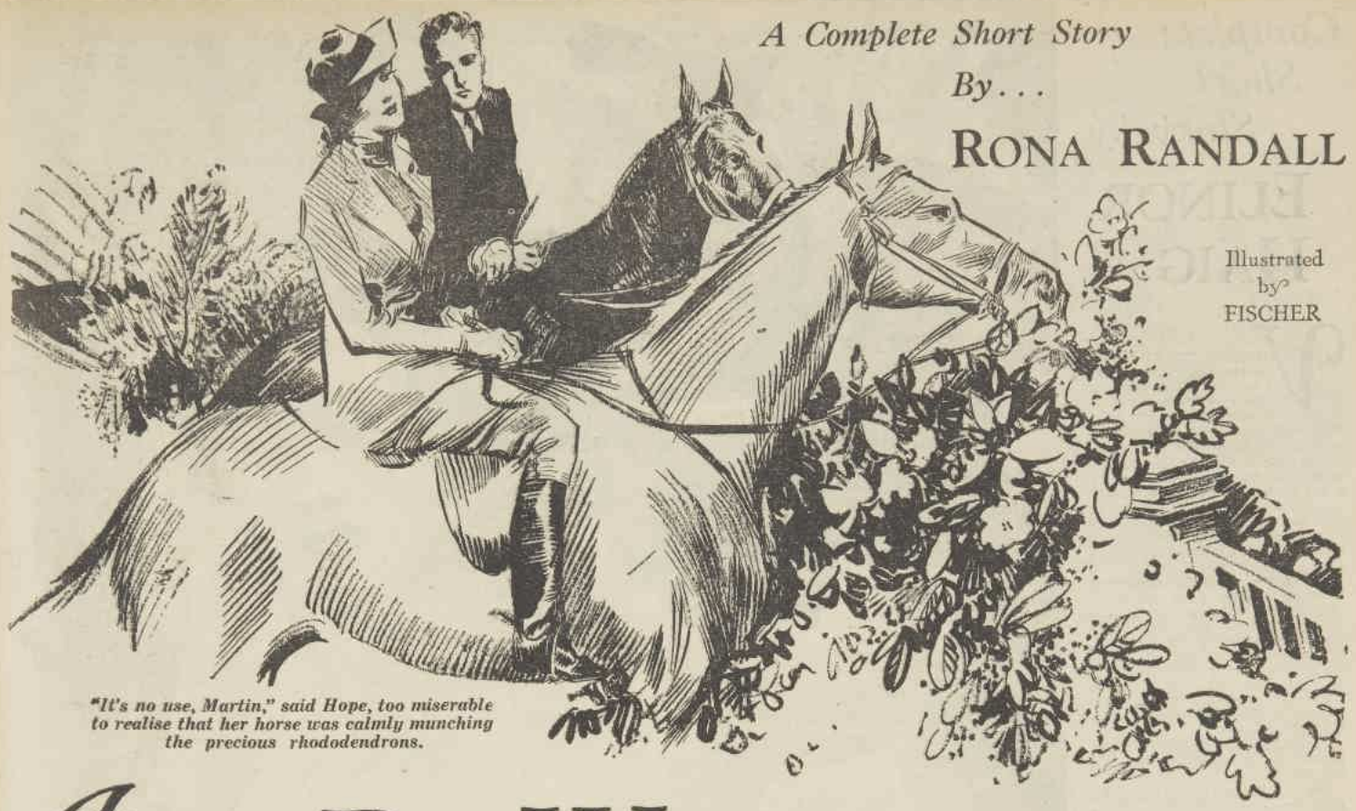
A LEVER PRODUCT 6.330.17

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

RONA RANDALL

Illustrated by FISCHER



"It's no use, Martin," said Hope, too miserable to realise that her horse was calmly munching the precious rhododendrons.

I'LL BE WAITING

Too late for romance, she knew, yet her heart still hungered for the sweetness of the past.

THEY were due at any moment, the tall, dark young man and the slender, golden-haired young woman.

Every morning, about this time, they rode past, with eyes and thoughts for no one but each other. They were rapturously in love. That was what first drew Miss Blodgett's attention to them. They were not in the least ashamed of it, these two young people. Really, it was almost brazen, Miss Blodgett reminded herself whenever she caught herself envying them and thinking how wonderful it must be to be young and in love and alive, instead of slightly ageing and rather drab and aware only of rheumatic twinges.

The girl could be no more than twenty, while she, Felicity Blodgett, was turned forty-five, and at that age, Helen would have pointed out, a woman should have sense; sense enough not to be disturbed by the picture of a radiant young woman in love and a young man, a soldierly young man, who reminded her poignantly, too poignantly, of another young man—soldierly, too.

But, of course, Helen could not possibly know that. She could not possibly know that with the arrival of every spring came that bittersweet longing, that tender, painful memory of a handsome man bidding his fiancee good-bye.

"It isn't good-bye," he had said. "Just au revoir, my darling. You don't think I'm going to let you bear that awful Blodgett tag for long, do you? I'll be sending for you just as soon as I can. Sooner, if possible."

But he never did.

Miss Blodgett let the old-fashioned lace curtain drop and thought, with an ironic twist of humor, "once a Blodgett, always a Blodgett." Helen had said that, often. One might even get used to it in time. One always loathed it, of course, particularly as a girl. It was such a cruel accompaniment to her Christian name. "Felicity" had been so right, so becomingly right, for the seventeen-year-old girl with the unruly mop of copper curls and the laughingly demure brown eyes.

Perhaps—she shuddered—perhaps "Blodgett" was right, so unbecomingly right, for the middle-aged spinster with the thick, grey hair and quiet eyes.

They were late this morning. Disappointment stabbed her. Perhaps she had missed them! It would be too cruel if she had. She had watched their romance from the day when one of those awful road drills had suddenly shattered the air and made the girl's mount bolt, and the young man, crossing the strip of common that joined Miss Blodgett's garden, had leapt forward and grabbed the reins, swinging the startled girl neatly from the saddle with one strong arm. It had been the most exciting thing to happen in Chestnut Hill for years and years.

She had watched, behind the lace curtains, as the girl thanked the man and he smiled down at her, solicitously. He was still smiling down at her when Helen had unfortunately entered the room and abruptly suggested that if Felicity had time to waste gazing out of windows it might be better employed in bottling the preserves. Timidly Felicity had obeyed.

Since then, the two rode together daily, and daily Miss Blodgett watched, behind the lace curtains. It was lovelier than any love story from the village library.

It was all that Miss Blodgett herself had known and lost.

But to-day they were late. Anxiously, Miss Blodgett peered through the old lace. She hoped nothing had gone wrong. She hoped they had not quarrelled, parted; she panicked at the thought. How dreadful, how terrible if they were never to pass her window again, bringing with them enchantment and life at its loveliest! Miss Blodgett's heart stabbed at the realisation that she had so little herself in life that she had grown to rely upon the passing of two unknown people for her interest and amusement.

But they meant more than amusement to Felicity Blodgett. They were youth and spring and love and faith, all those things which left her life when a young soldier departed for abroad, taking her heart with him and leaving in its place a fine old pearl and opal ring upon the third finger of her left hand. That was his pledge to her; their pledge to each other.

Miss Blodgett didn't wear the ring now. She had left off wearing it a long time ago. Helen had laughed at her so. "Ridiculous, at your age, Felicity. The man's married, of course. That's why he stopped writing to you. If you've any pride at all, you'll stop wearing that ring and stop writing foolish letters."

And, of course, Felicity had pride. To show it, she tore up that last letter entreating him for news, and the fine old pearl and opal ring lay in the velvet-padded box along with her coral necklace and great-grandmother's string of seed pearls.

And once she stopped wearing the ring she stopped having faith, too. Until then she always believed that, one day, he would send for her. Perhaps even come to fetch her himself. But now she knew Helen was right. It was foolish to dream dreams, to remember the exquisite promise of youth. At forty-five a woman should have more sense. Undoubtedly she should.

Miss Blodgett's heart leapt. They were coming, after all. Coming slowly, not at their customary trot. Not looking at each other, either, but straight ahead, unsmiling, serious.

Anxiously, Miss Blodgett watched. They had passed the gate now, and were hidden by the high hedge. She would not see them again until they mounted the hill, and if they decided to cut across the common she would have to invent some excuse to go into the kitchen so that she could see them from the window there.

THERE came no sound this morning of voices and youthful laughter, only the steady clop of horses' hoofs and then a dull silence. That meant they had turned on to the soft turf of the common. Not waiting for an excuse, Miss Blodgett rose agilely and hastened kitchenwards.

Fortunately, Helen was not there. Felicity peered through the window, but still she could not see them. It was very odd, and suddenly the air was rent by Helen's sharp voice, calling peremptorily from upstairs.

"Felicity! Go and tell those ill-mannered young people to take their animals elsewhere to feed, instead of consuming my rhododendrons!"

Miss Blodgett jumped. Goodness gracious, this was terrible! They had stopped behind the hedge which divided the Misses Blodgetts' garden from the common, and now one of the horses—the girl's—was leaning over and contentedly munching Helen's prize rhododendrons.

"Felicity! Did you hear me, or are you going deaf?"

Felicity straightened her back.

"No, I am not going deaf," she answered. "I heard you quite plainly, as, I expect, they did also."

Helen snorted over the banisters.

"They certainly did not. That animal is still ruining my bush. Go at once and tell them that if they don't move away, I'll have the police on them. Hurry!"

. . . . . .

Hope Cranley looked steadily at her fiance and decided, for the first time in her life, that she would like to die.

"It's no use, Martin," she said, quite steadily. "You know I can't leave England."

"You mean," replied Martin Stone, "that you won't leave your uncle?"

"I mean I can't! Oh, Martin, don't you understand? How can I leave him? Who would look after him? He relies on me. He's helpless without me."

"You could get a housekeeper or a nurse. You agreed to do that in the event of our marriage."

"I know I did, but it was different, then. We thought we would be here, in Chislecombe, where I could see him daily. He wouldn't have been lonely, then. But India—and three years! Oh, Martin, it's too far, too long——"

Martin looked grim.

"It's a pity he didn't stay in Cumberland. He had lots of friends there. Perhaps he would go back? Someone there would be sure to look after him."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't. He always wanted to come to Chislecombe, he said, to settle here and die here. He loves the place. As soon as the doctors pronounced him incurable, he made up his mind to come back here, to live the rest of his life in peace. It has associations of some sort for him. And, after all," she added forlornly, "if we hadn't come, I'd never have met you."

"Darling—oh, surely he'd understand?"

"He'd understand well enough," said Hope wearily, "and that is just why I won't tell him. I can't, Martin. He's been everything to me, done everything for me, since mother died. And before that he educated me and saw that I had everything that, in his opinion, his own daughter would have had. I owe him so much. I can't desert him now."

"Then you love him more than you love me?"

"That's not true! It's not fair! It's a different thing altogether. It's honor and gratitude and—and love, too, but of a different kind."

"Different or not, he means more to you than I do."

"No, no! I'll wait, Martin. I promise I'll be waiting here when you come back."

"Thanks," said Martin shortly. "By that time he'll be more dependent on you than ever. By that time you'll decide you can't leave him at all. It's now or never, Hope."

Hope stared.

"All right," she said slowly, "then it's—never."

Miss Blodgett coughed.

"Excuse me," she said. "I'm so sorry, but—but your horse is eating my sister's rhododendrons."

Hope jerked from her contemplation of Martin's retreating back.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured mechanically. "I didn't notice——"

Felicity Blodgett smiled.

"Of course you didn't. I don't think it matters very much, do you?"

"But what will your sister say?"

"My sister?"

"She sent you to tick me off. Now, didn't she?"

"Well, really, I don't know how——"

"It's obvious, Miss—er——"

"Blodgett," said Felicity.

"Not really?"

"Yes," nodded Felicity. "Really."

Hope smiled.

"It's not a bit like you."

"Don't you think so? Oh, I am glad. Only this morning I was wondering if I wasn't becoming more and more Blodgett and less Felicity."

"Felicity—that's charming. And it suits you, too."

"It used to—when I was young."

"It still does. It's so pretty and gentle and—sweet, somehow." Hope looked at the older woman and thought how lovely she must have been, the young Felicity. There was evidence of her yet in the quiet, brown eyes, the sweet, mobile mouth. But there was something pathetic about her, too. Something rather lost and neglected, as if life had passed her by. Life—or love? Hope shivered a little. Would she, too, fade like that, without Martin to keep her radiant and happy?

She turned her mount.

Please turn to Page 38

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625605

Complete Short Story by

ELINOR HAIG

"Play up to me," Ginna begged, and Barbara paused in combing her hair to remark, "You certainly have gone mad."

Some Other Springtime

VIRGINIA TRENT arrived breathless at the top floor of a tall block of flats in Paris.

She dropped her suitcase, and rang the bell beside a brightly varnished door.

The click of slipper heels sounded inside, and the door was opened by a girl whose glossy black hair stood up in a disordered mop, and whose crimson dressing-gown had seen better days. The girl leant forward and peered closely into her visitor's face.

She said, in a startled voice, "This is what happens when you drink absinthe last thing at night. And they warned me, too. You have visions. I'm having one now . . . Virginia Trelawney, by all that's dubious, is it really you? When did you leave London, and is it the latest craze of scintillating actresses to take up slumming? Heavens, but it's good to see you."

Ginna gave her a dazzling smile, pushed her aside, and walked into the hall.

She said, "I left London last night, and I've come to stay for an indefinite time. I'm in hiding. And as a great favor, don't call me Virginia Trelawney. I was born a Trent, and my parents called me Ginna. While I'm here, don't forget it."

"You make me dizzy, but I suppose you know your own business best. The honor of sheltering London's most favored musical comedy star is rather overwhelming, but as you're here I'll be delighted to put you up."

Illustrated by WEP

In the kitchen she poured coffee into two cups. Then she brought them to the table and sat opposite her guest, her keen eyes on her face.

"Put your feet up on that stool," she said. "You can relax here. No eyes to watch you. No tongues to gossip. What's the trouble?"

Ginna smiled. She put her cup down and said, "No real trouble. Only a bit of a hitch over the next production. I was kicking my heels, so decided to pay you a visit."

Barbara made a mental note that there were deep blue shadows under her eyes, and said, "That isn't all, is it?"

Ginna said, "What have you heard?"

"Do you really want to know? Only the old, old story, as applied to anybody who reaches the top. You've turned somebody down because he hasn't enough money. You're upstage and spoilt. Your money and stardom have gone to your head. Nothing new. We've both heard it about so many people, so many times over." She added, "And now I think you'd better go to bed. You can have mine, as I'm already up."

She led the way into her bedroom. Ginna, slipping her dress off, said, "I daresay it's all true, what you heard. I didn't turn him down because he hadn't enough money, though. Anyhow, for the moment I'm tired of it all. I had a sudden longing for you and your sanity. I don't know anyone else I can be honest with, either."

Barbara bowed her acknowledgments. Ginna slid on to the bed and closed her eyes. She said, "I'm going to sleep like the dead on your couch, and have my first real holiday in years. I also want to see you dance."

Barbara laughed. "You'll have to wear a mask if you intend to come into that place. I'm at the Casino now, you know, and it's getting more fashionable every week. You'll come across stacks of your friends. Your fame, too, is growing—internationally lately. Dear me, and it seems such a ridiculously short time ago that we were both dancing in that show where we had to fight for our salary cheque . . ." She swung suddenly round from the window. "Which reminds me, talking of past history, Simon's in Paris. I saw him in the middle of one of my numbers the other night. He was eating by himself, and I joined him after the show. He's been there every night since."

Ginna laughed softly, and said, "Simon? I'd forgotten he existed. Where's he been these last five years?"

Barbara was crossing to the door. She said, casually, "He said he'd been 'round and about.' He talked nonsense all the time, and I encouraged him; no one can talk nonsense like Simon. The first night I did mention your name, and was about to discuss your fame when he murmured, 'Virginia Trent—I seem to recollect the name,' and changed the subject. And now, my precocious child, get some sleep. Sweet dreams."

A MOMENT later the girl who had forgotten the existence of Simon was burrowing in her suitcase. From a worn leather case she drew a photograph. Sitting on the edge of the bed, she looked closely at it.

The Simon of the photograph looked absurdly young for his twenty-nine years. He was looking grimly determined, as he always did before the lens of a camera, but she remembered that he turned to smile at her a second after the ordeal was over, and said, "Another still for your agents. I really don't see why I shouldn't be roped in for this racket, too." Simon's smile was a thing one did not lightly forget, even after five years.

They had started off that day well enough. Simon had sat in his great monster of a car outside her lodgings, and had hooted the horn until she appeared.

She had wakened late and dressed in a tearing hurry, and in the rush had forgotten to put any rouge on. Her cheeks were as pale, without rouge, as cheeks have a way of becoming after months of hectic days, and nights mostly devoid of sufficient sleep.

Simon had noticed it, of course. He was unusually silent until after lunch. Then, with the sunlit countryside spread out in front of them like a map, he switched the engine off and turned to her.

"Ginna, darling, does it really amuse you to play around agents' offices?" His voice, deep and musical, had an edge of scorn to it that aroused her, sleepy as she was.

"It amuses me enormously. It might amuse you to hear I've been offered a small part in the next show at the Martin . . ."

"That, of course, is wonderful news. So the great actress is going to have her name blazoned in lights at last?"

She smiled, trying to keep her temper. She had never known Simon in this mood.

"No," she said. "That's yet to come. Simon, you promised me two years—what's happened to you?"

He said, his mouth tightening, "I'll tell you, and you can interpret it as you like. Eight months ago I told you I wanted to marry you. You gave me to understand you returned my feelings. But somewhere inside your poke bonnet a bee was buzzing. You wanted to 'make your own life'; the quotes are yours. You had gate-crashed into the chorus and were ridiculously excited about your position somewhere in the back row. You wanted to make a name for yourself; furthermore, you said you wanted 'something to occupy you' after we were married. I might add that at the time I hadn't the least conception of what you were talking about; but I loved you, so I thought you'd better have your fling, and get the thing out of your system."

GINNA opened her lips to reply, but he said, "Please, don't interrupt. Not yet . . . During the last eight months I've had a great deal of time to myself — too much. And during that time I've been studying you and your fellow mummers."

Ginna said: "Your conclusions must be interesting."

"They are, to me. As a wit I frankly admit you are beyond compare. Also, the marital relations of most of your friends make it abundantly clear why you should prepare for something to occupy you after you're legally contracted to me. What you're actually doing is to put an end to our marriage before you're even in a position to tuck your marriage lines into a drawer. Do I make myself clear?"

Her face was very white. She said, "I didn't know you had such eloquence in you. You're doing splendidly."

"Good. Perhaps we're beginning to understand each other. This discussion is long overdue . . . I, as you know, am practically overburdened with this world's goods. Let me hasten to add that this was brought about through no doing of mine. It's just one of those things. However, it puts me in the position of being able to support a wife in reasonable comfort. I happened to choose you. But candidly, I don't want a wife whose soul is dressed in tights. I want a flesh and blood woman to share my home and bear my children. Does the position interest you?"

The blood had rushed back into Ginna's face. She said, violently, "After that, I despise you, and I despise your money. I thought you understood. You always said you did, and all the time you've been laughing up your sleeve . . . It might interest you to know that my ambitions had no connection at all with you, and none with marriage."

Her heart was thudding so that she felt she was choking. She drew a deep breath, and continued, "My marriage with you was to have been a thing apart. But first, I wanted to prove to myself that I could be an actress. I've wanted that ever since I was a baby. I've worked for it for years, day and night."

Please turn to Page 43

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625606

Frenchmen Differ

Achille went to college to teach, but he learned a great deal more than he taught

Illustrated by FISCHER

As the insolent child came across the room towards me, I leaped away from her, shouting: "Halt! Remove yourself from me immediately!"

By RICHARD CONNELL

PERMIT, messieurs, mesdames, that I present you with myself. Me. I am Achille LaPucelle, teacher, College of St. Ambroix, in Provence. I was resting content there when my chief, M. Boncheval, came to me and said:

"Would you like to go to the States United?"

One could have felled me with an eclair.

"Monsieur, I am a Frenchman," I said simply.

He ran up me and down me, his eyes cold and green as absinthe frappes.

"That makes itself evident," he said.

"One so fortunate as to be a son of France," I said, "would be an imbecile to wish to go elsewhere, especially to the States United."

He had to admit I had reason.

"But," he said, "it is necessary one of our faculty must go. An exchanging of professors has been arranged."

"Must I be traded like a goose at a fair?"

"You have no wife," he replied, "no family——"

"Even so," I said, "it would not amuse me to depart from here."

"Ah, one comprehends. Certain unofficial attachments exist——"

"You are of Paris, is it not?" I said. "I am of a village in the Midi. You of Paris seem to see life as a farce in which one runs in and out of doors, pursued by husbands. Let me tell you, monsieur, that in the country exist men who live a life which is all that there is of the most respectable. There are Frenchmen and Frenchmen."

"NOW I am sure you are the one to send to the States United," he said. "You are a serious young man. One sees you will not give France a blackness in the eye."

"Send M. Tourbillon," I urged. "He is a man of the world. I am not."

"Attend, then," said Boncheval. "This Heartwell University is an institution of co-education. Young ladies are there, two thousand of them."

"Then Jacques Tourbillon would feel very much at home there," I said.

M. Boncheval shuddered. "Too much," he said. "Much too much. There would ensue scandals; possibly lynchings. No, my dear colleague. I must insist that you go. You are a bachelor and——"

"And so is Tourbillon," I argued.

"There are bachelors and bachelors," he remarked. "Some are bachelors in name only. You mean it. Besides, you know the English."

"Not to use," I said. "Only well enough to teach."

But my objections were but crumbs to be brushed from his beard.

"It is your duty to go," he said. "It is for France," he said.

To that what can one say?

"Where is this Punch-and-Judy show?" I inquired dully.

"In one of the States United called 'Auquel Homard,'" he told me.

"They are droll, these Americans, to call a State 'What lobsters,'" I observed. I opened my atlas, searched the map.

"I cannot find it," I said.

"Voila!" he said, pointing to a pinkness shaped like a tomahawk. "There she is—your future home—Auquel Homard." Pointing to Oklaboma.

When he had left, I read about this place. It did not cheer me to learn that not so long ago it was Indian territory.

I must now bare a secret. Like most men I have a private fear. Within me dwells an illogical, a primitive dread of Red Indians. It began, I think, when, as a small boy, to learn the English I read the tales of M. Fenimore Cooper.

My infant dreams were crowded with painted savages, who almost nightly held massacres and scalpings in my little bedroom. Sometimes, though I am nearing thirty, these fiends return, and I wake, screaming for succor, and covered with gooseflesh.

. . . . . .

I did not suddenly materialise in this Oklahoma. I am, helas, no jinni. First there was the purgatory of a passage over and up and down a discontented sea; then a prodigious journey by train across a land whose immensity made me shrink as I went west.

In New York I was a dwarf, in the Midwest a midget, and by the time I had reached the city of Heartwell I was a molecule. I debouched from the train.

There bounded at me a tallish figure in trousers and an easily-seen red sweater. My hand was squeezed like a grape in a wine press and I was welcomed in a mellow alto.

"I'm Ona Birdsong, acting dean," this person said.

I fear I showed none of the traditional savoir-faire of my race. I stared at her as Adam must have stared when he woke to behold Eve. Ordinarily I am not of those who notice women.

To me women are an admirable institution, like the law. I respect them, but do not wish to be entangled with them, but this one called herself to my attention.

Her figure struck the eye with its superbness. Here was a goddess, straight from a bronze coin of ancient Greece. I bent and kissed her tan hand.

"Come with me," she said. She led me to a motor car, which she called a "sedan," a name unpleasant to a Frenchman. I ventured a courtesy.

"Mademoiselle is very young to be a dean," I said.

"Oh, I'm just pinch-hitting while the regular dean is on his sabbatical," she said. "My real job is instructor in physical education. Now I'll show you round the shop."

She hurled the car through traffic like a javelin.

"First you must see our new golf course. Best in the West," she said. "What's your handicap, moosoo?"

"Timidity," I said.

"Cracking smart already, eh?" She smiled. Then, and later, I was to find that these natives used patois phrases not to be found in the works of the American writers I had studied to prepare myself for this adventure, namely, Messieurs Emerson, Thoreau, Poe and Henri James.

"Kidding aside, don't you play golf?"

"I do not." She seemed as appalled as if I had said I did not wash.

"Is tennis your game?" she asked.

"I have never so much as touched a tennis mallet," I replied.

"Do you ride? Or row? Ski?" She was frowning now. "Climb mountains?"

"A thousand nevers," I said.

She was like an alp, herself, so majestic, so superior, with glaciers for eyes.

"What do you do for exercise?"

"I read Aeschylus," I said.

"Haven't you any interest in sport?"

"Sport," I said, "is for athletes. In my opinion, athletes are a genus midway between men and apes. I have never witnessed any sort of athletic game. I hope never to do so."

She turned on me the look of one who finds a nasty worm in the salad, and this caused her car to brush the buttons on the tunic of a giant gendarme, who stood in the middle of the boulevard, holding up a hand like a banjo.

He blasted on his whistle. Our brakes squealed like beaten pigs as we stopped. Next to Red Indians, I dread policemen most, and he was both. I tried, frantically, to compose a suitable apology——

"Big chief, paleface heap sorry he bump um with devil waggon."

Miss Birdsong made a gesture at this totem pole which meant derision. "I'll get you yet," she said.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "Well, there ain't goin' to be no next time, Toots. I'm blowin' out to the coast to bust into the rasslin' racket."

"Atta boy, Doug," said Miss Birdsong.

"I'll be seein' you before I shove off," he said.

"You better had," said Miss Birdsong, and he waved us on our way.

"Notice his physique?" asked Miss Birdsong.

"One had to."

"That's Douglas Horsetail, Sweetest fullback the Heartwell Hell Cats ever had," she said. "All-America three years straight. I'm glad Doug's making the break; I've told him, again and again, he's wasting his time being a human stop-go sign. With that build, he'll clean up serious wampum in the mat game."

I but record what she said. To me it was completely cryptic. We raced on.

"Why were you afraid of that cop—that policeman?" she said, curiously.

"One has one's phobias," was my explanation. "It is one of my crosses that the nearness of an agent of police turns me to jellied consomme."

I saw that she suspected I had fled from France to escape the consequences of some beastliness.

"I AM not an Apache," I said. "I do not garotte. Me, I am incapable of stealing a leaf of lettuce from a rabbit. I ask you to believe this."

"I can," she said, "easily."

"Fear," I philosophised, "must be a germ. As, I think, love is. It bites one. One suffers. I have tried to cure my fears with my mind, but can a man reason with a microbe?"

"What else are you afraid of?" asked Miss Birdsong.

"Indians," I said. "Especially Indians."

"Know any?" she asked. She set free a melodious little laugh.

"Heaven forbid," I rejoined. "Do you?"

"My grandfather," she said.

"A thousand, a million pardons," I stammered. "It is I who am the savage. One expects leather skirts, feathers, beads, papooses——"

"Forget it," she said. "There are Indians and Indians. Dad sometimes calls me a streamlined squaw. He's from Tipperary."

We passed a meadow in which people struck at small balls with sticks.

"That's the new golf course," Miss Birdsong informed me.

We zoomed over a bridge across a river. Ahead of us lay a stupendous coliseum of concrete. Here we paused.

"Let's watch the Hell Cats scrimmaging," Miss Birdsong said. I followed her to see this sinister-sounding spectacle.

In a vast arena numerous stalwart youths, accoutred in leathern armor like medieval men-at-arms, were assaulting one another with a sort of amiable ferocity. Miss Birdsong became animated.

"Smear him, Chuck, smear him," she cried. "Nice blocking, Bucky."

Then a shadow of gloom showed on the handsome brow of Miss Birdsong.

"Just a bunch of softies," she remarked. "Chuck couldn't buck his way out of a tissue-paper tent. Now if we had Doug Horsetail in there this year the Hell Cats would have a chance to lick the Panthers. I wish you could have seen Doug smack a line."

"I shall always regret that I missed a sight so edifying," I said, in the interest of good manners, if not of veracity. "This Monsieur Horsetail, whom you so highly regard, is he, then, perhaps, related to you?"

"Oh, no. He's a Comanche. I have Apache blood. Rather funny, don't you think?"

Her laugh must have been composed by Debussy.

"In what way is it comic?" I asked.

"In the old days our people were enemies. Doug's great-grandfather, Chief Owl-in-a-Tree, scalped my great-grandfather, Chief Laughing Horse."

"In France," I said, "the scalping of a grandparent would not be considered humorous. It would be resented. Duels would be fought."

"They were," said Miss Birdsong. "What my relative Geronimo did to those Comanches was nobody's business. Of course those days are gone forever. I don't hate Comanches."

"One sees that," I murmured. Busy with her steering, she did not hear me.

"I'll show you our gym," she said, as we neared a structure the size of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "It's the biggest in the south-west."

"Mademoiselle the Dean," I said, "would it be indiscreet to ask if there are also halls for study?"

Somewhat perfunctorily, I thought, she showed me an array of buildings as new, angular and antiseptic as if they had been dreamed the night before by Monsieur H. G. Wells.

She piloted us past a row of Greek temples.

"It will be pleasant for me to spend my time in those," I said.

"I daresay," she commented, in a dry voice. "They're the sorority houses."

We whirled on toward the apartment house where rooms had been taken for me.

"I'm going to give you a little friendly tip," said Miss Birdsong. "In fact, it is my duty to do so. Watch your step, moosoo."

Please turn to Page 26

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625607

ROYAL ESCAPE

By Georgette Heyer

famous author of "Infamous Army," "These Old Shades," etc.

A brilliant historical serial set in the days when Charles II had to outwit Cromwell's army

Illustrated by WYNNE W. DAVIES

The King sat buried in deep thought, while the hostess moved quietly about among the courtiers.

FROM the time of the King's ascending the cathedral tower, which he had done early in the morning, to observe the disposition of Cromwell's forces, the day had been dull, heavy with autumnal mists, as gloomy as General Leslie's face.

"Look well?" Leslie had said, weeks before, as sour as a lemon. "Ay, the army may look well, but it won't fight."

But the King had led the Highlanders out through the Sidbury Gate, with the best of his infantry, and the handful of English Cavaliers who pressed close about his person, and they had fought so well that Cromwell's Ironsides had been flung back at the foot of Red Hill. A charge of massed cavalry then might have won the day, but no cavalry came trotting up to support the infantry.

In Worcester, the citizens ran for shelter into their shuttered houses, for the battle was closing in on the town; while on the main front the Fort Royal was being attacked.

Across the road before the Sidbury Gate an ammunition waggon lay overturned, blocking the entrance to the town. Two of its wheels were cocked up in the air, with the ammunition spilling over the road.

A tall horseman, in dulled and dinted half-armor, came riding up out of the murk and the mist, and was forced to a standstill, his horse's hoofs slipping and stumbling amid the wreckage. Those by the gate caught the flash of a jewel as he alighted heavily, weighed down by his cumbering armor; and a glimpse of a young, harsh face under the brim of his beaver.

Then he was hidden momentarily from their sight as some more horsemen surged up in his wake. Voices, sharpened by a sense of emergency, sounded in a confused hubbub; the tall cavalier broke through the press and climbed laboriously over the waggon into the town.

His gloved hands plucked at the straps of his breastplate. "Get this gear off me!" he commanded. His voice was husky with fatigue; he cleared his throat; and, as those who had followed him were slow in obeying, repeated more strongly: "Get it off me, I say! You, Will Armourer! Duke, find me a fresh horse!"

Young Armourer tugged at the straps; his fingers were sticky with sweat, and trembling. "The day's lost. They're closing in on us," he muttered. "Those darned Scots!"

The scarred breastplate was off, and flung down with a hollow ring on to the cobbles. The King stripped off the cuisses that guarded his thighs, and straightened himself with a gasp of relief. "Not lost! Not lost yet!" he said, but a note of anguish rather than of conviction sounded in his voice. He turned, and seized the bridle of a big grey horse which Marmaduke Darcy had led up, and swung himself into the saddle, and dashed off up the steep street towards the cathedral.

General Leslie's troopers were drawn up in good order, but showed no disposition to take any part in the battle. The King rode up to where David Leslie stood in conference with some of his officers. The group parted to make way for him; he thrust between two officers mounted on fidgety chargers, and addressed himself hotly to Leslie.

What he said only the General heard. A rigid look came into Leslie's face; he replied clearly: "When your Majesty has had my experience of men, you will know when it is useless to expect them to advance."

"Your experience!" the King said in a choking voice. "Is this the way you use in Sweden?"

He did not wait to hear the reply, but wheeled about, and, snatching off his plumed hat, rode down the lines of the troopers, allowing them to see his face, and his tossed black lovelocks.

"Gentlemen, one charge for the King!" he shouted. "Will you let it be said the Scots dared not face Cromwell's men? Which of you will strike a blow for Charles Stewart? You, Ned Fraser!—you, James Douglas!"

Leslie looked after him not unsympathetically, but shrugged as he heard him calling unavailingly on the men by name to follow him.

"Fine generalship!" said a drawling, insolent voice. "Admire it, Talbot! Our friend deserves our compliments, oddsblood, he does!"

"Leave that, Buckingham!" Talbot said. "The rebels are in the town! General Leslie, on your loyalty, I charge you——"

"The men will not fight!" Leslie interrupted angrily. "You cannot say I did not tell you how it would be! If you have interest with his Majesty, advise him that retreat is the only course left to us!"

Buckingham, to whom this speech seemed principally to have been addressed, merely lifted his arched eyebrows in an expression of disdain. The noise of the fighting by the Sidbury Gate was growing every moment more intense. Talbot exclaimed: "Great heaven, are they in? The King must be got away!"

He clapped spurs to his horse as he spoke, and so did not hear Leslie say: "Let the King place himself amongst my men. I will engage to carry him safe back to Scotland."

Talbot, with Lauderdale at his heels, and Armourer, Darcy, and another of the King's Bedchamber stringing out behind him, caught up with the King, and leaned out of the saddle to seize the grey's bridle. "Sire, you must save yourself!" he said urgently. "They're breaking in on all sides!"

The King tore his bridle free, and the grey reared up, snorting. "Escape? No! But one charge and we may sweep them out of the town! Gentlemen, gentlemen, I implore you——"

"Sire, Hamilton, Douglas, Forbes are all fallen!" Talbot cried. "You must save yourself!"

The King turned his distorted face to the ranks of the Scots. "Will you not strike a blow for me?" he said fiercely. "I would rather you would

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625608

Dawn was breaking when the weary cavaliers at length drew rein outside the Manor of White Ladies.

shoot me than let me live to see the consequences of this fatal day!"

The pain in his voice made the Lord Talbot grimace. Lauderdale thrust his horse forward, and in his turn grasped the King's bridle. "Shoot ye?" he said, between pity and roughness. "No, by heaven, sir, ye're too precious to this realm! Come awa'!"

A youth on a foaming horse came full-tilt upon them, calling out hoarsely that the Roundheads were in, and the King must fly or be taken. Some of Leslie's officers, who had tried to exhort the sullen troopers to charge, had gathered about him. The newcomer, another of the King's Bedchamber, said in jerks that the English horse had rallied in Friars Street, and were holding the rebels in check to secure the King's retreat. Lauderdale and Talbot almost dragged the King away as the Scottish troopers began to draw off.

The gabled house, which had been the King's lodging for nearly a fortnight, was situated at the end of New Street, and extended to the Corn Market. The little party escorting the King with difficulty made their way to New Street down one of the lanes that thronged with demoralised Royalist troops, and reached at last the big, half-timbered house at the western end. Here, the King, who had not spoken again after his last appeal to Leslie's brigade, dismounted, saying hurriedly: "I will be with you presently. There is something I must do first."

ONLY Talbot caught his words, drowned as they were in the noise of the fighting farther down the street. He shouted: "Haste, haste, sir, for God's love!"

"Hold my horse!" the King said, pushing the bridle into his hand. "My papers! I must destroy my papers!"

He vanished into the house. Darcy slid out of the saddle, and ran after him, pursued by Lauderdale's raucous voice bidding him hurry the King.

The uproar in the street seemed to be growing louder, caught and flung back as it was by the two rows of houses; and it soon became apparent to the anxious eyes that watched it that the fight was surging nearer. Reinforcements of Republicans were being poured into the town, and not all the desperate gallantry of the Cavaliers who again and again hurled themselves at the tide of red-coats could avail against the opposing weight of numbers.

Inside the house, the King had reached the room leading out of his bedchamber which served him for closet, and was feverishly searching through the mass of his papers, flinging first one document and then another to Darcy, who crammed them on to the embers of the dying fire. The King was absorbed in his task, but Darcy was sickeningly conscious of the sound of fighting, which soon seemed to be almost under the latticed windows. Once he begged the King to come away, but Charles paid no heed.

The door leading from the bedchamber on to the landing burst open; a hurried, heavy footstep came across the floor, and in another instant the doorway between the two rooms was blocked by the bulk of Lord Wilmot.

He was out of breath, and dishevelled, his florid, handsome face reddened by exertion; and, without wasting time on ceremony, he grasped the King's arm. "Leave that, sir! In another minute they will be in! Your servants are holding the door! You must come at once!"

"Yes," the King said. "Yes, I'll come. One more, Duke! Blow up the flame!"

The last document flared up the chimney. Darcy scrambled up from his knees, stammering: "Your gear —your jewels!"

"Oh, Duke!" The King began to laugh.

Wilmot flung open the door, and pushed the King through it. "The back way! They wait for you there."

To judge by the confused din coming up the well of the staircase from the ground-floor, the fight was by this time concentrated about the entrance to the house.

"Quick, sir! For God's love, will you be quick?" Wilmot hissed. He thrust the King towards the narrow back-stairs, but suddenly pulled him back again. "No, wait! I'll go first: they may have got round the house by now!"

He pulled his sword out of the scabbard, and went swiftly but cautiously down the twisting stair. The King caught Darcy by the hand, who seemed as though he would remain heroically to guard the rear, and followed him.

Talbot, Lauderdale, Amourer, and Hugh May were all gathered about the back-door, and there was as yet no sign of a Republican soldier to dispute the King's escape. Talbot fetched a great sigh when he saw the tall, graceful form emerge from the house, and pressed forward immediately, leading the grey horse. "Up, sir! Already we've stayed too long. Leslie will have marched out through the St. Martin's Gate. We must follow him hard."

"Flight! I must rally them. They shall follow me!" burst from the King.

Talbot, who had a bitter disbelief in the rallying power of men who had retreated, leaving their King to the mercy of his enemies, was silent; but Lauderdale said bluffly: "Ay, we'll rally them, never fear! But ye'll need to catch them first, I'm thinking. On with ye, sir!"

The King set spurs to his horse; the little party closed in about him, and, trotting briskly, made its way along the narrow streets to the St. Martin's Gate.

A mile beyond the town, at Barbon's Bridge, Leslie had succeeded in halting his brigade. With this imposing force of horsemen were also a number of English Cavaliers, who, finding the Scots horse retreating, and the King gone, had escaped in some confusion from the town. When the King rode up, a troop was hurriedly forming under Buckingham to break back into the town, and carry the King out of it in the teeth of his enemies.

His arrival brought such a sense of relief to his friends that it was greeted with something like a cheer. He paid no more heed to it than to the salutation of Buckingham, who rode up to him at once, a dozen questions on his lips. A hand motioned that beautiful young man out of the way; the King's eyes were fixed on Leslie's face. He said, with the good-humor that never wholly deserted him: "You have them well together, General; It is not too late. A surprise attack now——"

"I HAVE them together, as you Majesty perceives," Leslie interrupted. "But I can keep them together only in retrograde movement. I must earnestly beseech your Majesty to abandon any thought of renewing hostilities."

"Then you will do nothing?" The King's voice rose slightly. "You are their General! They know you; they trust you! One word from you—the word you will not give, it seems——"

"I will give no order I cannot compel my men to obey, sir."

The King uttered an impatient exclamation, and wheeled his horse about. Once more he showed himself to the troopers, calling on them by name, cajoling, almost imploring. It was useless; even this temporary halt was not to their liking; and men were already deserting from the ranks.

"This is not to be borne," Talbot said under his breath, his heart wrung by the sight of the young King's despair.

His muttered words reached Lord Derby's ears. A flush had mounted to Derby's cheeks; his lofty brow was frowning; his eyes alight with contempt and a sense of outrage. "It is not to be borne!" he echoed. "Scottish scum!" He drove his spurs suddenly into his horse's flanks, and leaped forward after the King.

Buckingham would have followed, but found his way blocked by Talbot. "Let be, my lord!" Talbot said. "You can do no good there."

Buckingham checked, but said with a scowl: "Had I been given the command, these poltroons should have shown a different front!"

"It is useless to hark back to past grievances," Talbot replied, curbing a little natural exasperation. The volatile Duke, though only twenty-four years old, and quite inexperienced in war, had been sulking for days because the King had refused to give the command of the army to him. He had been brought up with Charles, almost like a brother, and enjoyed, besides the gifts of beauty, grace and wit, a greater share of the King's confidence than Talbot thought he deserved. He often presumed on his position and the King's easy temper, but though he looked sulky now, and for a moment obstinate, he did not push past Talbot, but sat flicking his embroidered gloves against his high boot, and looking angrily in Leslie's direction.

Wilmot, who had ridden after Derby, came back to join the knot of gentlemen gathered round Talbot. Talbot saw the glint of a tear on his cheek, and moved forward to meet him. "It's a sleeveless errand, Harry; they won't fight, and every moment that we linger here puts him in danger!"

Wilmot sighed, and said, pursuing his own train of thought: "To get him out of the country! There will be a price on his head. Oh, what to do, Talbot? What to do to save that unhappy boy?"

Talbot was unable to answer, for the King had ridden up beside Lord Derby. In the gloom of twilight it was hard to see his face, half-hidden by the sweep of his hat-brim. He did not speak; nor, when an order rang out, and the brigade began to move northwards again, did he glance towards the ranks of the troopers. He reined in his horse at the side of the road, and remained motionless in the saddle, seeming to heed neither the steady trot of the squadrons passing him nor the anxious consultation being held by his friends.

The last of the squadrons had not passed when the thunder of hoofs approaching from the south sent hands instinctively to sword-hilts. But the oncoming cavalry was not riding in the orderly formation of Cromwell's victorious troops; the hoof-beats were irregular, approaching at full gallop; in another minute the King's party was lost to view in a sudden swirl of Cavalier horse.

The troop numbered from fifty to sixty horsemen, who had fought their way out of the town, after the wild turmoil in Friars Street.

Please turn to Page 10

Late for Work

Late for work? Oh, yes, I know,
Sweet of you to tell me so.
Breakfast? No, I cannot wait,
Penalty of sleeping late.

Goodness, how the minutes fly!
Moving faster far than I.
There's my shoelace in a knot!
Mine's a very trying lot.

Just a bite of toast I'll snatch,
Then the train I'll run to catch,

How I dread the boss' frown,
Look, the rain's just pouring down!
Bring my umbrella, please,
Must prevent the sniff and sneeze.
Yes, my coat and rainboots, too,
Or the day I'll surely rue.

What a hustle, I declare!
But—these folk my lateness share!
Grains of comfort, for I see,
Others are as late as me.

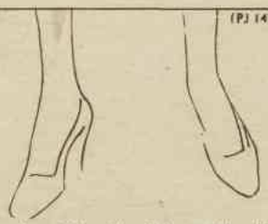
—Vera E. McAndrew.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625609

Shorteez
—'JAMAS WITH SHORTS

Here's the exciting new pyjama fashion by Bond's. Each "Shorteez" style is cut like this with trim, slimming shorts and a sweet "little girl" tuck-in top. The idea's a honey. It's everything you've wanted in a Summer-time sleep suit . . . heavenly coolness on a hot Summer night. Bond's "Shorteez" pyjamas are showing at **9/11** and **10/11.**

(PJ 1425)



A treasure of a nightie with a high, rounded neckline and a deep V yoke of French satin and wool embroidery . . All lingerie counters are showing these exquisite nighties of Bond's at prices from 6/6 to 15/11.

Bond's
LOVELIER THAN EVER
Underlovelies

AT ALL SMART STORES: LOOK FOR THE BOND'S LABEL ON EVERY GARMENT

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 9

So great was the confusion in Worcester that the officers could give the King no very sure account of those of his followers who were missing from their ranks.

At the end it had been each man for himself; nor, in the dusk and the appalling melee, had it been possible to discover who yet lived, and who lay dead in the streets.

A sob broke from the King; he said wildly: "We must go back, I tell you! I will not bear this flight! Better dead! Better dead!"

His words brought about a momentary silence. It was broken by Colonel Blague, who said bluntly: "The day is lost, sir. We can do but one thing more."

The King's eyes lifted eagerly to his face. "What more?"

"We can preserve your person, sir, and that, Heaven helping us, we will do."

"My person!" the King exclaimed, with an impatient jerk of his head.

Wilmot pushed up to the King's horse, and laid a hand over the ungloved one grasping the bridle. "Alas, sir, think! What will become of us if you fall into Cromwell's hands? All is not lost while you live. Believe me, believe me, my dear master, the worst disaster than can now befall us who love you, and look to you to lead us again, is your death or your capture!"

The hand was rigid under his, but after a moment the King said in a quieter voice: "You must forgive me, gentlemen: in truth, I am not myself. Let us go on."

The last of the Scottish cavalry had ridden by; the King started after the diminishing squadrons, riding soberly, his cloak drawn round him, and his hat pulled low over his brow. The Lords Talbot and Wilmot joined him, riding one on either side of him; Buckingham, Lauderdale, and the Gentlemen of his Bedchamber closed in behind; and the remainder of the escort fell into some kind of order in the rear.

Leslie, who had waited to confer with the King and his advisers, ranged alongside the Earl of Derby, and began in his dry, rather expressionless voice to explain the course he thought it proper to pursue. This consisted of an immediate retreat into Scotland.

Both Buckingham and Lauderdale, who had pressed up close behind the King's companions, accorded the plan their approval, but the King, over whose apparently unattending head the discussion was held, did not utter a word, but rode on, jostled sometimes by the horses on either side of him, but aloof from their riders, his despair a barrier not even Buckingham cared to break through.

Leslie spurred on to join his own officers, leaving the King's friends to talk over his advice. The King's voice, now perfectly under control, but flat-toned, as though drained of vitality by the shattering of his hopes, interrupted the discussion. "I will not go back to Scotland."

The brief sentence surprised the four persons who heard it into a rather stunned silence. After a moment, Buckingham repeated: "You will not go back to Scotland?"

"No. I had rather be hanged."

"Then, by your leave, sir, it is time to call a halt!" said Talbot. "I shall not say you are wrong; indeed, I am with you, but this is a matter for consultation. Mr. Lane! Pass the word to halt!"

Lane, one of Talbot's own levies, went galloping down the ragged line, and in a few minutes the troop was at a standstill, the King, with his attendant lords, and the chief among the officers, withdrawn off the road for a hasty council of war.

The light was by this time so dim that it was difficult to distinguish one face from another. The King, taller by half a head than any of those about him, addressed a group of shadows. He said: "I have been considering, gentlemen. If we stay together we are enough to attract attention, not enough to withstand assault. All our hope lies in scattering."

"Our hope is in your Majesty," Derby said. "Consider only your own safety, for nothing else is of any moment."

This courtier-speech seemed to amuse the King. He said, with his irrepressible humor creeping into his voice: "Oddsfish, does any man desire to feel a halter about his neck?"

"So only you were safe!" Wilmot said, trying to find his hand to kiss.

"I thank thee, Harry. My Lord Talbot, you are a native of these parts! Tell me, what good hope have I of finding honest friends here who will help me to safety?"

"The best, sir!" Talbot answered at once. "But you will need to put yourself in some disguise. I, too, have been considering. Would your Majesty consent to counterfeit a country-fellow?"

"I will counterfeit what you please, but you will have remarked, my lord, that I have an odd, ugly face. Can you disguise that, think you?"

"More easily than your inches, sire. Will you be pleased to let us know your mind? What will you do? Where will you go?"

"To London," replied the King, a ring of defiance in his voice.

His decision, as he had foreseen, provoked a storm of censure. To some it seemed the dream of a distracted youth; to others, a scheme, sound at core, but impossible to be put into action.

Talbot only seemed undecided, until Wilmot suddenly said, his light voice jumping a little: "I agree with you, sir, and I will go with you."

Buckingham, whose dare-devilry no man could deny, was nettled, and gave an unkind laugh. Wilmot flushed in the darkness, knowing his own soul's shrinking, but repeated: "I will go with you. In London, they will never think to look for you; and in London you have faithful friends who will transport you back to France."

"You amaze me, Wilmot, by heaven, you do!" said Buckingham.

Please turn to Page 12

HERE'S *Extra* BEAUTY CARE

in Pond's Creams containing "SKIN-VITAMIN A"

HAVE you noticed lately that your skin seems rough, dry, and dull looking?

These are all signs that your skin is lacking the "skin-vitamin," vitamin A, which scientists have found is necessary to skin health. Sun, wind and washing are constantly drying out the supply of this precious vitamin.

But now you can restore it direct to your skin, with Pond's. Every time you use Pond's you cream "skin-vitamin" right on your skin. Pond's Cold Cream, for cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/- jars for your dressing table, 1/- tubes for your handbag, and economical 2/6 jars containing approximately 3½ times as much.

3 years of research *by a group of foremost bio-chemists proved that when skin lacks "skin-vitamin" it becomes rough and dull. But when Pond's Cream containing "skin-vitamin" is applied to this skin daily, it soon becomes smooth, clear and healthy.*

When Pond's *announced the "skin - vitamin" in Pond's Creams, women all over the country tried them with enthusiasm. Came back for more. Now Pond's Creams, largest selling creams in the world, have beaten all previous sales records.*

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY.

"I love outdoor life and have always found that Pond's Creams kept my skin beautifully smooth in spite of sun and wind. I really could not see how they could be improved. Yet I must own that the new ingredient has made them better than ever."

"THOSE WE LOVE"

The delightful new radio story presented by Pond's . . . every Thursday at 8 p.m. on 2CH, 3DB-LK, 4BK-AK, 6IX-WB, 7HT at 7.45 p.m. on 3SR; at 8.30 p.m. on 5AD-MU-PI-SE; 2KO every Monday at 7.30 p.m. Every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. on 2GZ.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS
— the active "skin-vitamin"

FREE! *Pond's Creams with "skin-vitamin." Mail this coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage and packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams with "skin-vitamin"—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

RACHEL (Brunette) ( ) LIGHT CREAM ( )
NATURAL (Rose Cream) ( )
SUNTAN (Dark Brunette) ( )
ROSE BRUNETTE ( ) LIGHT NATURAL (Naturelle) ( )

POND'S DEPT. (X.11), Box 1131J., G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625610

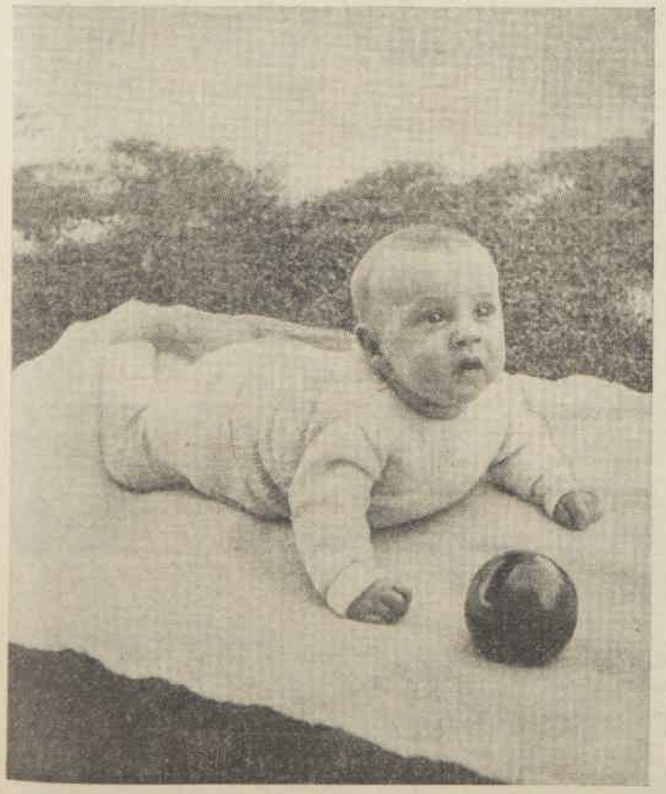
THE BRADMAN BABY
and Miss "Tim" Wall

THESE are exclusive pictures of little John Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Bradman, and were taken in the garden of the Bradmans' home at Kensington, South Australia. His playmate is Josephine, daughter of Tim Wall, former Test bowler, and Mrs. Wall.

JOHN RUSSELL BRADMAN, son of the famous cricketer, is four months old. This picture of Mrs. Bradman and her little son was taken in the garden of their Adelaide home.

"WAKE UP, JOHN," says little Josephine Wall. "I've found a cricket ball." Josephine is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Wall.

"WHERE IS IT?" says John. He and Josephine are great friends. Josephine has very curly brown hair. She is two and a bit.



"THAT'S not a cricket ball," says John Russell scornfully. "That's my Dad's ash-tray." John was born on July 10, and now weighs 15 pounds.

"I'D RATHER KICK than bat at my age," says John Russell. "Let's leave cricket to our Dads." John has brown hair, blue eyes, an engaging smile.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625611

Illustration above—Irene Lock appearing in Cinesound productions and Dunc Gray, Olympic champion.

A HOLIDAY TO BE REMEMBERED — CAREFREE DAYS OF HEALTHFUL CYCLING

ILLUSTRATING 4 OUT OF 21 MODELS

PRICE £7/19/6 FROM 10/- Dep. 3/- Wkly.

POPULAR ROADSTER

PRICE £7/19/6 FROM 10/- Dep. 3/- Wkly.

LADIES SPORTS

PRICE £6/9/6 FROM 12/6 Dep. 2/9 Wkly.

GIRLS JUVENILE

PRICE £5/19/6 FROM 10/- Dep. 2/6 Wkly.

BOYS JUVENILE

and to-day...

9 OUT OF 10 *are* SPEEDWELLS

Make these holidays memorable with a *Speedwell. The beaches, the bush—a hundred* glorious trips are calling you to happiness. Cycling is a pleasure and a health-builder, it puts air in your lungs and joy in your soul, and finds its highest expression in a Speedwell. The Speedwell is the supreme expression of 56 years of manufacturing experience. Built by Australians for Australian conditions, it also carries an everlasting guarantee.

Write in today for catalogue covering complete range of 21 models, with prices to suit every purse and purpose, ranging from the Standard Model at £6/17/6.

PRICES: Adults' models from 3/- weekly or £6/17/6 cash. Boys' and Girls' from 2/6 weekly or £5/19/6 cash. From 10/- deposit.

3/- WEEKLY 10/- DEPOSIT

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL AGENT

BENNETT & WOOD PTY. LTD.
CR. PITT & BATHURST STS., SYDNEY
and at PARRAMATTA, WOLLONGONG, NEWCASTLE, GOULBURN, LISMORE and INVERELL

* Please forward me Free Catalogue and full particulars of Speedwell Cycles.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
* State Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 10

"YOU should bear in mind, my Lord Duke, that I have the advantage over you of fifteen years' experience!" Wilmot flung back at him.

"Oh, hush!" the King said. "Here is nothing to quarrel about, my good friends. My resolve is taken. Now I am in your hands, my Lord Talbot."

"Leslie must be informed of this," Talbot said, and again called up Cornet Lane, and sent him galloping up the road in the wake of the retreating Scots.

Derby said, with distaste vibrating in his voice: "Your Majesty has scarcely considered what this project must mean! To put yourself into the guise of a country-fellow will require of you a behaviour which must be wholly against your birth. Your Majesty does not know—cannot know——"

"My lord, my dear lord!" interrupted the King, half-amused, half-soothing. "my Majesty is not so nice, believe me!"

"Sire, you are a King."

"I may be a King," Charles replied, "but I know something of how beggars live."

This frank allusion to his financial straits made Derby, a nobleman of the old school, stiffen a little.

The King tried to see the faces about him. "Well, gentlemen?"

Buckingham yawned audibly. "Dear sir, you have told us your mind is made up. We await your commands."

"I have only one left to give you. It is that you do now look to yourselves. You can do no more for me, and for what you have done, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you, gentlemen. I shall not forget."

Derby said reluctantly: "If your Majesty is determined on this course, there is a house known to me where you may find safe shelter for a day at least. It stands retired, and is inhabited by a very honest fellow, one of five brothers by the name of Penderel, who harbored me lately, after the defeat of my force at Wigan. My Lord Talbot, you should know it, I think. It is a hunting-lodge called Boscobel, in the parish of Tong in Shropshire, and belongs, they told me, to the Giffards. George Giffard lives hard by at the Manor of White-Ladies, and one of the Penderels is his servant there."

"I have one of the Giffards with me now," said Talbot. "But Tong must be forty miles from here!" He spoke hesitantly, thinking of the King, who had scarcely been out of the saddle since early morning.

"I like it well," Charles said decidedly. "Can you lead me there, my Lord Derby?"

"I dare not attempt it, sir. In this darkness, only a native of the country could hope to find his way."

"Pass the word for Mr. Charles Giffard!" Talbot commanded.

Before Mr. Giffard could come up, Lane had cantered back to them, accompanied by General Leslie, who seemed, from the sound of his voice, to be in no very good temper. He spoke civilly, however, to the King, warning him that delay was dangerous, and begging that he would keep up with the brigade. When he learned that Charles had taken the resolution of separating altogether from the brigade, he was at first thunderstruck, and then coldly furious.

Finally, he said with difficulty: "Your Majesty blames me for what no man could have prevented. If my life could be of avail you might take it with my goodwill."

"But it is of no avail," Charles said. "I do not go with you to Scotland, General."

"I beg that your Majesty will reconsider that most unwise decision," Leslie replied, and saluted, and rode off without another word.

In another minute Cornet Lane had ridden up with Charles Giffard at his heels. Talbot called Giffard to him and led him to the King.

Talbot disclosed briefly the King's immediate intentions, and after a moment's consideration Giffard said that he thought he could undertake to be his Majesty's guide.

"Mr. Giffard, I am in your debt," said the King. "Lead on!"

It was past eleven o'clock when the first straggling houses on the outskirts of Stourbridge warned the troop that they were approaching a town.

The Lord Talbot pushed forward to the King's side, asking anxiously: "How does your Majesty?"

"Well," the King answered, rousing himself from his thoughts.

"You have been in the saddle so long," Talbot said compassionately. "I wish——"

"I am not tired—only hungry," said the King, with the ghost of a laugh.

The Lord Talbot remembered with consternation that the King had not touched food since early in the morning, when he had breakfasted. He spoke to Lord Wilmot, whose voluminous form was just visible beyond the King. "Harry, we must find food for his Majesty!"

"Oh, the devil! Where?" said Wilmot, in a voice drenched with sleep. "Are you so hungry, sir?"

"I could eat an ox," replied the King frankly.

"Pass the word for an ox for his Majesty," murmured Buckingham, close behind.

That made the King laugh, but Talbot was too worried to see any humor in their predicament.

Mile after mile slid past; Himley and Wombourn were left behind, and the road curved westwards towards the village of Upper Penn. Here Charles Giffard called a halt, and his servant, Yates, took on the leadership. The troop plunged into a lane so narrow that there was no room for more than two men to ride abreast. The clouds, parting, allowed the faint starlight to show the way.

The horses were stumbling now from exhaustion; one or two were going dead lame, but were forced on.

Again Yates led the troop off the great road, into another lane bordered by banks and ragged hedges.

"God send this fellow knows where he is going!" remarked Buckingham, who had taken Wilmot's place beside the King. "Are you awake still, sir?"

"I am not sleepy," the King replied.

"You're more than human, then!" Buckingham said. He shifted his bridle into his right hand, and laid the left on the King's knee. "Shall I go with you, cousin?" he asked softly.

"No. Save yourself, George. I shall do best alone."

"YOU cannot go alone; there must be someone to wait upon you. You are the King."

"I shall keep Harry near me."

Buckingham removed his hand. "You know well Wilmot likes danger only until he comes face to face with it," he muttered. "Why do you choose him? Do you doubt me?"

"No," the King said wearily.

"If you had trusted me to-day with the command that should have been mine, you would not now be flying for your life!"

The King was silent. Buckingham, who knew well that defensive taciturnity, fell back, and allowed Derby to ride by the King's side.

The light was stealing above the horizon when they came again into very woody country. For the first time the King failed to hold his horse together when it stumbled. The grey recovered, and the King said, with a faint laugh: "Fie, I must have been asleep!"

"Be of good heart, sire," Giffard said. "There is White-Ladies, straight before you."

"Thank heaven for it!" Derby said, riding close beside the King. "Your Majesty is spent."

"No more than yourself, my lord," the King retorted, with an effort at cheerfulness.

The Manor of White-Ladies, a half-timbered building erected beside the ruins of a monastery, was built in the form of a quadrangle, and enclosed by a wall in which an old gabled gate-house was set. Francis Yates had already dismounted, and was hammering on the solid oaken door. Presently the latticed casement above was opened, a head protruded, and a voice demanded sleepily: "Who's there?"

"It's me—Francis!" Yates called up to him. "Come ye down, George Penderel, come ye down, man, and let us in!"

"What has befallen? Who is with you?"

"Haste ye! It's the King!" Yates said.

"The King!" The voice sounded stupefied; and then grew sharper: "I'll come! I'll come! Lord ha' mercy!"

Please turn to Page 14

They're GROUND SHARP TO STAY SHARP

INSIST ON *Mosleys* "RUSNORSTAIN" KNIVES
The Original Stainless

OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH CLASS STORES & JEWELLERS

FOLDS AND PACKS FROCKS FOR YOU

In a lightweight, neat-looking Globite Robe Case you can pack 12 frocks in about 3 minutes. There's no folding to do. They don't crease or crush. They need no pressing when taken out . . . they're fresh and ready to wear. Available at all good stores.

GLOBITE ROBE CASE

FORD SHERINGTON LTD., MANUFACTURERS (Wholesale only)

LONG LASTING

BUT ALWAYS

fresh!

Ah, the strange charm of "Mischief"! Exciting, sophisticated, adorable. Shedding its beloved fragrance about your evenings. Bewitching your work-a-day self into a romantic personality. Into this lovely and subtle perfume is distilled yet another excellence which makes it last and last without loss of the first delightful freshness.

CREATED BY SAVILLE OF LONDON

● *Adorable statue of the spirit of "Mischief"! Perfume bottle in base.* 3/6

IN SWAGGER BLACK AND CHROMIUM FLASKS AND IN THE NOVELTY PACKS SHEWN

In miniature moulded Top Hat—Black or White. Ideal for ash-tray after. 3/6

HANDBAG SIZE 2/6

SAVILLE'S *Mischief* 5/9, 10/6, 23/6.

CVA—89

Saville Perfumery Ltd., England.

Peer and skating star wed

GLADYS MONCRIEFF, Australian songster, whose marriage did not interrupt her stage career.

MRS. ERIK FISCHER, formerly Helene Kirsova, of the Russian ballet, who gave up a brilliant career for marriage.

LADY DE VILLIERS, formerly Lovett Mackinnon, Canadian ice ballerina, whose romantic marriage was celebrated quietly at a Cronulla church last week.

de Villiers romance links blue blood and stage

Thrill of the moment for the romantically-minded is the Lord de Villiers-Lovett Mackinnon wedding. It's always that way when the peerage takes a bride from the stage.

Gilding on the romance is the news that the Lord in the case paid a substantial sum of money to take over the Canadian ice ballerina's contract so that they could be married at once.

PAYING for release from a stage contract is a well-known procedure in England and America, particularly in Hollywood, but it is rare in Australia.

That didn't matter to Lord Arthur Percy de Villiers. The 27-year-old third Baron de Villiers, who is visiting Australia from his South African home, was not prepared to wait till February, when the skating contract would have expired.

He preferred to arrange that Lovett be free to marry without delay.

Lady de Villiers, who is 21, was dancing on skates with her sister Joy in the Switzerland Ice Show. She met Lord de Villiers on the boat coming from South Africa five months ago.

It looks as though her stage career is over.

Similar case was that of Fayette Perry, charming little American comedienne, and Mr. Jimmy Allison, city clubman and station owner, who paid £3000 to free her from a stage contract.

Fayette Perry came to Australia to appear for J. and N. Tait at the Palace Theatre in the production, "Very Good Eddie."

Later she took a contract from Hugh D. McIntosh, who refused to release her when she decided to marry and give up her career.

Mr. Allison dealt with that.

The two biggest theatrical weddings of recent Australian history were those of Toti dal Monte and Enzo de Muro Lomanti, of opera fame, and the musical comedy favorites, Madge Elliott and Cyril Ritchard.

Both weddings took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, in an atmosphere of traffic-stopping public acclaim and floral magnificence.

History repeats itself

THERE must be something about the role of Sonia in "The Merry Widow" . . . Two of Australia's favorite stars, Carrie Moore and Gladys Moncrieff, married while playing that romantic part.

Carrie Moore created the role in Australia and married Percy Bigwood in 1908, while she was still appearing in the show.

Gladys Moncrieff married Tom Moore while appearing in a revival of "The Merry Widow" in 1924.

Each artist appeared in the show on the night of her wedding.

As Carrie Moore made her entrance as Sonia, Andrew MacCunn, conductor for "the Firm," struck up the strains of the "Wedding March."

The company threw confetti and rice and the audience joined in the fun.

Sixteen years later Mr. MacCunn struck up the same tune on a similar entrance by Gladys.

These two artists asked for no release of contract. They continued with their stage careers.

Just a few years ago Carrie Moore came out of retirement to play the part of Lilli Blum in "Music in the Air" at the Theatre Royal, Sydney.

One of the most recent romantic marriages connected with the theatre was that of Helene Kirsova, of the Russian ballet.

Kirsova returned to London with the company, concluded her contract, then came back to Sydney to wed Dr. Erik Fischer, of the Danish Consulate.

After her marriage offers were made to appear in a production with J. C. Williamson's, but Helene said she had given up her dancing career for marriage.

She is now living in Sydney, and has a son, Ole.

"Thanks to TAMPAX I enjoy every day!"

NO BELTS
NO PADS
NO PINS
NO ODOUR

"It's grand to be free from chafing!"

"Tampax days" are no different from normal days for the modern woman! Tampax is so comfortable and chafeless that you forget you are wearing it. No belts, pins, or pads—**nothing to show**—even with your most form-fitting evening gown or swimming costume—for Tampax, the modern sanitary protection, is worn **internally.**

Tampax is surer, daintier, simpler to use and dispose of, odour-preventing, surgically hygienic. Enjoy all your usual freedom of action by using Tampax next time. **Trial-sized packet of 3 only 9d;** packet of 6, 1/6; large, economical-size packet of 10, 2/-. Easy instructions enclosed. Use the coupon below for free illustrated folder.

NOTE.—Accepted for advertising by **The British Medical Journal** and the Journal of the **American Medical Association.**

Available from chemists, beauty salons and stores everywhere — or use coupon.

TAMPAX
Sanitary Protection
WORN INTERNALLY

Distributors: Hillcastle Pty. Ltd. All Capital Cities and N.Z.

For lovely hair—
FREE OFFER

Hillcastle Pty. Ltd., also distributors of the famous Camilatone Tonic, offer a 3d. packet FREE to all ladies who use the coupon alongside. Tonic puts sunshine in your hair. It adds rich lustre. Please state colour of your hair.

SEND 9d In stamps, for your trial packet of 3 Tampax (or illustrated folder posted free on request) to—

Nurse Simpson, Box 980GG, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... DWW 18-11

BON MARCHE

Famous "BARKLY" Sewing Machine

The "Barkly" Carries Our Written Guarantee

A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOME

Mrs. Housewife! Invest something really worth while in your home. It is only after using the "Barkly" Sewing Machine that you realise it is indispensable. Fitted in smart Oak Cabinet and featuring the very latest fittings and devices such as sewing both ways without even removing the material. Set of attachments include.....

1. **Ruffler for trimmings.**
2. **Corder for Quilt decorations.**
3. **Felling Attachments for seam strengthening.**
4. **Quilter for Cushions or Bedspreads.**
5. **Hemmer saves you turning by hand.**
6. **Tucker for trimming, etc.**

Cash Price . . £18/18/-

Purchase the Easy Way

10/- DEPOSIT; 2/6 WEEKLY

BON MARCHE LTD., No. 1 Broadway, SYDNEY

Opening The Door to Fairyland

MISS LUCILLE BRUNTNELL

Presents her fairy lore for the tiny ones

"JINGLE BELL"

2GB Mon., Wed., Thurs., 5 p.m.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625613

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 12

THE head disappeared; in a few moments the glow of a light shone through the casement, and then vanished. Footsteps clattered down bare stairs, bolts and chains creaked and jangled. The door was opened by a man dressed scantily in a shirt and hodden grey breeches, and holding up a horn-lantern in one hand.

The King rode through the gateway into an open enclosure, and dismounted stiffly. In his wake streamed his escort, until the enclosure, which seemed to be partly wild and partly cultivated, thronged with men and horses.

A casement in the house was flung open, and a shrill female voice desired to know the reason for such a commotion. Yates shouted above the noise of trampling horses that it was the King, and Mrs. Andrews must come down at once to let him in.

"A very faithful woman, sire; the housekeeper," Giffard told the King.

A sharp exclamation broke from Mrs. Andrews.

She drew in her head, but others were awake in the house by this time, and the door was opened a bare couple of minutes later by a man wearing a frieze cloak over his night-rail, and with his feet thrust into odd shoes. He held a branch of candles aloft, and presented such a comical appearance that the King began to laugh.

Charles Giffard said quickly: "George! It is the King!"

George Giffard's startled gaze sought his kinsman's face for an instant; his hand, holding the candlestick, shook, and a little hot wax spilled on to his fingers. The trifling pain seemed to recall his wandering wits. He pulled the door wide, trying to bow, to keep his cloak close about him, and to bear the candles steadily. "Your Majesty!" he stammered. "Forgive—I am all unprepared!"

The same shrill voice which had accosted the troop from the upper window sounded on the stairs; Mrs. Andrews came stumping down, and across the raftered hall, scolding and commanding in one breath.

She snatched the candles out of George Giffard's hold, and set them on the table, and began bobbing curtsies as the King came in, with Derby, Talbot, Lauderdale, Wilmot, Buckingham, and the Gentlemen of his Bedchamber crowding after him. The big hall was suddenly full of men. A boy who had crept halfway down the stairs to gape at the unexpected guests rubbed his sleep-drowned eyes, as though to rub away the unquiet vision of faces swimming before him in the flickering candlelight. He had never seen such a noble company, and half-thought himself dreaming.

The paved hall echoed to the clank of spurred heels, and the knocking of scabbards against the homely furniture. Everywhere he looked, he saw plumed hats, and lovelocks, rich baldricks, and fine lace. Then he became aware of Mrs. Andrews dropping curtsies before a man who topped by half a head any other in the hall.

It made him rub his eyes again to hear her say: "God bless your Majesty!" for he thought that a King would wear a crown and robes, not a buff leather coat, splashed with mud, like this tall Cavalier, with only a blue riband and a great, sparkling jewel on his breast to distinguish him from any other in his train.

Then the King vanished from his sight, swept into the parlor by Mrs. Andrews; and a fresh wonder burst upon the boy's staring gaze. A big grey horse, mired to the belly, was led into the hall. Bartholomew discovered, listening intently to the snatches of sentences, that this was the King's horse, and supposed that Kings' horses had to be more nobly lodged than their fellows. But soon he began to understand that for some reason the King's horse must not be seen by any outside the house.

Mr. George Penderel was eagerly questioning one or two of the Cavaliers; and Bartholomew, clutching the balusters, and leaning forward the better to hear, caught words and disjointed phrases that conveyed to his intelligence that somewhere there had been a great battle fought, that all was lost, and that the King's enemies were searching for him.

He was not allowed to stay any longer upon the stairs, for Mrs. Andrews came bustling into the hall, and no sooner spied him than sent him running for billets of wood to lay upon the fire she had kindled in the parlor.

When he went timidly into the parlor with his burden he found it overfull of gentlemen consuming biscuits and sack, and hardly dared to edge his way to the fireplace. They were talking very earnestly, all of them standing except the King, who sat in an armchair by the fire, leaning against his cloak, which was spread over the wooden back. He had a biscuit in one hand, and held in the other a pewter tankard, which quite shocked Bartholomew, for it was well known that the King ate off golden plates, and had meat at every meal.

THE boy began to lay his billets upon the fire, and then to blow up the thin flame. He heard George Penderel's voice saying: "Yes, my lord," and "No, my lord," and screwed his head over his shoulder to look at him. A proud-seeming gentleman, whom the King addressed as my Lord Derby was talking to George. It seemed that George must go at once, and secretly, to Hobbal Grange to fetch his brother Richard to the King. There was also talk of taking the King to a Mr. Wolfe, who was a staunch Royalist living at Madeley.

Next it appeared that William Penderel also must be fetched, from Boscobel House. Then a very alarming thing happened. A tall man was pointing at him, and saying: "Send the lad for him; I warrant he will bring him fast enough."

It seemed to Bartholomew that every head was turned towards him.

Derby said: "The risk is too great. A boy of his age can never keep a still tongue in his head."

"Fie, you wrong the boy!" The King was speaking. He looked at Bartholomew, and crooked a long finger. "Come hither, boy. What do they call you?"

"Bartholomew Martin—please your Majesty," answered Bartholomew, awkwardly.

"Would you like to serve me, Bartholomew?"

"Ay, please your Majesty." He saw the smile in the King's eyes, and said firmly: "I would!"

"Then you must go to this William Penderel, as that gentleman just said, and tell him that I have need of him. But you must not tell any other that you have seen the King. If you should meet with a neighbor you must say that you are going upon an errand for Mr. Giffard. Do you understand?"

"Ay. There's enemies after you—please your Majesty. Scotch 'uns," he added, with a vague recollection of the snatches of talk he had heard in the hall.

A burst of laughter covered him with confusion; he ducked his tousled head, and ran out of the room.

WILMOT, who had been standing behind the King's chair, moved round it, and knelt with one knee on a joint-stool, his delicate hand grasping the back of the chair. "Dear sir, do you indeed mean to go to London?" he asked.

"What think you, Harry?"

"Why, I like it very well—so you let me go with you. How many more?"

"None."

"None!" Wilmot thought for a moment, his fair face inscrutable. Then he gave a little laugh. "As you please! But bethink you, my dear master, you have not been used to fare forth by yourself. How will you do?"

"Very well, I trust. But I must be rid of these trappings." A little gesture indicated his Garter riband and the George of diamonds on his breast.

Darcy set his tankard down slowly on the table. "What's this?" he demanded, shocked bewilderment in his face. "You will not go without some at least of your Gentlemen, sir?"

The King glanced affectionately towards him. "Yea, but I must, Duke."

"Sir!" The ejaculation broke from several pairs of lips at once. Armourer, May, Street, all started forward.

The King got up out of his chair, stretching his long limbs. "No, none of you," he said.

He took off his Garter riband, and handed it to Darcy. Then he unpinned the George from his coat, and gave it to Colonel Blague, who chanced to be standing nearest to him. "Here, Tom: keep that for me," he said.

Blague took it, and wrapped it in his handkerchief. "I thank your Majesty," he said, with a good deal of feeling in his voice.

"I hope it may not serve to hang you!" observed the King, with a flash of humor.

He shook his purse out on to the table, and began to pile the gold pieces into little heaps. "I must not carry gold on me. My Gentlemen shall inherit all this wealth. There! Never say you had never any money from me, Duke!"

There was a laugh from those who knew him best; Derby interrupted to say earnestly: "Sir, you must make haste. I had word from Penderel that there is a troop of rebels quartered only three miles away, at Cotsall."

"Ay, that's well thought of," Lauderdale said, setting his tankard down with a crash on the table. "It's time most of us were away." He went to the door, and encountered there Mrs. Andrews, who was coming to inform the King that William and Richard Penderel were both in the hall.

Derby hurried out after him. After a few moments he came back into the parlor, followed by two men, both dressed in country habits, and clutching their hats in their hands.

The King turned his head and looked first at William, a giant of a man, with a long, rather severe countenance; and then at Richard, who looked back at him frankly, a little awe in his face, and some curiosity.

"Richard Penderel, will you take me in charge?" the King said at last.

Richard did not reply except by a nod. He had discovered that the melancholy eyes could smile, and as he watched them a slow answering smile crept over his whole face, until he stood broadly grinning and nodding at the King.

"I thank you." The King stood upright. "Leave me now, all but my Lord Wilmot." He held out his hand as he spoke, and one after the other the lords and gentlemen attending him came up to kiss it, and to take their leave of him.

The Penderels watched in stolid yet attentive silence. Buckingham, the King embraced on the cheek, saying: "Take good care of yourself, George!" Tears stood in the Lord Talbot's eyes; he said, "God bless your Majesty, and deliver you from your enemies!"

The King's personal attendants frankly wept as they kissed his hand. When all had gone, some to safety, Derby to his death, Lauderdale to long imprisonment, Buckingham to adventures as fantastic as his own puckish humor, and only Wilmot, Charles Giffard, and the Penderels were left, the King stood looking towards the closed door with that in his face which made Wilmot catch his hand, and hold it to his lips for a moment.

To be continued.

Success for the girl with a clear healthy skin

REXONA Medicated SOAP

keeps your skin healthy - so naturally lovely

More than a beauty soap . . . a complete skin treatment !

Skin blemishes give a bad impression — no need for PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, COARSE PORES, ROUGHNESS and REDNESS.

Cadyl, Rexona's compound of medications, gets to the very source of blemishes. It gently draws away accumulated waste matter from the depths of the pores . . . purifies. Slackened tissues are toned-up and your skin becomes youthful, vital, glowing with health. Start regular Rexona Soap care from to-day.

CADYL . . . Compound of Medications . . . protects the skin.

Have a flawless, healthy skin and be sure of success—socially and in your career. Use Rexona—the only soap medicated with Cadyl. This highly efficient compound of medications makes Rexona more than a beauty soap—a *complete skin treatment*. It corrects a dull skin . . . . makes a normal one naturally beautiful.

Rexona, perfect Baby Soap—wonderful for Rashes, Chafing—all common ailments

Guard baby's sensitive skin with gentle, soothing Rexona Soap. Its medications take care of chafing, rashes and all common ailments. To cure Cradle Cap quickly and completely use Rexona Ointment in conjunction with Rexona Soap.

Revitalising Medications in REXONA SOAP bring skin health and beauty.

EMOLLIENTS, to soothe and soften and heal.

NUTRIENTS, to nourish and revive.

ASTRINGENTS, to refine pores and improve texture.

TONIC ELEMENTS to stimulate and strengthen vital tissues.

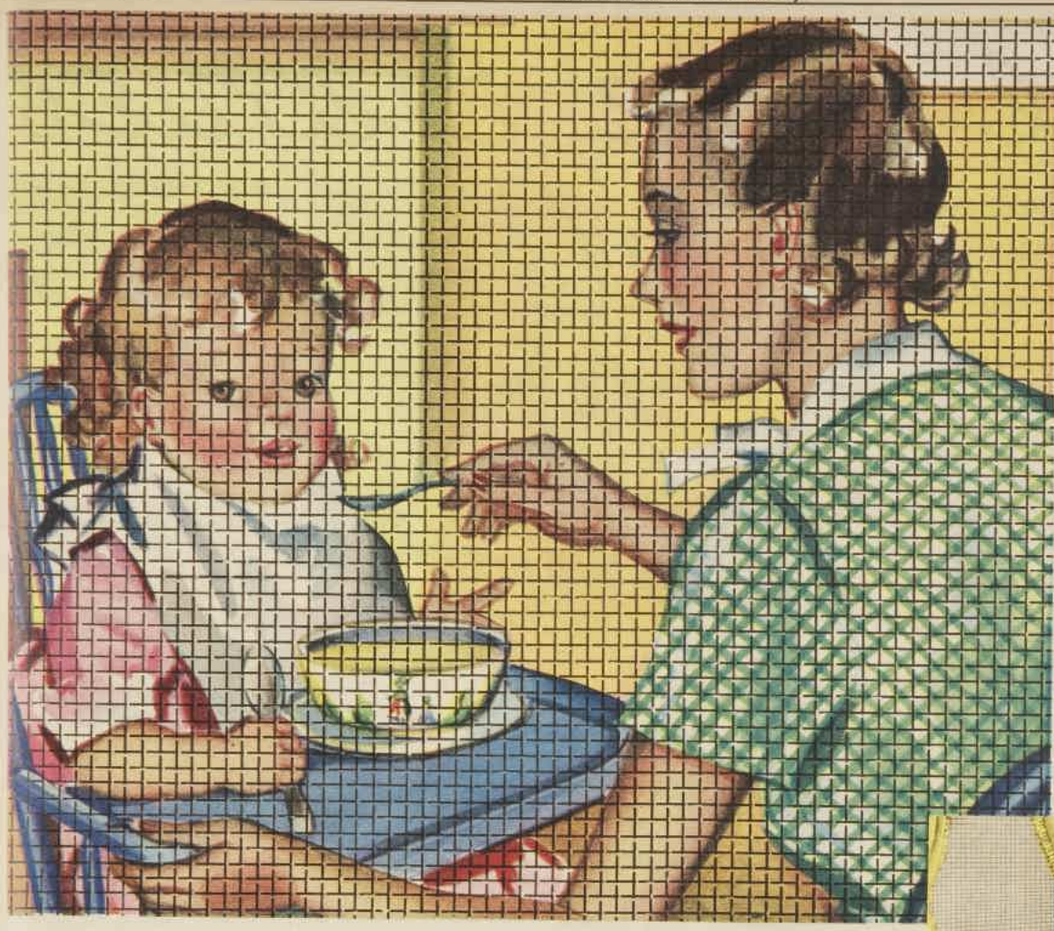
Complete skin treatment . . REXONA SOAP and OINTMENT together.

If blemishes don't yield quickly to Rexona Soap care then use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This wonderful combination rapidly heals blemishes, leaving the skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: *Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.*

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED
8.201.15

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625614



It's Such an Easy Matter to Free Your Home of Flies

Already, flies and mosquitoes have started their annual summer visitation. But there's not a single reason why you should suffer their torments, for "Cyclone" Flywire doors and screens are so inexpensive to buy—so easy to install—that it costs little more than a few shillings to make your home proof against summer pests. "Cyclone" Flywire doors and screens are obtainable, ready for instant fitting, at all leading Hardware Stores and Departments, while they are so easy to make that their construction presents no difficulties to the home lover who prefers to make himself REALLY handy around the home.

But whether you buy doors and screens complete, or buy only the wire for home manufacture, make sure you get genuine "Cyclone" Flywire. It's strong, it's durable. It's made in Australia by the famous Cyclone Company, and will give years of service. And it's absolutely proof against those persistent winged pests that bring germs and contamination to the home—that disturb rest and upset the comfort of your home. Remember, too, to screen chimney pots and ventilators, for every exposed vent and opening is an open invitation for pests to enter.

Flywire doors and screens keep foods safe from the contaminating touch of disease-carrying flies and insects.

Sleep soundly with windows and doors open wide for air, but closed—because of "Cyclone" Flywire—to winged pests.

Flywire doors and windows protect the busy housewife from prowling intruders and other unwelcome callers.

"Cyclone" FLYWIRE

Obtainable from your local Ironmonger

Made in Australia by

CYCLONE FENCE & GATE CO. PTY. LTD.

MELBOURNE . . SYDNEY . . ADELAIDE . . PERTH

Whose Products have been famous throughout Australia for over 40 years

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625615

Real Life Stories

When Melbourne police went on strike

Terrors of mob rule

IT was a Saturday afternoon during the Police Strike in Melbourne 17 years ago, and, with a boy-friend, I had decided to go to a show in the city, and afterwards meet my young cousin and bring her home.

When the tram reached Swanston Street we were told that it could not be taken further as things were "pretty rough" in the city.

Not realising what this really meant we started to walk up a strangely quiet Swanston Street. There were plenty of people in the distance, but our vicinity was practically deserted.

But as we passed an intersection crowds seemed to come from everywhere, and we were carried forward with them.

The sound of smashing glass reached our ears, and in a few seconds we knew that the city of Melbourne was in the hands of the mob.

Plate-glass from the big shop windows carpeted the footpaths and articles that had been in the windows were trampled underfoot.

A blood-smeared rioter staggered along with a wax dummy under each arm; others had the contents of jewellers' windows dangling carelessly from their pockets.

"The city was in charge of the mob."

As we were carried along with the crowd a woman stepped into a furrier's window, discarded the coat she was wearing, and walked off with an expensive fur coat.

Those were only incidents in which we were not greatly interested. Our only thought was to reach the vaudeville show, where we imagined my cousin to be, and get out of the city. But it was easier said than done.

As we were carried along with the crowd it became noticeable that the side streets were fairly quiet. So after several attempts we succeeded in getting into Little Bourke Street.

I'll never forget that walk up Little Bourke Street, then known as Melbourne's Chinatown. But eventually we reached the theatre. We had to see the show through, and afterwards, although we waited for about half an hour, there was no sign of my cousin.

In desperation we hurried home, and on getting there found her safe and sound. On going into the city and learning of the rioting she had taken the same tram home, and had passed us as we were going in.

It was my only experience of mob rule. I hope it will be my last.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Richards, Ross St., Richmond, Vic.

Short and Snappy

"GOT HIS WOOL"

A STRANGE man was busily sorting bags of wool in our shed, and my sister and I watched, open-mouthed with surprise, while he packed several of them into a cart at the back of the building.

"A thief," we whispered, and when he returned to the shed we slammed the door and locked it on the outside.

Some hours later Dad came home and released an irate woolbuyer who, however, laughed when we apologised for our mistake.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Evans, Evandale, Come-by-Chance, N.S.W.

BOOMERANG HAT

ABOARD the Duntroon on July 23, a day out from Sydney, I was casually watching a woman and a man strolling towards the sports deck, when a gust of wind carried the man's hat over the deck rail and a short way out to sea.

No sooner had this happened, however, than it was blown back again, and an astonished man retrieved his hat—almost at his feet.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Spruce, White Rd., Wonthaggi, Vic.

CORRECT ATMOSPHERE

AS one of a charity concert party in a small country town I chose as my contribution to the programme a song entitled "An Old-fashioned Town."

When I came to the line "I love every mouse in that old-fashioned house" a large rat ran across a rafter above the platform.

That settled things. I tried to continue, but was forced to retire amid roars of hilarious laughter.

2/6 to Kathleen E. Porte, High St., Burnie, Tas.

RETURNED THE GLASSES

RETURNING from a football match on the Adelaide Oval a friend was passing under a large tree when a magpie swooped down and, snatching his spectacles from off his nose, flew away with them.

Next morning he recovered them from the grass almost at the spot where they were "stolen."

2/6 to Mrs. H. Liebelt, Summertown, S.A.

ROCKING THE BOAT

MY cousin, aged six years, was travelling on the Manly ferry, accompanied by her father.

Intending that his daughter should follow him, my uncle strolled to one side of the boat to enable the child to view the waves. They were passing the "Heads" at the time, and my uncle's arrival at the window coincided with a terrific rock of the boat.

Failing to understand this, the frightened child cried out frantically, "Come back to this side, Daddy—you're rocking the boat."

2/6 to Miss Hazel Hillier, Happ St., Auburn, N.S.W.

KNEW THE LANGUAGE

WALKING home at dusk I was talking to my mother in French when a young man came striding along a track and whistling loudly.

"The boy crossing the paddock whistles badly, very badly," I said to my mother in French.

"Oh, does he?" remarked the young man with a grin as he hurried on his way.

My feelings can easily be imagined.

2/6 to Miss J. Hanson, Moorabbin Rd., Mentone, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Eventful voyage

LATE in August my brother, sister-in-law and their 20-months-old son sailed in the Morinda for the New Hebrides.

Following the declaration of war the ship damaged her rudder, but managed to reach Vila, the first port of call in the Hebrides.

Because of the mishap the remaining portion of the trip had to be made in a small cargo vessel, which was most uncomfortable, as it was not fitted for passengers.

The baby developed gastritis and was so ill that he could not be left alone for a second.

After his recovery he rolled through the rails into the sea. His father jumped overboard and supported the child until they were picked up.

That night the ship grounded on a reef, and it was not until the next high tide that it floated off.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Channon, Woodpark Rd., Smithfield, N.S.W.

A better home

WHEN I worked in the city, a fox-terrier puppy presented himself every day to receive his ration of lunch scraps, and as he was well bred I decided to take him home.

As I travelled by train, transport difficulties had to be overcome, so I decided to carry him in a bag. The only one available was one that had contained lime, but after giving it a good shaking we put him in, and off I started for home.

As the train was about to start, a stout man bustled in and sat down immediately over the dog. After a few minutes he showed uneasiness and finished up by scratching his legs and rubbing his back against the carriage.

Of course, it soon dawned on me that the fleas that infested the dog did not appreciate the lime and were seeking more congenial quarters.

The next station being my destination, I was perplexed how to retrieve my dog (as the gentleman was still wriggling like a hula-hula dancer). However, taking the bull by the horns, I grabbed the bag, but, unfortunately, the dog gave a yelp. I could still hear the old chap's protests as I dashed across the platform.

2/6 to A. Smith, Mason St., Newport, Vic.

GRACIE FIELDS

famous star of screen and stage says:

"Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender is my favourite perfume. Its refreshing fragrance is beyond compare and lingers long after other perfumes have lost their first appeal. Just buy a bottle—you'll find it one of Life's Little Luxuries."

Lingering Loveliness

IN GIFTS OF ORIGINAL MITCHAM LAVENDER

The most fragrant lavender in the world comes from the little old English village of Mitcham in Surrey . . . and only Potter and Moore give you this original Mitcham variety! For two hundred years women have delighted in its delicate sweetness, its lingering loveliness. This Christmas, give her the gift she'll appreciate for months to come—Potter and Moore's Original Mitcham Lavender, or a Mitcham Lavender perfumed Gift Set. You can get them at stores and chemists everywhere.

No. 138: This delightful Gift Set contains Complexion Soap, de luxe Talcum Powder and original Mitcham Lavender. Price, 8/-.

L 44A: Original Mitcham Lavender in a smart gold screw top bottle. In gift box, priced at 3/6. Others 1/3, 2/3, 4/6, 9/6, 12/6.

L 502: Original Mitcham Lavender Liquid Bath Salts, an exclusive Potter and Moore creation in an attractive presentation carton. Price 2/-. Other sizes 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, 17/6.

No. 13: This welcome Gift Set Contains Original Mitcham Lavender and Complexion Soap. Price 2/6. Other Gift Sets priced at 4/-, 6/6, 10/6, to 35/6.

L 101A: Complexion Soap perfumed fragrantly with Mitcham Lavender. Price 2/6 and 3/9 box of 3 tablets.

POTTER & MOORE
LONDON

THIS YEAR GIVE BRITISH!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625616

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

"Fancy wearing a tie covered with postage stamps and calling it an old school tie. What kind of school, may I ask?"
"A correspondence school!"

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

"I thought you were working for Mr. Smith."
"So did I, but he didn't, so he fired me!"

"It was rather awkward getting that big fish home—I had to wait for a corridor train."

"Have you any explanation for wandering about at this time of the night?"
"If I had any explanation, don't you think I'd have gone home to my wife hours ago?"

THOUSANDS RESTORED BY THIS FAMOUS MEDICINE

THE REASON

Innumerable complaints arise from impurities in the blood, and so long as the impurities remain permanent relief cannot be obtained.

Blood impurities lower vitality, damage the heart and arteries, and result in serious diseases and premature ageing.

Clarkes Blood Mixture, by cleansing the blood, is invaluable in the treatment of rheumatic affections, lumbago, painful joints, neuritis, simple glandular swellings, ulcers, boils and skin complaints.

Be sure you get "CLARKES BLOOD MIXTURE."

In Liquid and Tablet form of Chemists and Stores

CLARKES BLOOD PURIFYING MEDICINE BLOOD MIXTURE

It is false economy to buy cheap imitations

The Lincoln and Midland Drug Co. Ltd., England.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE immaculately-dressed golfer teed up his ball, addressed it confidently, made a mighty swing at it, and gazed into the distance to see where it landed. But it had not moved. Again he swung, and again failed.

After his third futile effort he turned to his poker-faced caddie. "Dashed difficult course, isn't it?" he remarked.

"THAT suit you're wearing is certainly a credit to your tailor."
"Debit, old man, debit."

"SO you've broken off your engagement to the school inspector?"
"Yes! Every letter I wrote him was returned with corrections in red ink."

"IF you give me a penny, lady," said the small boy, "I'll get my brother to imitate a fowl."
"What will he do—cackle?" she asked.
"No," replied the lad scornfully. "He'll eat a worm!"

"I NEVER stay out late at night."
"Don't late hours agree with you?"
"It's not the late hours that bother me so much as the excitement when I get home."

HE: I'm curious to know just what you'd do if I kissed you!
She: If you were REALLY curious you'd know by now.

Complexion by MORNY

Sold by all retailers of quality perfumery at **2/6** full size box.

Many years ago the women of Australia set the seal of their approval on Morny Face Powder. But import duty and rate of exchange raised prices. Morny have therefore introduced a more practical box with the CONTENTS AND QUALITY UNCHANGED.

June Roses Complexion Powder is Made in England by

MORNY, REGENT STREET, LONDON

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625617

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 18, 1938

THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE

THOUSANDS of our soldiers in camp are faced with the problem of railway fares from camp to their homes.

An added strain on the womenfolk of the soldiers is the fare to the camps when they visit men who are on duty at the week-ends.

It must be remembered that the men in camp have made, in many cases, both personal and monetary sacrifices in order to enlist.

Things should not be made still harder by piling up unfair expenses on them.

There is no point in making the soldier help to balance our budgets. He is doing a bigger job than that, and any relief that reasonably can be given should be ungrudgingly made available.

Many of the camps in which our men are going through their training are some distance from the city and even concession fares are a strain on meagre pay. A system could easily be devised, whereby passes could be issued at camp.

This would be a definite help to soldiers, particularly those with families to support.

Cheaper fares should also be made available to the mothers and wives of soldiers visiting camps.

Fares to camp are going to figure largely on the budgets of families on a small income, and any concession that could be extended to the soldiers' people is simply their due.

The war should not be run on the cheap, and there must be no penalising of the men who answered the call to arms.

The Government should consider the question of free train passes to and from camp when such camps are over ten miles distant from the city.

The thing to remember is that the civilian of a few months ago is now a soldier, on a soldier's pay. Let us remember that and make things easier for him.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "Listening Post"

The same spirit

THE Second A.I.F. has gone into camp, and the Digger (1939 version) is very much like the original.

The same humor, the same high spirits, the same happy camaraderie.

If you've ever watched harassed schoolteachers sending off a few hundred kiddies on a picnic you will sympathise with the officers who organised the departure for camp.

In a group of about two hundred men leaving for Ingleburn the other day there was enough high spirits for about two thousand.

Shining faced, shining booted young fellows were solemn and rather shy.

Others were irrepressible, like the soldier who wanted to "go back to the cafe and say good-bye to the girl there," and another wrote "Hitler, here I come" on his suitcase.

Every type of luggage was slung on to the buses—expensive suitcases with labels of foreign hotels, newspaper parcels, cheap suitcases tied with string, haversacks, boxes of cakes from thoughtful relatives.

There was one delightful touch. One boy's outfit was tied in a sack bearing a dog biscuit trade mark.

Official see-er off

ONLY two or three women came to see the men off, among them Mrs. Walton, whose Scots husband, Sergeant-Major Walton, is on duty every time a party of men leaves for camp.

Mrs. Walton might be called "official see-er off." She has seen every party leave. Daughter Fay, aged 18 months, always accompanies her and waves a regal farewell from her pram.

"I think it's a pity more women don't come to see their menfolk off," Mrs. Walton said. "They will be away at least a month, and it is a hard life for some of them. *Many of them aren't as happy and carefree about leaving home as they pretend to be.*"

Hustling Halliday

LIKE a gust of wind from his own Scottish moors, Dr. Halliday Sutherland, one of our star guests just now, blew into a national broadcasting studio the other night.

The quick-footed, quick-voiced doctor-author was on business bent, but became temporarily lost. His thrice-repeated firm statement, "I am Dr. Halliday Sutherland," caused the other studio visitors to gaze interestedly, as he was taken by an official to the studio for his quarter-hour talk.

Then came the metamorphosis.

The man in a hurry turned quickly into the speaker with quiet tones that deepened as he spoke of the work of the Empire in the world today.

GREAT WAR DIGGER (to 2nd A.I.F.): Wear my hat, son. I'm proud to pass it on to you.

Not as a doctor with firm convictions about the falling birth-rate, or his suggestion for marriage loans, not even as a famous author, did Dr. Sutherland appeal to his audience.

Simply and with a picturesque choice of words, he painted the picture of what Britain means to the world. One of his gems of imagery was:

"Listening to his heart's discontent to the German radio propaganda."

Hitler's war

A MILITARY Staff Officer told me the other day that the advent of the 2nd A.I.F. and the enlisting of a number of the 1st A.I.F. were presenting a problem as to how to differentiate between the 1914 and 1939 scraps.

Of course the Great War has now become known as the war to end war that didn't end war. But what about the present struggle?

Well, why not the Hitler War and have done with it?

Civvy clerks

IT must place a pretty big strain on the loyalty of military clerks to have to put up with the anomalies of having civil clerks working side by side with them in the Defence Department.

The civil clerks belong to a union, work prescribed hours, receive overtime.

A military clerk receives lower pay and often works many hours without extra pay.

A civil chief clerk, for instance, receives more than £500 a year. If he became a military clerk he would become an honorary lieutenant at a little more than half his former pay.

Civil clerks do not work on Saturday mornings, except in emergencies, when they receive overtime. Military clerks do work on Saturday mornings, *but, being good soldiers, they just grin and bear it.*

Mrs. Malaprop says:

YOU don't want to worry about your debts now the war's on:

There's an auditorium to take care of that.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625618

"Herr Lower is my friend," said Hitler.

Lower gets the "lowdown" from Hitler

Fuehrer sings his Song of the Shirts . . . of all colors

I've just got back from interviewing Hitler in his castle at Obersalzburg, near Berchtesgaden.

He's quite a nice chap in a way. But I couldn't tell you what way.

. . . By . . .
L. W. Lower
Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by LAHM

I WAS announced by a captain of the Gestapo:

"HERR LEONHARDT WALDEMARTO LOWER! HEIL!"

"Heil!" said Hitler.

"Sole!" I cried.

"What do you mean?" demanded Hitler.

"Sole is always associated with heel," I replied smartly.

"Ha!" he said. "You make the jest. I miss my Australian Women's Weekly since this gottdamerung blockade. I admire you greatly. Have an Iron Cross. Have a couple. Take a seat. Not that one. It's mined for any of my friends whom I wish to purge. Or, as we say, liquidate."

"I quite understand. If you liquidated the lot of them they wouldn't be missed. Heil!"

"Did you see any suspicious characters lurking about when you came in, Herr Lower?"

"I saw eight or nine ugly-looking thugs in brown shirts——"

"No! No! They are my personal bodyguard."

"I wouldn't trust 'em an inch, Adolf—may I call you Adolf?"

"Certainly. I'll call you Lennie."

"Heil, Adolf!"

"Heil, Lennie! As you remarked that you wouldn't trust my Brown Shirt bodyguard I'd like to remind you that they are constantly watched by Black Shirts."

"And who watches the Black Shirts?"

"The Green Shirts."

"And who watches the Green Shirts?"

"The Gestapo. Is that guard's bayonet tickling you?"

"Yes; he keeps scratching my neck with it."

"Guard! Move two inches from Herr Lower's neck. He is my friend."

"Now," I said, "give me the lowdown on your ideas and aims—wait a minute—I've forgotten to bring a pencil, as usual."

"Take this one."

"But it's got no lead in it."

"Ach! Of course. It is what you call national economy. Now, what the German people want is space. We are cramped and sewn in."

"Hemmed in, you mean?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Heil!" I said. "Go on. Tell me all."

"I would be quite satisfied with Poland, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Rumania, Turkey, and Brazil for a start."

"What about Canberra? On behalf of the taxpayers of Australia, I offer you Canberra as a gift."

"What! With Herr Billy Hughes in it! Think I'm mad?"

"Yes. I mean no. Heil!"

Freedom at all costs

"WE must expand. Too long have we been oppressed, downtrodden, brow-beaten, humiliated."

"Spat on?" I suggested.

"Yes. That's a good one. I must tell Goebbels. Furthermore, I object to the brutal and wanton sinking of my submarines. Seven of them last week, and five this week. It's ruinous! Where do they think the money's coming from?"

"It does seem rather mischievous," I admitted. "But remember that for one submarine sunk that means the loss of one or possibly two torpedoes to the other side. And don't forget they cost a thousand pounds each."

"Do they? This is going to be an awfully expensive war. Still, as I've always said——"

A loud clinking and clanking noise came from outside the room.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's that glofenhousenflotzen Goering walking with his medals on. He wears them on his pyjamas, I believe. He gives me the Wilhelms. Come in, Goering."

"My Fuehrer," he heiled, "the food queues are stretching over the border and there is some muttering going on."

"What do they say?"

"Something about—I cannot tell before your most distinguished visitor, my Fuehrer. But they object to the weekly two-ounce ration of synthetic rubber steak."

"Purge them," said Hitler in his masterful way. "I'll have freedom in this country even if I have to put every cow in clink for the rest of his life!"

"Cow in clink, my Fuehrer?"

"It is an expression I have learned from my Australian friend, Herr Lower."

At that Hitler fixed me with his hypnotic gaze. I've seen the same look in the eyes of cocaine addicts when they ran out of "snow." So I decided to end the interview.

"Before I go," I said, reaching for my gasmask, "who's that girl you've been taking to the opera lately?"

"Herr Lower," he said, "you have a moustache similar to mine, so you will understand. She drives me mad. That's why I started this war. Just to put her in protective custody. I can shoot her as a spy later."

So we heiled and parted.

And to think that that poor devil suffers from indigestion.

Why Envy Slenderness in Others

Don't envy others but get that slim, healthy figure for yourself by taking Bile Beans nightly.

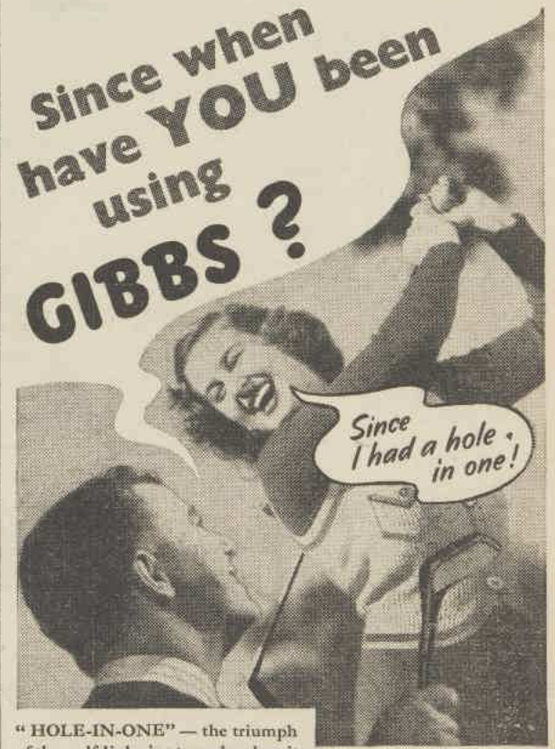
Bile Beans are purely vegetable: they tone up the system, improve your health and remove fat-forming residue daily. Don't forget—you can spend pounds on your clothes and never look really smart—unless you have that fashionable slender line.

So start safe slimming to-night with Bile Beans and make sure of looking your best at all times.

"Thanks to Bile Beans I can now wear slim, smart fitting clothes and feel altogether brighter and happier. For years I was 'bulgy,' but Bile Beans taken regularly have reduced my waist and hips by four inches."—Miss A. M. Palmer.

"Dieting failed, but nightly Bile Beans removed all surplus fat, restored my energy and brought splendid health. To all with a tendency to put on weight I recommend Bile Beans as the safest and surest method of slimming."—Mrs. M. Hanbridge.

BILE BEANS
"Slim While You Sleep"



"HOLE-IN-ONE" — the triumph of the golf links is a tragedy when it happens to your teeth. Don't wait for trouble—start with Gibbs NOW. Gibbs Dentifrice helps to get rid of the *causes* of tooth decay, and cleans and polishes your teeth to gleaming whiteness. Its fragrant, antiseptic foam neutralises acids, makes your gums firm, your whole mouth feel delightfully toned up and refreshed. Do as Dentists advise—use Gibbs Dentifrice twice daily. Don't deny yourself its benefits a moment longer—

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES . . . DEFEND THEM WITH

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

Gibbs Dentifrice

Write your name on your own tin!

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins . . 1/-
Large Tins . . 1/6
Large Refills . 1/3

27,34,35

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625619

THE DAILY DIARY

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your stars are in the ascendant. November 23 (after 3 p.m.) and 24 (to 5 p.m.) are most productive of all, so plan to begin changes or new ventures then; also to seek advancement or favors. November 22 (to 3 p.m.) next best, and November 22 least helpful, but still good. Get busy and stay busy.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Continue to live cautiously. Try to keep a step ahead of trouble all the time by avoiding quarrels, upsets, and changes, especially on November 18 and 19; also, to a lesser extent, on 24 (evening) and 25.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Get semi-important matters on the way. After November 22 you must live quietly for a while. November 18 and 19 (to dusk) fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Don't waste time just now. Work hard and be confident on November 19 (night only), 20, and 21, for enterprise then should pay well. Make changes, seek advancement begin new ventures or journeys then.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be cautious, especially on November 20 and 21. Avoid changes, rashness, and over-confidence, and you may avoid trouble, setbacks, and worry. Silver lining just ahead

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Just days needing patience. Routine best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Just days for you, too. Avoid upsets.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): There's only one chance for you to get going and do things this month. The stars favor you again on November 19 (night only), 20 and 21, so have plans in readiness. Confidence, optimism, and diligence can help.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 24): Good times ahead, so plan carefully. November 23 (after 2 p.m.) and 24 (to dusk) good for new ventures and general confidence. November 22 and early 23 next best. Be constructive and enterprising.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Just fair on November 24 (late), and 25.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 18): Keep well ahead of trouble, particularly on November 18 and 19, and to some extent on November 24 (late), and 25.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Wise Pisceans will see to it that they work hard and long on November 19 (late), 20, and 21. The stars favor them then. Begin all outstanding and important matters, and then subside into routine work for some weeks ahead.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor. A.W.W.]

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

YOU may hate scorpions, yet you have to admire them. You may fear them, but they compel your love and respect.

WHILE much has been said of the bad, cruel, hard, ill-tempered and suspicious side of the natures of Scorpions (people born between October 24 and November 23), this has been done with a definite purpose.

And that purpose? To warn those associated with them so that they may understand them the better and arouse their protective, loyal and kindly instincts, instead of inspiring the famous and deadly Scorpio "sting."

The "uncontrolled" members of this sign can become cruel and destructive when disappointed, deceived, humiliated, or angered. Or, strange as it may seem, when forced to protect loved ones against possible harm from outsiders.

Just as a mother-scorpion will sting herself to death to provide food for her starving young, so will a loyal Scorpion human go to almost any lengths to protect and help his friends or loved ones.

Born to lead

FORTUNATELY there is another side to the Scorpio nature, and this produces some of the finest people in the world. Even these may have their spasms of ill-temper and selfishness. This is due to their livng on their nervous systems, and when actively and enthusiastically engaged on any matter they will give their whole energy to the affair and expect everybody else to do likewise.

True, they will not expect others to do more than themselves, and therein lies the reason for the loyalty which they gain from co-workers or employees—people who may upbraid them for their hardness but admire them all the same.

Take a Scorpio doctor—better still a surgeon. He will oft-times be cruel, but only to be kind, knowing that through his skill and nerve he can save life or limb. He may order his nurses and junior doctors around like bootblacks while on the job (and when it is over, too, from sheer nervous excitement or exhaustion), but he will not fail to do the operation quickly and well.

That is why Scorpions make good officers in the army, navy and air force. They make poor servants, but good masters, and usually manage to reach positions of leadership and authority. They are quick to act, brave in the face of danger, and seem to thrive on excitement and in emergency.

Even then the so-called "bad" characteristic of "suspicion" is often turned to good purpose, for it makes them clever intelligence officers, detectives and lawyers.

In short, no matter what their sphere of activity, Scorpions are persons who can enthuse, excite and interest you.

What a lovely Australian advised

LADY HELEN LEARNS ABOUT AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY CULTURE

WHEN MORTIMER BROKE THE NEWS that we were off for a sojourn in Australia, (*everyone* seems to go there nowadays), my first thought was to call on Linda, the glamorous and talented Australian who married into Debrett three years ago. "Tell me about clothes and things," I begged. "What does one wear . . . and when . . . ?"

BEFORE SHE COULD ANSWER I had another brain-storm. "What do Australian girls do about their complexions?" I asked. "Doesn't the great outdoors ruin them?" "Not at all, my dear," Linda reassured me, "if you just do as you've always done." "But," I wailed, "I can't take trunks of Yardley Lavender and Soaps and Creams with me . . ."

"YOU WON'T NEED TO," Linda soothed, "the Yardley complexion care is as much a part of the intelligent Australian woman's grooming as of yours. They really have the most *marvellous* skins—and don't they know just how to look after them! Wherever you are in Australia, you'll find a shop that sells Yardley."

The glamour of "the English Complexion" owes much to the Yardley preparations. Yardley Lavender, 3/- to 21/-. Soap, 1/6. Face Powder, 2/6 and 3/9. English Complexion Cream, 5/6. With other Yardley preparations at leading chemists and fine stores.

YARDLEY *LAVENDER*

BY APPOINTMENT YARDLEY & COMPANY (PTY.) LIMITED, SYDNEY. And at 33 Old Bond Street, LONDON. NEW YORK—PARIS—TORONTO

Constipation Conquered

★ COLOSEPTIC is recommended by dietetians to end constipation because of its unique double action. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the colon of poisonous, clogging waste — then feeds precious, purifying minerals to reinvigorate the blood-stream. The cause of constipation is thus permanently ended. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625620

FASHION PORTFOLIO

BLOUSES...

JANET

MARIE

ANN

BETH

PRISCILLA

● JANET. A young-making blouse of green crepe gathered into a wide, buttoned waistband. For a touch of gaiety it's stitched in brilliant red.

● ANN: Introducing a new notion for the sports girl. Buttercup linen with covered buttons and two flaps buttoning on to the skirt.

● MARIE: A snugly fitted black jacket-cum-blouse with low neckline foaming with grey-and-white hair-striped taffeta to match the skirt.

● BETH: Going Victorian with striped surah in an engaging peplum jacket, with front, neckline and sleeves primly banded in black velvet.

● PRISCILLA: A glamorous swathed lace blouse with an Old-World neckline.

INDIVIDUAL, hand-cut patterns of these lovely blouses are obtainable from our Pattern Department. Price 2/6 each. Write for self-measurement form.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625621

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Sketched by PETROV

1. DRAPED handbag of satin-soft suede, making decorative use of frame.
2. KERCHIEF bag in kid. Drawn through sliding gold ring set with jewels.
3. BIAS-CUT satin glove, draping into large bow on wrist.
4. METAL colors in gloves. Steel, brass, copper, and verdigris.
5. GERANIUM blossoms on ivory stems of an absurd little fan.
6. VIOLETS form an evening bag with drawstrings to match stems.
7. CORDS of black silk zig-zag across the chest of a severe black coat.
8. RED VELVET makes a toy busby encircled with black cords.
9. PROPHETIC hat of green felt covers back of head completely, leaving curls on forehead.
10. BLACK felt lined with blue satin is held in folds with a scarlet ribbon.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625622

Model by Chanel: A beautiful printed silk dinner gown by Chanel. Photographed in natural colors, it is exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625623

Charming in her exquisite Sheermist nightgown, with its unusual net yoke and rosebud embroideries. Below: smart but demure in Dulbloom with high-tied neckline and self-toning embroideries.

Be adorably feminine in full-skirted nighties or boyish in tailored pyjamas but be sure, when next you buy slumber wear, to look for the Lustre label. You will find it in all the most enchanting new styles, carried out in the most beautiful fabrics and that label is your guarantee of longer-lasting loveliness.

Lustre
FINE LINGERIE & HOSIERY

LOOK FOR THE LUSTRE LABEL

X1847

NEEDLEWORK Notions . . . .

ORGANDIE BOW AND CUFFS

• Such an attractive finish to a plain frock is this set of organdie neckline bow and cuffs.

IT would give just that air of distinction and freshness so sought after in summer time. It offers, too, a very good notion for the renovation of an old frock.

The set can be obtained from our Needlework Department traced on white, blue, yellow or green organdie, or on white, blue, pink, yellow, green or cream linen. The embroidery is worked in two strands of thread on the wrong side in eyelet holes, chain-stitch and herring-bone-stitch.

When the embroidery is finished turn a single hem on the wrong side and work a row of crochet round the edge.

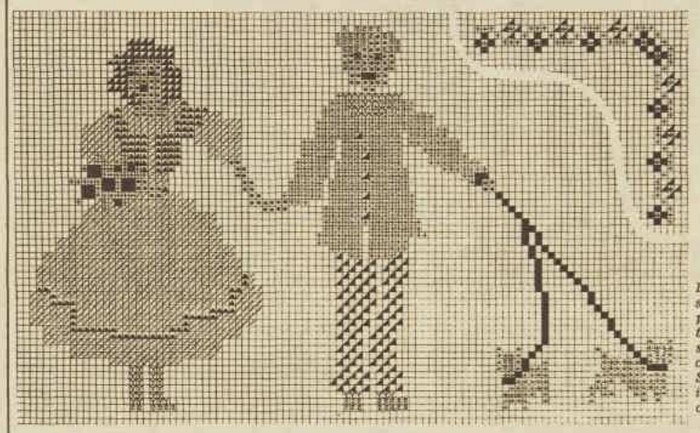
Gather the bow in the centre and hold in position with a tucked tab of organdie.

Price in either linen or organdie is 1/6 complete set, postage free. Anchor stranded cotton, price 1½d. per skein, should be used (F.721), pure white.

A BOW at the neckline and matching cuffs which you can embroider on white or pastel-shaded organdie. It makes a charming finish to a frock in a neutral tone.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

ADELAIDE: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box A 185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O. If calling, 168 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



578
621
523
537
721
699
791
596
569

LEFT: Diagram showing where to place stitches in the cushion cover shown at bottom of page. ABOVE: Stitch guide, giving color numbers of cottons to be used.

NURSERY CUSHION

THIS amusing little design in cross-stitch is obtainable from our Needlework Department stamped on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

The cushion measures 11 x 17 inches. Thirteen skeins of stranded cotton are required for working, three of oakleaf-green (F.791), two of nigger-brown (F.578), two of glacier-blue (F.621), and one each of jade (F.523), light marigold (F.537), ochre-yellow (F.569), light crimson (F.596), black (F.699), and white (F.721).

The diagram of stitches and stitch guide to color numbers of cottons are given above.

The price is 3/6, postage free.

CHILDREN will adore this cross-stitch nursery cushion with its quaint Dutch boy and girl design.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625624

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

Special Concession Pattern

Three fragile little blouses, and a gored skirt.

Sizes: 32, 34, and 36in. bust.

No. 1: Requires 1¼yds., 36ins. wide. No. 2: Requires 1⅞yds., 36ins. wide. No. 3: Requires 1⅝yds., 36ins. wide. No. 4: Requires 2⅛yds., 36 ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE ..... Pattern Coupon, 18/11/39

WW3108.—Matron's dinner gown. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 6¾yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3109.—Demure housecoat, with crisp ruffles. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3110.—Full-skirted frock, with boxy bolero. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 5¼yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3111.—Slacks and shirt for the boy 8-14 years. Requires: 1⅞ to 2⅜ yds. for slacks, and 1½ to 2¼yds. for shirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3112.—Plain skirt and floral top for summer afternoons. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½yds. for skirt, and 1⅝yds. for bodice, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3113. — Round-the-clock style with slim-making front panel. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3⅞yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3114.—Brassiere-top sun-suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 1⅝yds. for skirt, ⅝yd. for brassiere, and 1¼yds. for pantettes, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625625

An Unusual GIFT

This Beautiful Sailing Boat, 13in. high, made of brass and copper throughout, highly chromium-plated, and mounted on Oval Blue Plate Glass Mirror with Bevelled edge. 10-inch diameter. Ideal for Birthday, Wedding, or Christmas Gift. Price 32/6d. Securely packed and post free in N.S.W.

ALFO PLATING WORKS 6 MATHESON ST., CAMPERDOWN, SYDNEY.

Phone: L3652.

Frenchmen Differ

"I HAVE made one faux pas in regard to Indians. In future I shall try to be more discerning," I promised.

"That's not what I mean," she said. "May I be frank?"

"I insist on it."

"Well, we don't go for indoor men," she said. "But some of the co-eds are sapadoes, fresh from the farm, who think any guy is sophisticated who doesn't wear overalls on week days. If he's been to Kansas City he's a globe-trotter. I'm warning you, moosoo, they're boy-batty and glamor-goofy. Take my advice, and lay off."

"If I understand you, and I am afraid I do," I riposted somewhat stiffly, "let me assure you that I am a scholar, not a sort of Bluebeard. It is inconceivable to me that I shall ever feel romantic disturbances for any woman, red, white or blue, or vice versa."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" she said.

I imparted a slight edge to my words as I said, "There exist men, believe me, whom women cannot turn into sighing simpletons with a few amorous ogles. To me, as to another logical man, M. Anatole France, your little tricks of fascination are but the antics of penguins. They amuse, but they do not move me. Nor ever will, mademoiselle, and I know my own mind."

"How about your heart?"

"Merely a machine for pumping," I declared.

"Say, what sort of Frenchman are you, anyway?" she exclaimed.

"The other sort," I replied.

"Boy, are you in for a ride on the merry-go-round!" she said. "Well, here we are. Your little grey home in the west."

We entered a spacious palace of chromium and glass brick, called, implausibly, Chateau Paradise.

Miss Birdsong convoyed me to my quarters on the ninth floor.

"I live just below in 809," she said. "Pop in any time you feel a drink coming on you."

In France one would have thought things. There she sat, on my divan, blowing smoke rings, as unconcerned, as impersonal, as Vesuvius.

"I suppose you are a count, aren't you, of an old but impoverished family?" she asked.

"No, mademoiselle," I said. "All my people were peasants. They raised asparagus of the second class."

"Such honesty is most refreshing," she said.

"Even we despised indoor men have our points," I said. Her jibe about my indoorness had, somehow, nettled me.

"I believe in letting a man know straight off where he stands," she said.

She was not impersonal now. No woman can be for long.

"MY best thanks," I said, as I unpacked my nightshirts. "May I reply with equal candor that I am in no way drawn to outdoor persons? I can think of nothing of cultural value that was ever done in the open air. Did M. Shakespeare write 'Hamlet' in a tree? Did M. Edison invent electricity in a football pasture? You are welcome to your alfresco friends, mademoiselle, but, helas for you, you will never wed your ideal mate."

"That's what you think," she said, affecting indifference. "Who is he?"

Continued from Page 7

"Picture to yourself someone who is everything I am not," I said. "Imagine one who is bigger and stronger than even M. Horsetail, and who could tie your formidable friend into lovers' knots with ease."

"I'll bet he's not a Frenchman," she said.

"No," I said, "he is a gorilla."

For a moment there was a jungle look in her ebony eyes.

"Well, now I know where I stand," she said lightly.

Time promenaded past. My academic labors were of the simplest. I held French classes in a hall so huge there was a loud-speaker on my desk. Through it I instructed my charges how to say, "The pen of my uncle is on the table of my aunt," and those other gems of speech found only in exercise books.

At my first class I felt chagrin. I had attracted but a sprinkle of students. My second class was larger, my third larger still, and soon I had filled that extensive auditorium. I could not resist mentioning this proof of my skill as a savant to Miss Birdsong.

"They're mostly girls, aren't they?" she said.

"It happens so," I replied. "It is a phenomenon I am at loss to explain. What causes this?"

"You'll find out," she said.

On a memorable day I wrote on the blackboard: "Elle mange du pain et du chou."

Then, as was my custom, I pointed at random to a student, and said: "Translate, if you please."

My choice was a petite young lady with fiery curls, an impudent nose, and a permanent pout, by name Sally Wayne.

"Me?" she said, and stared at the words on the blackboard.

"Ella is mangled by a pain in the shoe."

"Please see me in my office after class," I said. A murmur ran round the room. No other girl I called on that day gave me a correct answer.

Miss Wayne entered my office, and sat with downcast eyes while I lectured her sternly on the folly of gathering wool in the class-room.

When I finished, I looked for some sign of contrition.

"Scold me some more," she said.

"Permit that I remind you that this is a college, mademoiselle," I said. "Your conduct is that of a naughty child who should be spanked."

She fluttered inch-long eyelashes at me demurely.

"Oakity-doakums," she lisped, and got up and started toward my chair. I leaped away from her.

"Halt!" I shouted. "Remove yourself from here immediately."

"But—boo—I thought—hoo—you cared," she whimpered.

"Name of a name," I gasped, "how can you have a notion so fantastic?"

"I—boo—do for you—hoo," she sobbed.

"Stop these noises, I beg of you," I said. She continued to make them.

"My dear child, you must desist from these outcries," I said. "People are all about us. They will think abominations."

"Let 'em," she wailed. "I'm not ashamed of my love."

"Attend," I said. "Romance has no place in my life. To me it is as unwelcome as a case of ingrown mumps."

"I GET it," She stopped crying. "You're carrying a torch for Muscle-bound Minnehaha. You're busy about that, Ona Birdsong."

"Preposterous," I said. I was dumbfounded.

"We were talking last night at the Pi house about the way you look at her."

"And how is that, mademoiselle?" I asked.

She arranged her features in a look of moony and fatuous yearning.

"What a libel!" I cried.

She fumbled in her purse, and took out a snapshot.

"Bette Lucas took this with her candid camera," she said.

The picture, taken at the lecture hall portal, showed a man who was looking at a woman. The woman, indubitably, was Miss Birdsong. But that sickening thing beside her, that gargoyle with the look of a sheep at prayer, could that be Achille La-Pucelle, logician and misogynist?

"I do not recognise this man," I said, and meant it in the Socratic sense.

"You ought to," said Miss Wayne. "He's got on your pants."

I pocketed the atrocity.

"All right for you," she pouted. "But I'm telling you, you'll never get to first base with Muscle-bound. Take it from baby, you're an umpchay."

"A what?"

"An uckersay," she said. "You've got about every girl whacky for you, and you tumble for the only one you can't get. Is that smart?"

"It is untrue," I said.

"She likes 'em dumb but beefy," said this unspeakable gamin. "Like Doug Horsetail. He's the odds-on favorite in the sorority winter book. You better look out. He's back in town and if you rile him——"

Loud knockings came on my door.

"Enter," I called. Miss Birdsong came in.

"Sorry to interrupt a lovers' quarrel," she said, with frost, "but I can't work with all this rumpus going on next door."

"My apologies," I said. "You yourself instructed me to censure lax students."

Miss Birdsong turned to Miss Wayne. I thought of a sparrow and an eagle. Miss Wayne flew away.

"Grubby brat," observed Miss Birdsong. She held out her hand. "Let me see that picture," she said.

"You heard us?" I asked.

"You were broadcasting on a nation-wide hook-up," she said. "I want to see that picture. Come across."

I had not the stomach to refuse. She studied the revolting thing.

Please turn to Page 28

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

HURRY—FOR CAMEO'S £350 SLOGAN COMPETITION CLOSES SOON!

1st PRIZE - £250
2nd PRIZE - - - £50
3rd PRIZE - - - £25
AND 25 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £1 EACH FOR SLOGANS DESCRIBING CAMEO'S GOODNESS

ACT NOW—and you may win first prize of £250—enough for a deposit on the house you've dreamed about, or a new car, or new furniture. Read the conditions below and send in your slogan. Hurry—for the competition

CLOSES MONDAY, DEC. 11

You'll love Cameo, the grand new Custard Powder. Cameo is creamier ... smoother ... more delicious in its improved vanilla flavour ... and has a better colouring. Kiddies love it—and because of its wholesome, nourishing ingredients, it is a body-building food as well as a tempting companion for all manner of sweets. Cameo is a companion product to the famous Kream Cornflour—so it must be good! Buy a packet of Cameo today.

COUPON I am enclosing my entry(ies) with the requisite label(s). In accordance with the conditions I agree that all slogans are to become the property of the Makers of Cameo Custard Powder, and that the decision of the Judges will be final and legally binding.

SLOGAN: _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ A16

CONDITIONS. The best slogan in praise of Cameo Custard Powder of not more than 12 words including the name "Cameo Custard Powder." ... Each entry must be accompanied by the top of one 1 lb. packet or tops of packets equivalent in weight. For example, two 8 oz. or one 4 oz. and one 12 oz. Remember, it is cheaper to buy a 1 lb. packet! ... All entries must be addressed to "Cameo Custard Powder Competition," 552 Harris Street, Sydney, and posted on or before Monday, December 11, 1939, as the competition closes on that day. ... A special form is available at your Grocer's, but it is not essential to use one. No employees of Maize Products Pty. Ltd. are eligible, and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition. Directors of Maize Products Pty. Ltd. will act as judges.

MAIZE PRODUCTS PTY. LTD. (Incorporated in Victoria).

How I Got Rid Of SUPERFLUOUS HAIR for ever!

By a TRAINED NURSE

"MY arms and legs were covered with ugly, thick dark hair. I tried everything—irritating pastes, smelly powders, even painful electric treatments. Using a razor only made the hair grow faster and coarser. Then a friend told me about the New 'VEET.' It removed every trace of hair in three minutes. Left my skin white and smooth as velvet. With New 'VEET' my superfluous hair troubles are ended." Note: New "VEET" gently dissolves away hair below the skin surface—therefore leaves no bristly stubble like the razor—and it actually weakens hair growth. 2/6 and 4/- (double size), at all Chemists and Stores.

FREE: By exclusive arrangement every woman reader of this paper can now obtain a special package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 387.C), 168/172 Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

PSORIASIS

Eczema Skin Diseases

Mr. Arthur Pascoe, M.N.A.M.H., the celebrated Skin Specialist, has opened in Sydney where Skin Disease Sufferers may now obtain his world famous treatment, which takes the Disease right out of the Blood. For full particulars of the treatment, which is carried out in your own home, write or call Pascoe's Skin Disease and Health Service, 90 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our thirty page booklet, "NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH," which deals with all Diseases, is free.***

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEARS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625626

FARMER'S

P.O. Box 497 AA. Sydney.
Telephone M 2405.

Helena Rubinstein has

TONIC FOR SUMMER SKINS

A fresh clear skin for you all summer . . . with Helena Rubinstein's Sun Tonic, clean, rosily tinted cream to protect you from freckles and burning. Splendid powder base. **5/6, 10/6**

Ground Floor.

Tie on a

SILK SQUARE

Fragile floating georgette to tie over your locks. Pure silk squares in lots of delightful patterns and colours. Gives just the right effect of casualness and charm. **2/11**

Ground Floor.

American nut-meat chopper for making Christmas cakes

Around Christmas time you'll be glad of this handy little American chopper. Chops in various grades. **3/11**

Lower Ground—Country Carriage Extra

"CANOE" SHOES

Exotic New Sandals from France

Toes upturned like the slippers of an Eastern princess, these "Canoe" sandals are tremendously popular at Continental pleasure resorts. We have them in bright string-weave with fluted wood heels, comfy leather soles.

Top—"Canoe" sandal with a specially intriguing arrangement of leather lacing. White/blue, white/green. Sizes 2-7, **10/9**

Right—Cool sandal of natural macrame with very new fluted heels. Sizes 2 to 7, **9/11.** Also multi-coloured, **7/11**

Bottom—"Canoe" sandal in bright, multi-colour weave with red ankle cord, strong leather sole. Sizes 2 to 7, **10/9**

Shoes — Third Floor.

"Luxor" frocks reduced six shillings! Usually 29/11, these tailored locknit silk frocks were bought in a special Melbourne purchase of 400 only. They've all the qualities of your favourite locknits—wash beautifully and are guaranteed ladder-proof and crease-resisting. Made with pleated skirts and sports bodices, in pastels which include powder blue, dusty pink, foam green, gold, white. At **19/11**

SPORTSWEAR — SECOND FLOOR.

Fishnet Sportswear Shade

Washable shade for sports wear. Top is of popular fishnet with comfy head-band. White. **9/11**

Lower Ground Floor.

MATE from Paraguay to Sydney

Amazing tonic tea, richly flavoured and containing remarkable health properties. Substitute Mate for ordinary tea — just as easy to brew — and notice improved health. ¼-lb., 1/-; ½-lb., 2/-. Country carriage is additional.

CUDDLY BABY DOLLS

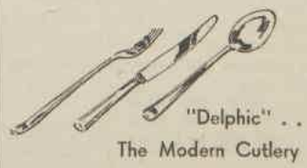
Usually priced at 21/-

A Toy dept. special

150 only at 14/11

Little girls' darlings — imported baby dolls with sleeping eyes and mamma voices, beautifully cloaked in fluffy white, and wearing rompers of pink or blue! Soft bodies, composition heads and limbs, 15in. long . . . Only 150 at this special price, so be early! Boxed ready for Santa to deliver. Freight is extra.

Fourth Floor — Country Carriage Extra.



"Delphic" . . The Modern Cutlery

Silverplate with a 20 years' guarantee. Prices per doz.: Teaspoons 19/6; dessert spoons and forks 37/6; tablespoons and forks 50/-; soup spoons 42/-; silverp. handled knives, dessert, 63/-; table 70/-.

Ground Floor — Country Carriage Extra

Play Shoes for active boys

Sturdy Shoes, as much at home scrambling along the sea shore as strolling in the country. Strong rubber soles, leather uppers. Broad shapes, full sizes only, 7-9 **4/11.** 10-1, **5/11**

Boys' Shoes — Fourth Floor.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625627

Tried it yet? NEW, QUICK

ODO-RO-NO Cream

CHECKS PERSPIRATION SAFELY

Stops perspiration instantly.
Dries quickly—vanishes completely.
Use before or after shaving.
Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.
Ends perspiration odour.
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.
Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.

1/- 2/- 3/6

GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY

from all good Chemists and Stores.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.***

Frenchmen Differ

Continued from Page 26

"NOT too good of me," she said. "Makes me look too hippish. But it's just like you, Ack-heel."

"The name is Ah-sheel," I said loftily, and took the snapshot and tossed it into the wastepaper basket.

"I'm terribly sorry, Ackheel," said Miss Birdsong, soberly. "But it just can't be. You're a good little guy, and I like you. But you're—well, you're just not the right man. You're too far from the cave, Ack-heel. Sorry. Guess it must be the Indian in me."

You can figure my astonishment.

"What sort of place is this?" I cried.

"A college? I could laugh myself into lunacy. It is a hothouse of puppies' love. Regard this, mademoiselle. You may consider my heart some sort of ball. But you cannot throw it back before you catch it."

"Too bad," said Miss Birdsong.

Black night came before I reached a decision. It was that I was not guilty. The picture lied. It was my plain duty to go to Miss Birdsong and tell her with emphatic finality that I did not love her.

I went back to the Chateau Paradise. The African concierge, Georges, informed me that she had gone out. "All dressed up like a Christmas tree."

"Do you, perchance, know where one can find her?" I inquired.

"I reckon she is down to the armory where all the folkses in town is, 'septin' you and me, Massa Lollapaloosa," he said wistfully.

It was evident, as I neared the armory, that some fete was in full sway. One heard a lively hubbub within.

"What species of gala occurs here?" I asked the ticket seller.

"If you mean what goes on," he said, "it's rasslin'."

Undeterred, I went in. All the world was packed in there. In the ring two men were embracing. White light beat on the canvas where they lay entwined in a hug of hate. The triple-chinned citizen on my right gave vent to a beery bellow.

"Throw them tramps out. They're doggin' it."

I roved with my eyes over the excited throng. Many ladies were there, but I did not glimpse the woman I did not love. My attention was called back to the struggle by a resounding crash.

One of the combatants had been hurled bodily from the ring into the copious lap of Mrs. Post, head of the Department of Domestic Science. He was counted out and carried out.

"Now we'll see sumpin' that's sumpin'," said the man beside me, gleefully. "It's for the champeenship—and it's a grudge match."

A figure swaggered down the aisle. He wore a feather headdress and gaudy blanket, and I knew him at once for Douglas Horsetail. It was the lordly salute of a conquering Caesar, home from the wars. Everybody began to war-whoop.

Odd, most odd, that in all that frenzied tumult I recognised one whoop. I traced it to a box across the ring. Miss Birdsong sat there, alone, whooping melodiously. Now another figure entered, or rather slunk into the ring.

He wore a pointed moustache and the spike of beard affected by stage magicians and Napoleon III, and, surprisingly, a tall silk hat and opera cape.

The band struck up "Mademoiselle From Armentieres." To a man and woman the audience booed. Miss Birdsong booed the loudest.

My programme identified this one as "Frenchy Bombardeau, Pride of Paree."

M. Horsetail unveiled his coppery torso. It was an awesome sight. Even I, who detest biceps, had to admire such perfection. Beside this living powerhouse, even that hairy Hercules, M. Bombardeau, seemed a bubble of fragility.

A GONG sounded. M. Bombardeau shambled from his lair and smote M. Horsetail on the ear. M. Horsetail sat down abruptly. M. Bombardeau smote him again, as he sat there, this time with both elbows.

Each time the redskin sought to rise he was felled again by a flail-like blow on the back of his neck. Then the Pride gripped the Indian by his sleek black hair and tried to beat his head flat against the floor. Incensed growls welled in the audience.

"Foul! Foul! Foul!"

"Make him cut out the dirty work, Al." Al was the referee, a redskin, a big one.

Al came to the aid of his red brother. Using M. Bombardeau's beard for a handle, he slung him into a corner, and, to emphasise his displeasure, trod on his nose.

"Kick him again, Al," they pleaded.

M. Horsetail surged to his feet. He charged at his foe, head down, and butted him through the ropes. With the tenacity of our race, M. Bombardeau crawled back.

His head had struck a journalist's, leaving him rather groggy. M. Horsetail was an engine of destruction now. He catapulted himself again and again at the staggering, defenceless Frenchman, battering him from rope to rope.

My neighbor chortled.

"That's the stuff to give Frenchmen. They're yellow."

The Pride of Paris tottered, sagged, fell. M. Horsetail leaped high in the air and landed on that unhappy one's abdomen with both feet. The crowd went hysterical with ecstasy.

A man ran down the aisle towards the ring. He was shouting, "Courage, my brave. You are not quite alone. I come, Death to redskins! Remember Verdun. Vive la France!"

That man, messieurs, mesdames, was I. I do not know in detail what I did, but that screaming madman was really Achille LaPucelle. Of but one thing was I conscious—a desire to kill an Indian.

They tell me that when a policeman tried to bar my way into the ring, I bit him. They say I kicked Al in the shins. I am informed that I flew at M. Horsetail like a wildcat, trumpeting "Vive la France."

News photos, taken the next day, show M. Horsetail with clawed cheeks, a chewed ear and a mouth still ajar with amazement. My burst of fury only ended when some heavy hardness hit my jaw.

. . . . .

I opened my eyes and saw I was on the sofa in my own chambers.

"He's all right now," said a man's voice.

"Yes, he's all right. Thanks doctor," said a woman's voice. It was that voice of which there is only one. A door slammed. I felt my dizzy head, and perceived that I ached in a wide variety of places. Miss Birdsong came to me and held a glass of cognac to my lips.

"Is he dead?" I asked. "That Indian. Did I kill him?"

"No. You're the one who was nearly killed. When Frenchy hit you."

"What!" I exclaimed. "My own countryman! The one I tried to save!"

"He thought you were mad."

"Did he suppose a true Frenchman could stand by and see one of his own people tortured by a redskin?"

"It was all a rehearsed routine," she said, with pity. "They take turns roughing each other up. It was Doug's night to throw the Greek."

"What Greek?"

"Frenchy. He's a strumberry pie-eater from Tulsa. 'Frenchy' is just his ring name."

"Crown me king of all the fools," I moaned, holding up my throbbing head.

"Nothing of the sort, Ack-heel. In fact, you're a hero. A little, soft guy like you tangling with Doug Horsetail! That takes a lot of heart."

"And no brains," I said.

"You did what you thought was right," she said. "Folks think you're sort of short on sense; but everybody thinks you're real brave."

"Everybody?" I said, looking steadily into her eyes.

"I, most of all," she answered, softly. "I'm the only one who knows just how brave you were to tackle an Indian. But, for pity's sake, what were you doing at a wrestling match?"

"I was looking for you. To tell you something."

"What?"

"In the excitement, it has slipped my mind."

"Then tell me, Ack-heel, what came over you down there tonight?"

"I guess," I said, "you'd call it an attack of atavism."

"I went a little primitive, too," she confessed. "Didn't you hear me hollering, 'Attaboy, Ack-heel! Kill that Comanche!' It was when you had your arms around his neck."

"Did I?"

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You held him like this."

She showed me how I had put my arms around M. Horsetail's neck. There was no referee to break us.

"No," I said. "You are a little wrong. It was like this." I showed her.

"You wanted to tell me something," she said. "You don't need to, now, darling. I know."

All this occurred more than a year ago. I am still in the States United, and shall probably never return to France. A fine little country, France, but I fear I'd find it dull. As I amuse myself by writing this, madame my wife is out golfing.

Me, I am staying home to mind the papoose. He is named for some of his forbears: Alphonse Geronimo Francois Laughing Horse LaPucelle.

(Copyright)

Animal Antics

"I ADORE the strong, silent type!"

From the SHADOWS of the War

To Glorious Health!

Depression, severe headaches, backache, body pains and sleeplessness, that was the Great War's legacy to Nurse A. R. F.* To-day, thanks to De Witt's Pills, it's a different story. But we will let her speak for herself—her letter is of vital interest to all victims of kidney trouble.

"I left England after the war, having done a great deal of nursing and suffered many hardships. As a result I suffered for sixteen years from backache, depression and all the symptoms of kidney trouble. I tried salts, hot baths and massage but obtained no lasting relief. Then I started taking De Witt's Pills. The first dose did me good and now I am in perfect health. They are truly worth their weight in gold."

* Name withheld in accordance with medical etiquette.

You, too, can end the depression, pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble just as quickly. Start with De Witt's Pills to-day. Relief from the first dose is followed by permanent benefit. Then YOU will begin to enjoy life. Body pains and backache will go. Vigour and vitality will return and you will feel and look years younger. No matter how ill you may be . . . . no matter how long you have suffered, you can get back health and strength by taking

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

made especially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Obtainable from chemists and storekeepers everywhere, prices 1/9, 3/- and 5/9.

LOUISE CAMPBELL Paramount Player

WHY STARS SHAMPOO THEIR OWN HAIR . . . . .

Prejudice Against *Burning* Effect of "Soap Alkali"

NOT an economy fad—but because they wish to avoid anything on the hair which contains free *alkali* . . . For this chemical part of skin soaps and artificial shampoos can spoil and deaden delicate hair with its drying, "burning" action!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with this pure, natural, quick-rinsing, cocoanut foam Shampoo that everyone's *talking about!*

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves light gold glamour—prevents "alkali streaks."

BRUNETTES—Discover fascinating new highlights!

For Colinated double-active lather instantly dissolves every trace of dust, oily-film, or dandruff . . . carries it off in one complete rinse . . . and gives any hair a magic, *silky-clean*, wavy lustre you've never noticed before!

Real Economy! A bottle lasts months. At any Chemist or Store.

Colinated Shampoo

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625628

Jottings of the Week

—by Miss Midnight—

• IT DOESN'T FIT, says Vera Andrews, as she tries her coming-of-age key in the huge doorlock at Elizabeth Bay House.

• MRS. GORDON ROSS swathes her hair with white snood to play tennis in aid of Army Medical Corps Comforts Fund and Phoenix Kindergarten.

• JENNIFER MAUGHAN'S BRIDESMAIDS, Marie Christoe and Joan Maughan, smile from their car as they leave All Saints' after Jennifer's wedding to Keith Storey.

• HAPPILY MARRIED . . . Dr. Robert Mackey, of Army Medical Corps, and his bride, Lurline Fleming, leave Fullerton Memorial Church.

Militia doings . . .

SIMPLY no place like Darwin for a girl these days, so Dawn Jackson tells me at the Victoria Barracks late afternoon party. Soldiers outnumber our sex by about 200 to one.

Dawn has just come back. It's terribly hot, but everyone puts up with it cheerfully. Tennis is the chief pastime after four o'clock.

Barracks party, held in the officers' mess, was to welcome Lieut.-General and Mrs. Sturdee. Also daughter Margaret, who is just beginning to find her way about Sydney. Margaret hadn't even visited Sydney until she came from Melbourne to live.

General and Mrs. R. E. Jackson heartily welcomed, too, after three years in Melbourne.

Mrs. Roy Walsh arrives with medico husband, she smart in black and spray of orchids. Amused when I hear another Army Medical Corps officer, Dr. W. E. Kay, taking his leave, say, "Now I must go off to be a doctor."

Mrs. J. L. Hardie, so often hostess at cheery Barracks parties, says her husband isn't with us, because military duties took him to Melbourne the day before.

The Colonel Deakins, who are off to India next month; H. C. Fewtrells; G. C. Somervilles; Edwin Penfolds; Lieutenants Percy Jackson, Jimmy Harrison and Les Gee also present.

Tuesday, camp night . . .

MEET Sheila Carter, who stops long enough to say "Can't stop, rushing home to go to camp." Which sounds too mysterious not to be explained on the spot.

Seems that every Tuesday John Appleton takes a concert party to entertain soldiers with song and dance. Largest audience to date, 2000.

Jack Davey, of radio fame, is part of the programme, but Sheila could tell me naught of this as it is "For soldiers only," and the girls are taken out of earshot.

Alice Gould acts as chauffeur to Sheila, Margot Ruthven, Jessica Noad, Peggy Legge-Willis, June Campbell Smith. The can-can is the best-received item. Sheila is candid: "We're not too professional, but they like us."

Familiar tune . . .

WEDDING March is a familiar tune to Pat Heaton and Ned Theodore by the time they reach their reception. First played when Pat arrives at Sacred Heart Church; then started several times as the organist thought the bridal party was leaving the sacristy; again when they walk down the aisle of Kincoppal Convent chapel—Pat's old school—and finally when Pat and Ned leave the chapel for Elizabeth Bay House.

Ned's brother-in-law, Ted Fahey, takes a colored movie of the bridal party and guests arriving and departing—sitting in a somewhat precarious position on a spiked fence to get the best angle.

They catch the eye . . .

MRS. ROY KAISER'S chartreuse straw boater, with large purple bustle bow at the back . . . spray of real miniature apples and blossom, worn by Mrs. H. H. McNall . . .

Sue Other Gee's swing-skirted black lace frock, worn when dancing with Royce Shannon at Prince's . . .

Society lunches . . .

SIMPLY everybody eats. In town the other day Helen Weihen in the snappiest skyscraper beret, m'dear, says "C'mon lunch at Prince's."

Next table I spy Ann Lane-Poole Dangar, down from Armidale and lunching naval wives Nobby Clarke and F. E. Kedge. Mrs. John Brunton has favorite semicircular seat, seems much amused at Di Parnham's sallies. Smartest white hats they're wearing.

The John Broinowskis arrive a deux. Pat Osborne alone, dutifully stopping to kiss his aunt, Mrs. Henry Charles . . .

And nearby such an attractive young group, mostly Hopewood House. Slightly before my time, of course. There's Dorothy Scott McLeod, of the Terrica McLeods; Judith Inglis, wearing snappy white and navy chapeau; Janet Nelson, Pamela Huybers, Sheila Macqueen and Elizabeth Corbett Jones.

And doesn't Mrs. H. C. Steiner wear the most divine hats. Look at her new, wide-brimmed petunia straw. Mexican inspiration, I imagine, so effective with her ash hair.

That lukewarm feeling . . .

ELSIE CHAUVEL applauded bigger and better than anyone else in the audience at the Minerva premiere of "Elizabeth the Queen" . . . says she knows how it feels to be on stage when the clapping's only lukewarm.

All dressed up in a new white peasant frock for the occasion, Elsie comes with producer Ken Hall and his wife. Her producer husband, Charles Chauvel, is camping somewhere in the Gilgandra ranges, "shooting" a wild brumby muster for his new film, "Forty Thousand Horsemen"—the story of the building of our famous cavalry force during the Great War.

Frank Hurley is helping, photographically . . . Frank was in town for the opening of his exhibition on Wednesday . . . dashed off same night for Gilgandra.

Heard about weddings . . .

LOLA LINTON has made all her trousseau and also the wedding cake . . . she marries Bill Furber this Thursday.

Mrs. Ruskin Rowe made the elaborate three-tiered cake for daughter Joyce's wedding to George Morris.

Gwyneth Moffitt and Lionel Stewart, married on Thursday, are building home at Pymble . . . ready for occupation in January.

Dr. Ross Macourt has bought practice at Queanbeyan and will take his bride, Maisie Blanks, there after their wedding on November 30. Home furnishings mostly green.

Grace Fahey, of Boorowa, to wear white sheer bridal array when she marries Kenneth Dwyer (same town) on November 23 . . . at Boorowa. Sisters Mrs. John McGrath and Kathleen Fahey will attend.

Did you know . . . ?

AMBER BUSHELL came to town wearing smart green pencil-striped suit she brought from abroad and met three almost identical suits within an hour.

Bill and Joan Barker returned from honeymoon, discovered Bill doesn't go into Air Force as early as expected, and set off again to continue honeymoon.

• NED THEODORE and his bride, Pat Heaton, taken at Pat's old school, Kincoppal. Glimpsed at back are Dr. Frank Parle (left), and Snow Swift, groomsman.

• STEPPING into the car after the Theodore-Heaton wedding ceremony, bridesmaid Joan Hodgson says modern cars aren't big enough for picture hats.

• THIS Wednesday's bride and groom . . . Nea Arnott and Bill Dawson, who will marry at St. Stephen's and receive 150 guests at Elizabeth Bay House.

• PRINCESS RADZIWILL at the Dulwood Homes' Cup Day party . . . still a firm devotee of the ostrich plume fashion as she was when she went abroad, then Mrs. Harriet Stewart Dawson.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625629

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers*.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy*, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality *and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing*. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

michel
The King of Lipsticks

Princesses bake cakes for tea at Balmoral

Cooking lessons to offset homesickness

By air mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

Away in safety at Balmoral, Scotland, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose are feeling the pangs of homesickness.

The Princesses' daily letters to the Queen, however, bravely made no mention of their loneliness. But motherly intuition read between the lines.

HAPPIER DAYS: A charming study of the Queen and her children taken before the war. The princesses are now at Balmoral. The Queen is in London with His Majesty.

TO keep her daughters occupied and interested in their temporary home, Queen Elizabeth has now arranged for them to have cooking lessons.

Princess Elizabeth had already started a course in cookery under the expert guidance of the Palace chef.

Now she is continuing these lessons with a new teacher, gaining much practical experience, with Princess Margaret Rose as her able assistant.

The Princesses' routine in Scotland is, as near as possible, modelled on their life in peace time, though they do not have so many outings.

Both get up at half-past seven, and schooling begins at nine o'clock with lessons all through the morning.

The practical cookery lessons have taken the place of swimming lessons at the Bath Club, Girl Guide and Brownie meetings, and the visits they used to pay with Queen Mary to places of interest in and around London.

Many Scotch dishes have found their way into the Princesses' new cookery books, and Queen Mary has posted her grandchildren a few of her favorite recipes to try.

Fancy cakes are what Princess Elizabeth likes making most; she is reaching an advanced stage where a little imagination is allowed in creating new mixtures and icings.

At least once a week the nursery tea table is decked with the Princesses' efforts, and Princess Margaret Rose is learning to make vegetable dishes from the produce of her own garden.

The Queen's younger daughter had planted some of her favorite flowers from Royal Lodge in the garden plot she laid out at Balmoral.

Now with Britain becoming more and more food conscious, Princess Margaret Rose is specially aware of the importance of home-grown products.

She spends at least an hour each day in the kitchen gardens that adjoin the castle waging a deadly war on the snails and slugs that threaten the cabbage patch.

In a dark brown tunic, with stout leather shoes and a large-brimmed straw hat, this Royal recruit to the "land army" is finding a happy outlet for her youthful energy in the garden.

Doing war work

BEFORE bedtime both Princesses do their share of war work rolling bandages and knitting for the soldiers.

One of the first presents that Princess Margaret Rose made since she and her sister were left at Balmoral was a knitting bag for Queen Mary, with cross-stitched design.

Queen Mary taught both her grandchildren embroidery, and is a severe critic of their work.

The knitting bag, however, delighted her, and in return for the gift she sent the Princess some new designs to work in the long winter evenings.

War news is given to the Royal children in a somewhat guarded form, on the King's explicit orders.

Both the King and Queen feel that the Princesses must not be left in ignorance of grave events, but they do not want their daughters to be frightened, or to put a wrong interpretation on the war news.

On their weekly schedule is A.R.P. drill, and both Princesses wear gas-masks slung across their shoulders in khaki cases which they made themselves.

In peace time Princess Elizabeth wrote a daily letter to Queen Mary and she has continued this bulletin now, giving her grandmother all the news from Balmoral.

In addition to the daily letters to the Queen and Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth keeps up a steady correspondence with the members of her Girl Guide troop, now scattered in different parts of the country.

Reports on the Royal children's progress with lessons are sent each week by their governesses to the King.

These are in turn passed on to the Prime Minister, for the education of the Heiress Apparent to the Throne of England is a matter of State concern even in time of war.

The King is well pleased with his daughter's progress, particularly in French and literature.

German lessons have not been dropped from the school curriculum, and deportment and dramatic art are still important subjects in the schooling of England's future Queen.

One question which the little girls ask continuously is "When are we going home?"

Though this cannot at present be answered, arrangements are in hand for bringing the Princesses down to England, where they will remain.

"Action Back"—A Nu-Back Corsetry Principle which gives complete freedom of movement when bending, stooping and kneeling. This unique expansion idea enables the garment to lengthen and shorten as you bend and stretch, minimises shoulder-strap and suspender pull, and prevents Nu-Back corsetry from "riding up" (see dotted lines on illustration). Nu-Back corsetry moulds and controls figure-faults and ensures comfort and complete freedom and gives a fashion-correct figure. Obtainable in all leading corset departments.

will not "ride up"

Nu Back PATENTED Foundations

A Liberty Production

N.8. 3—24—39.

YOU CAN GET THIS Glamorous Bronze TAN in 2 hours!

—Weather— Dull or Fine

Men! . . . Girls! . . . Youngsters! . . . All should seize this amazing opportunity of winning admiration—and *Protection!* A gorgeous Tan can be yours, easily, quickly, without fear of Burns, Peeling, Blisters or Freckles—for COOLTAN is the modern way to NATURAL sun-bronzed health. Cooltan works differently to ordinary Sun-tan products. It is NON-GREASY—NOT A DYE. It scientifically compels the sun to give of its best—TANS like nothing else tan. See how COOLTAN glorifies your skin, giving you an exciting, glamorous Bronze in two short hours. Cooltan is the Biggest Success on all the World's Famous Glamour Beaches. It is a *REAL* Guardian of Health for ALL the FAMILY—The ultra-violet rays which Cooltan concentrates build up new vitality at the same time as so much is added to the outward appearance of the user. On the Beach Cooltan is easy and clean to use and it won't pick up sand!

All Chemists and Stores in EXTRA LARGE TUBES, 1/6.

cooltan

ITCHING FEET and TOES may be dreaded SURFER'S FOOT

If the skin between your toes is red and itchy or has turned dead-white, moist and pulpy, it may be Surfer's Foot. If neglected you will carry this infection wherever you go barefoot and you may infect your family and friends. Treat this stubborn infection with Iodex, which kills the fungus and quickly soothes and heals the damaged tissues. Used by doctors all over the world.

At all Chemists PRICE 2/-

IODEX NO-STAIN IODIN!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625630

"NIGHT NURSE"

The drama of hospital life

Between midnight and down, in the wards of a great city hospital, life moves with swift intensity.

Drama, romance, even tragedy make up the hours for the nursing staff and patients.

SOME of these pages of life and death form the background for "Night Nurse," an unusual radio production now being broadcast from 2GB at 8.15 p.m. each Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

"Night Nurse" is the story of a girl for whom nursing holds so strong an appeal that she sacrifices luxury for the discomfort and hardships of a probationer's life.

She is placed on night duty, and from the whispered confidences of the hushed ward she learns of all the conflicting emotions which make up everyday life.

Into her ward late one night a policeman brings a badly wounded gangster. He has been shot by a

MISS MAIVA DRUMMOND, who plays "Night Nurse" in 2GB's drama of hospital life.

constable and a blood transfusion is necessary if his life is to be saved.

The constable who had shot him offers himself as a blood donor, but the transfusion is not successful, and the criminal, who is called "The Monk," dies.

When asked by the doctor why he offered to give the transfusion the constable replies: "He was my brother. We hadn't seen him for years!"

Weak from loss of blood the constable himself becomes a hospital patient, but he never learns that two of "The Monk's" associates had waited in ambush for him outside the hospital gates till they learned the reason for his illness.

Humor, Romance

THAT is one of the stories woven into "Night Nurse," but the production has a lighter side, too.

The night nurse meets "Fighting Macdonald," an iron-worker, whose meek little wife, cowed and terrified by her brutal husband, comes to the ward to visit him.

There is some delightful comedy in the story of how the night nurse tames the bully.

There is romance, too, in the meeting of the night nurse (played by Miss Maiva Drummond, one of Australia's most brilliant young radio stars), and an honorary surgeon played by James Raglan, who believes his part in "Night Nurse" to be one of his best.

The dramatists who created "Night Nurse" have drawn on real-life incidents for much of their material, and the result is a new story in radio entertainment, in a field of especial interest to women.

GRACE BROS

Outstanding JOB Purchase

Girls Frocks of Quality and Distinction at Little Cost!

Cool & Fresh!

DQF.—Jacket Frock for hot weather wear in printed Florida Cotton. Square Neck, dainty uplift bodice. Showing bell skirt. Shades: Blue, Green, and Wine. Lengths, 32in., 36in., 39in., 42in.
Price 7/11
Less 2/- in the £.

DQE. — Prints applied with glamorous colourings on Guaranteed American Imitation Linen. Attractive bodice buttoned to waist, full swing skirt. Tonings, Blue, Maize, Green, and Autumn. Lengths, 36in., 39in., 42in.
Price 7/11
Less 2/- in the £.

Definitely American!

DQD.—Princess two-piece Play-Frock of flowered printed American Broadcloth showing the season's correct knee-length bell skirt and adjustable neckline. In becoming shades of Maize, Blue, Orange, Stop Red. Lengths, 28in., 30in., 32in., 34in.
Price 7/11
Less 2/- in the £.
Matching Tailored Shorts
Price .. .. .. 2/6 extra.
Less 2/- in the £.

Irresistible!

DQA.—American novelty printed imitation linen frock. Cartridge pleats just below shoulder, buttoned to waist, pleated all round skirt. Robin Blue, Maize, Reseda Green, Rose. Lengths, 36in., 39in., 42in.
PRICE ..11/9 Less 2/- in the £.

Dainty!

DQB.—Gay Flower-striped Guaranteed cotton Frock in Flattering "Smart Set" style, plain bands on bodice and collar give attractive finish, ties at waist. Shades: Autumn, Saxe, Rose and Wine. Lengths, 32in., 36in., 39in., 42in.
Price 7/11
Less 2/- in the £.

Adorable!

DQC.—Crisp Lawn top covered with adjustable waist-coat. Finely gathered skirt of guaranteed cotton. Attractive Shades of Blue, Green, Rose. Lengths, 24in., 27in., 30in.
Price 7/11
Less 2/- in the £.

Charming!

DQG.—Striking designs in guaranteed cotton frocks. Crisp white organdie top gives attractive finish, finely gathered elastic waist. Shades: Autumn, Blue, Green, Rose. Lengths, 33in., 36in., 39in., 42in.
Price 7/11
Less 2/- in the £.

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY, SYDNEY. 'PHONE: M 6506

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625631

Sleepless and Very Nervous

HEADACHES AND PAINS IN BACK

"I was weak and nervous, and could not sleep at night," states Miss P.M., of Booyal, Q. "My blood was poor and I suffered headaches and pains in my back.

"Acting on the advice of a relative I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these pills have proved to be the only remedy to do me good. I no longer suffer from nerves, headaches and anaemia. I sleep well, feel very fit and stronger, and have lost the backaches. My face has a good colour."

Worried, sleepless people, tired, headachy women and anaemic nervy girls find Dr. Williams' Pink Pills most beneficial and strengthening. Users say these pills are wonderful for revitalising and restoring the nerves and general health, enriching the blood, and banishing that weary, depressed feeling. Sleep becomes refreshing, your nerves and health feel fine, and you feel youthful and brighter again. Start taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day—3/- a bottle, at chemists and stores. You will be pleased with the resulting benefits.***

Betty's "racey" narratives

I've been picking winners and ruining hats at Flemington

By BETTY GEE

It's just as well the favorites are winning all the good races, Feminist the Metropolitan, and Rivette the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups. This alone is saving the women who go racing at Flemington from bankruptcy.

It has rained every day at Flemington just after people had set out in sunshine with their best frocks and hats on.

THE head of one of the biggest costume and millinery concerns in Melbourne tells me that so far £100 00 worth of models have been ruined by rain, and a rush for fresh supplies was made between the Melbourne Cup and Oaks day.

Well, that's just typical of Melbourne's weather. You can't say with certainty from one quarter-hour to the next what the conditions will be.

The most vexatious aspect of the Cup-day downpour was that when everybody left the course wet through they found on returning to Melbourne and the suburbs that no rain had fallen at all.

Can you beat that for malicious meanness, for one nasty little cloud to perch itself over the course and empty itself just when people were collecting their winnings over Rivette?

One woman in the queue said to me: "Here I am collecting a 13/6 dividend, and spoiling a 25-guinea model."

Many very fine Sydney performers go to Melbourne and run badly. They are little dunces who just will not get used to the left-hand way of running. But, to get back to the job of selecting some winners.

If Melbourne doesn't amend its weather we shall go to Cups and ladies' day meetings at Flemington in overalls and golf pumps.

I am a little dubious about staying for Williamstown Cup races on November 18. So far the outgoings are exceeding the incomings.

Well-bred lady

EVEN when you win, Melbourne CAN be so expensive at Cup time.

Looking through the first acceptances for the Williamstown race, I notice there are ample prospects of a mare keeping up the sequence of big wins.

Ortelle's Star is the one I pick. I am told that she is bred on the most aristocratic lines in the Stud Book, with English antecedents of royal lineage. Wasn't it unlucky about her in the Melbourne Cup? She wormed her way through the field and headed Rivette 50 yards from the winning post. Then, just when her owner, Mr. H. H. Krohn, one of Melbourne's fine characters, thought he had the Cup won, he saw that his mare was riderless.

Ortelle's Star met with a bump near the seven, and off went her jockey, De Valle. But with true racing instinct she came through the field and actually was first past the post in the Cup.

What a galling experience for all concerned, including the backers of the mare!

Mr. Krohn took it in good part though. "I beat them in the Mackinnon Stakes," he said, "WITH a jockey, so I have one consolation. And I'll beat them again," he added.

Out of luck

ORTELLE'S STAR is trained by Cecil Godby. The Godbys were out of luck. His brother, Frank, trains Maikai, who was second to Rivette in both the Caulfield and Melbourne Cups.

Wouldn't that make you cry?

Norman Godby, another brother, was a crack rider years ago, and he ran second on Tulkeroo, beaten a short head in the Melbourne Cup, and was second also in the Caulfield and Australian Cups. Can you beat that for a family hoodoo?

But reverting to Ortelle's Star and the Williamstown Cup, I think she is the one.

There are other mares; for instance, Feminist, but Ortelle's Star can beat her. "Feminist isn't worth a frankfurt over in Melbourne." I heard somebody connected with the stable say the other day.

It IS funny how in Sydney she could win everything, but here can't get near them. Racing the opposite way on Melbourne tracks is blamed.

If a male creature is going to win the Williamstown Cup it might be Sir Grey. He has been saved up for it by his owner, Mr. E. Temby, the Hotel Boots says.

I have Goldsmith for the Rawdon Stakes from Mr. C. B. Kellow, his owner.

He said: "You watch Goldsmith. He's going to be a Derby and Cup horse next year."

So I'm watching him every time he runs, and he's going to win the Rawdon Stakes, Williamstown's rich two-year-old race, on Saturday.

Keep following Parodier, too. He's being saved up now for the Ozone Welter, named after the sea-breeze which blows across the Williamstown course.

Wasn't he nice at 20 to 1 for the Highweight at Flemington on Melbourne Cup day?

He's a really good horse. I can't understand why he was such a good price, unless it was Cup excitement and people just didn't stop to think.

"Find a nice polite bookmaker and back Ortelle's Star at Williamstown," says Betty.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, November 15.—Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY, November 16.—June Marsden—Astrology for Children. Special Advice about Suitable Careers.

FRIDAY, November 17.—June Marsden—General Astrology.

SATURDAY, November 18.—Music in the News.

SUNDAY, November 19.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars. Astrology for Business Folk — "Commercialise your special brand of personality." (Third talk).

MONDAY, November 20.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, November 21.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

CLOSING SOON

£600 TO BE WON

Persil Whiteness competition

WRITE MAUD'S REPLY TO CLAUDE AND WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME CASH PRIZES!

Have you sent your entry yet? If not do so without delay!

First Prize ..	£250	*Also 5 Prizes of*	£5 *each*
Second Prize ..	£75	100 *Prizes of*	£1 *each*
Third Prize ..	£25	200 *prizes of*	10/- *each*

And 1,000 *Consolation Prizes of Packets of Persil*

CLOSES 27th NOV. 1939

READ THESE SIMPLE CONDITIONS

1. Write in the Entry Form below what you think Maud might answer to her friend, Claude. Your answer must contain the word "Persil" and not exceed 25 words. A typical answer is: "Don't you know Persil whiteness when you see it?"

2. Your name and full address, also the name and address of the grocer from whom you purchased your Persil, must be written in CAPITAL LETTERS on the Entry Form. Pin to it a red circle cut from the front of a Persil packet—one circle to each entry—and post to: Persil Competition, Box 4074W, G.P.O., Sydney.

3. **You may send in as many entries as you like,** provided each entry is accompanied by a separate red Persil circle cut from the front of a Persil packet. Entries may be written on separate sheets of paper, provided that your name and address *and that of your grocer* are written on each entry

NO ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED UNLESS THEY COMPLY WITH THESE CONDITIONS

The first prize will be awarded to the person who submits what is, in the opinion of the judges, the most apt and most original answer. The second and third prizes will be awarded to the next best answers, and the 305 additional money prizes to those deserving special recommendation. 1000 consolation prizes of full-size packets of Persil will be awarded to those entries deserving mention. The judges' verdict must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will responsibility be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post. Anyone may compete except employees of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., and their connections.

All entries will become the property of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd. This competition closes on 27th November, 1939.

All prize-winners will be notified by an advertisement in the "Sydney Morning Herald" appearing on the 8th December, 1939.

Read these points about PERSIL'S superiority carefully—they will help to make your entry a winner!

1. It's because Persil washes so much cleaner that it gets whites so much whiter and coloured things so much brighter.
2. It's Persil's active oxygen-charged suds that so thoroughly remove all the dirt.
3. Persil's oxygen-charged suds act only on the dirt—that's why they can't harm the most delicate fabric.
4. Clothes last longer when washed with Persil, because Persil's oxygen-charged suds are not only extra thorough, but **extra gentle**, too.
5. Because Persil is so quick and thorough, clothes need only be in water for a very short time.
6. Persil saves work—no rubbing or scrubbing necessary.
7. Persil is economical. It washes best alone—no soap or extras needed.

You can write your best answer only when you know Persil for yourself. Buy a packet to-day and use it for the whole family wash.

I think Maud's answer would be _____

_____

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the rules and conditions of the competition, and to accept the judges' decision as final.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

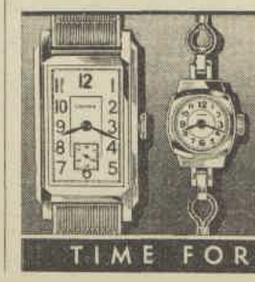
My Grocer's Name _____

Address _____

_____

When you have filled in this form, send it, together with a red circle cut from the front of a packet of Persil to:—Persil Competition, Box 4074 W, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 31.427.15N



Lavina

THE ARISTOCRAT OF WATCHES

OBTAINABLE IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S STYLES

At all good jewellers

TIME FOR A LIFETIME!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625632

The Movie World

November 18, 1939 | The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement | First Page

Double life for Andrea Leeds

● A stormy childhood in Mexico, a placid girlhood in a Californian university, a few short years of movie fame, and now a dazzling future as a millionaire's wife—the years for Andrea Leeds.

HAPPY BRIDE OF MILLIONAIRE FINDS IT PAYS TO BE DIFFERENT

From JOAN McLEOD

THAT seductive brunette, Andrea Leeds, is being known around the movie colony at present as "the girl who leads the double life."

Since Andrea is flashing the superb diamond wedding ring given her by millionaire Bob Howard—his father owns that famous racehorse, Sea Biscuit—you would expect at least a confused blush from Miss Leeds.

But not at all. For Andrea's double life is not what it might seem.

It's just that producer Sam Goldwyn made her work in two films simultaneously —Gary Cooper's "Real Glory" and the Jascha Heifetz film, "They Shall Have Music."

Now, character actors and comedians frequently rush from one set to another, or even one studio to another, to do this type of dual job. But a movie beauty, who has to arrange for different make-up, hairdress and costumes, is never seen on the run like this—or never until Andrea agreed to do it.

But she has already had her reward for consenting to this unique assignment. She has been lent to Fox to play opposite Don Ameche in the color film, "Swanee River" —which makes bridegroom Howard a very proud young man.

Even more thrilling—from the fan viewpoint—is Andrea's next assignment, that of leading lady to Gary Cooper in his adventure film, "The Outlaw."

But such enthralling work has not stopped Andrea from visiting the local marriage-licence bureau this week with the rich and eligible Mr. Howard.

I wouldn't be surprised if Andrea retired into private life very shortly. She is the kind of girl who always does something different — as her film, "Double Life," proved. And she has never been drawn into the hectic side of Hollywood society.

Perhaps her odd girlhood had something to do with it. Andrea spent most of her life in Mexico, where her mining engineer father was stationed. Yaqui Indians warring with rebel soldiers kept the countryside in constant fear.

When her father received several threats that Andrea was to be kidnapped, he hustled her aboard an aeroplane, and she was flown to Los Angeles for safe keeping! You can't expect a girl who is used to real excitement to get all worked up over a movie existence.

It is a bit galling to the girls round town, this poised calm of Andrea's. While they were conniving and intriguing for a place in the studio limelight, Andrea—a pretty, quiet girl with a decided attraction for the men students — was getting her B.A. degree.

One summer holiday time Andrea took part in an amateur movie—a 16 m.m. production made with a tiny camera. By one of those coincidences, producer Goldwyn saw the movie.

She was frightened for a time that she would be typed as the sad girl who died—for her impression on the public was made as the suicide in "Stage Door." But not at all. Miss Leeds found herself playing in one big film after another.

Andrea has never been as successful or as radiant as in her present role, that of the much-adored Mrs. Bob Howard.

Ellen Drew
Paramount Star

Discover your own Loveliness

WITH MAX FACTOR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

Here is Ellen Drew, talented and beautiful, Paramount's newest Star. And she uses Max Factor Color Harmony Make-up, like 96% of all the Hollywood Stars.
You'll be thrilled with the radiant new beauty Max Factor Make-up can bring you too . . . Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.
By filling in the coupon below you will receive from Max Factor, ★ Hollywood your Personal Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Chart which lists the correct shades for your individual type.

Sold at all leading stores and chemists and the Max Factor Salon, Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney.

HAVE YOU TRIED MAX FACTOR NORMALIZING CLEANSING CREAM?

The sensational new cream that "agrees" with your skin whether it is dry, oily or normal.

Max Factor Her Majesty's Arcade, Sydney, Australia: Send Max Factor purse-size Rouge sampler and Lipstick palette. I enclose sixpence in stamps to cover postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-up chart and 48-page illustrated instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-up" by Max Factor. **FREE**

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
A. 88

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Dry . ☐
Fair . ☐	Grey ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily . ☐
Creamy . ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Medium . ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐	LIPS
Ruddy . ☐	Brown ☐	If hair is Grey, check type above and here . . ☐	Moist . ☐
Sallow . ☐	Black ☐		Dry . ☐
Freckled . ☐	LASHES Light ☐		AGE
Olive . ☐	Dark ☐		

Max Factor ★ Hollywood & London

Representatives for Australia: Fred C. James and Co., H. Anderson Pty. Ltd., Box 2662 V., G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625633

WHY BEAUTY *handicaps exotic* HEDY LAMARR

PROBLEM OF HER PICTURES MEANS NEW HEADACHE FOR PRODUCERS

HOLLYWOOD problem child to-day is none other than Hedy Lamarr.

The future of this glowing beauty is giving producers heartaches and headaches as well.

Her startling beauty demands the most exotic of roles—her personality denies them!

For the Hedy of real life is an alarmingly normal person with, believe it or not, a broadly clownish sense of humor. Hedy's star turn at any party is a series of impudent imitations.

She is a common-sense housekeeper in her home: is, according to husband Gene Markey, the most hospitable woman in the world. She likes meeting people, she likes games, arranging flowers, going to parties, posing for photographs, and playing with children.

A woman with this temperament should have the appearance of, say, a Florence Rice. But instead she has the incredible loveliness of Hedy Lamarr—which makes her Hollywood's greatest problem to-day!

Her first film, "Algiers," gave Hedy nothing to do but dazzle the camera with her smoky loveliness, and stand gracefully passive before the adoration of Charles Boyer.

Now the formula followed before, and successfully, with other foreign stars was brought into play. Hedy should be given a film with an American background.

Hedy commenced to make "I Take This Woman," with Spencer Tracy, in a doctor role, as her co-star. What went wrong, no one outside the studio was ever told—but could guess. Hedy's beauty smouldered above her simple immigrant role until every line she spoke became ludicrous.

In the end, the film was scrapped. What next? Give Hedy the most exotic story possible.

So was made "Lady of the Tropics," set in Indo-China, and affording Hedy a succession of gorgeously unreal garments, and a gorgeously unreal passion story of the type of "East Meets West." Hedy, as a half-caste who handled a torrid affair with Robert Taylor, was beglamorised so much that never once did she wear a gown which did not sweep the tropic ground!

Again audiences are being dazzled by Hedy's beauty. But can they respond to the personal appeal, or the individuality if you like, behind that beauty? Hollywood does not know the answer. But Hedy's next picture will cast her as a Red Indian maid.

Hedy Lamarr, the girl with the face and form of a goddess; and the down-to-earth nature of a normal, happy housewife.

Gold frame for Lamarr

GOLD bullion, jewels and spangles were woven into a robe for Hedy Lamarr to wear in "Lady of the Tropics."

The slim Viennese swayed under the 25lb. weight of this gown.

12,000 gems, 2,000,000 spangles, and 300 yards of gold bullion were used.

The wardrobe department, working in day and night shifts, took three weeks to complete this costume.

Designer was Adrian.

SCREEN WINNERS in Fashion Stakes

Debutante, dowager, schoolgirl and wife

WE salute Bonita Granville, Anita Louise, Mrs. Wayne Morris, Isabel Jewell, and May Robson as the best-dressed women of the Hollywood month.

Although varying in ages and types, this clever quintet of screen players are alike in one characteristic—the flair for wearing the right clothes at the right time.

Take Anita Louise first—because Anita is always the fan's idea of a chic screen star. She is consistently smart.

When we saw Anita at the Del Mar racecourse, she wore a stunning all-beige ensemble. Her crepe dress had a long, fitted bodice, and a full, gathered skirt. Her little pillbox turban—of chiffon—had a flowing streamer scarf. Her short cape was of lynx fur. And her gloves, shoes and bag were all kid—and perfectly matched, too.

Mrs. Wayne Morris catches our attention because of her original ideas. A youthful brunette, she is the former tobacco heiress, "Bubbles" Schinasi, of New York. Noted at a preview with her tall, young star husband, Mrs. Morris wore a chalk-white crepe dress, printed with splashy orchids. These flowers were spaced far apart in groups of three, and she pinned a three-orchid corsage to the lapel of her hip-length ermine coat.

Australian actress May Robson holds an important place on our list,

By ORRY KELLY
Warner Bros.' famous Hollywood stylist

because she always dresses exactly right for a woman of her years, and she still has a lively interest in clothes!

Miss Robson, seen at a big premiere, had chosen a black taffeta dress for the occasion. Its vine-like embroidery was done in tiny silver beads. Her wrap was a hip-length cape of silver fox.

Sixteen-year-old Bonita Granville may seem out of place among "the best-dressed women of the month." But Bonita wins a place on the roll-of-honor because she has so gracefully stepped from little-girl clothes to young-lady gowns.

And what is "a young-lady gown"? The blue-and-white floral print shantung dress which Bonita wore when lunching with her sister at the Brown Derby. Her matching blue postilion felt hat carried a white coq feather "bustle" on it.

Last lady on our list is small and fair Isabel Jewell—who was discovered at the Cafe LaMaze. Isabel's choice was a Bengaline dinner-suit in the new shade of ruby-black. The peplum jacket was finished off with a peplum bow and the slim skirt was cut up the front.

Isabel's little disc of a dinner-hat was of pink rosebuds, trimmed with a pert, pink starched bow of pink mousseline—to match her pink mousseline blouse.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625634

Melvyn Douglas... ...with his family

HOW WE PHOTOGRAPHED A CELEBRITY AT HIS HOME

SATURDAY MORNING'S FUN FOR HIS TWO YOUNGSTERS

• Taken in Hollywood exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly, this delightful home study presents Mrs. Melvyn Douglas, one-year-old Helen Mary, five-year-old Peter Gahagan, and Melvyn himself.

By Barbara Bourchier from Hollywood

THE scene was the swimming-pool of the Douglas home in Hollywood Hills. Time—9 o'clock on a Saturday morning. Temperature—about 80 degrees in the shade. And here is how we went about photographing a Hollywood celebrity at home.

At 8.30 a.m., accompanied by a publicity man and a photographer, we arrive at the Douglas menage, an attractive spot, high on a hill, overlooking Hollywood. By the time we have inspected the garden and selected likely spots for photographing the family, the sun is blazing fiercely, and we head for the shade of the verandah to cool off.

Peter obliges

AT 8.45 a.m. Peter Gahagan Douglas, aged five years, emerges, barefooted and wearing only a pair of rumpled blue denim overalls. The photographer groans . . . "Aren't you going to get dressed up to have your picture taken, sonny?"

"No," says Peter firmly. "Can I see your camera?"

Then, tentatively, "I might put on another pair of pants . . ."

"That would be fine!"

"Maybe I could put on a shirt, too, huh?"

He vanishes into the house, reappears wearing a freshly-ironed pair of denim overalls, and brandishing a brightly-colored shirt. "This is my Hawaiian shirt," he announces. "See 'Hawaii' written on it right there . . . will that look all right?"

He dons the shirt, and we are enthusiastic in our praise. Peter grins cheerfully. "Maybe I could comb my hair, too, huh?" he suggests helpfully.

By the time Peter returns, hair slicked back and face shining, a nurse has deposited Mary Helen Douglas, a blonde beauty, age one year, in a crib on the verandah. A secretary pops out of the door. Would Mrs. Douglas wear a blue-and-white house coat? The photographer is afraid blue might not show up against the swimming-pool.

The secretary enumerates other possibilities in the wardrobe and we decide on a white dress with red stripes.

Mrs. Douglas, dark-haired and lovely, promptly appears in said outfit, and hastens to rearrange the baby's coiffure, which that young lady has been rumpling vigorously and with much glee.

Famed in America and Europe as both a concert singer and a star of musical comedy, Melvyn's wife is a real devotee of the theatre, and has made only one picture. That was a film version of H. Rider Haggard's "She." However, she has lately been perusing possible picture scripts as well as plays, and it may be that her stage name of Helen Gahagan will soon become as familiar to picturegoers as it is to theatre and concert patrons.

Helen was starring on Broadway in "To-Night or Never" when she married Douglas, her leading man in the play, and up to then only a moderately successful actor.

It was his appearance in that play which brought him to the attention of Hollywood producers.

A few more minutes pass, and the master of the household, Mr. Douglas himself, rushes out, announcing he has exactly ten minutes to spare.

The photography sitting has to be over by 9.15 as Mr. Douglas has a meeting with the Governor's Relief Committee.

The Douglases are very interested in political and social welfare activities, and their current project is helping to find a solution for the heavy problem of penniless migratory workers in California.

Making it difficult

HELEN grasps the baby, and the photographer grabs his tripod—which promptly falls apart, young Peter having quietly removed half the screws!

The family is hastily lined up by the swimming-pool, the gardener meanwhile having watered the other lawn spots we had selected.

Nurse is despatched for a sunbonnet to protect the baby's head from the blazing heat. The infant, her hands freed from cellophane thumb-sucking protectors, proceeds to tear down her neatly-arranged curls once more.

The publicity man rushes around, trying to keep a large red setter and a larger Doberman Pinscher from bounding into the scene of action.

The photographer shoots up his entire pack of film in five minutes flat, and with a hurried "G'bye darling!" Douglas makes for his car and is off in a cloud of dust.

We say good-byes and thank-yous to Mrs. Douglas; the baby is whisked off by the nurse; young Peter is dragged away from the camera for the last time; and we drive off—with the photograph!

They train chickens for the films!

EVEN Hollywood, used to its own eccentricities, was startled recently when Warner Brothers, on location in a farm thirty-five miles from Hollywood, sent back home for some livestock.

The farm had been hired for some sequences for the film "Dust By Thy Destiny." It was fully supplied with cows, horses, chickens, pigs—fine specimens, and already paid for.

But Warners ordered ten cows, four horses, a dozen pigs, and some four dozen chickens to be transported from the movie capital. They paid for them to be loaded into trucks and carted to the farm, and they paid for the individual services of each animal.

Each cow cost £1 a day, each pig 6/-, and the chickens earned 1/- apiece.

The action wasn't as silly as it might sound.

The animals that came from Hollywood belonged to the Hudkins brothers, who specialise in providing trained livestock of all sorts for screen purposes.

These animals obey commands, and stay willingly in the background.

Warners found it much more convenient—and far less expensive—to use this professional product.

But in this case there was another very good reason for the migration. Some of the horses and cows had to be used in scenes that were "shot" later back at the studios. And you know what people are! If a Guernsey cow were shown in one sequence and a Hereford in the next, Warners would be deluged with letters from indignant and knowledgeable farmers . . .

But one can't help wondering just how one trains chickens for a film career!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625635

My Skin

. . . Nearly Drove Me Mad.
I'm not in the habit of giving testimonials, but, believe me, this new Le Charme Cucumber VITA Cream is the ACE of Creams.
Here's what this Cream did for me when I applied it—
in **ONE DAY** my complexion seemed to take on a new freshness;
in **ONE WEEK** scaliness and excessive dryness disappeared;
in **ONE MONTH** lines and wrinkles grew dim and vanished.
It will do the same for you . . .
For DRY SKIN I can recommend Le Charme Foundation Cream . . 1/- 2/6.
For OILY SKIN use Le Charme Vanishing Cream . . 1/- 2/6.
The NEW Le Charme Powder . . . it's air-refined and super-sifted . . . 1/6; 2/6.
CUCUMBER VITA CREAM, 3/6 and 10/6.

Le Charme Cosmetiques. All Chemists and Stores.

Le Charme

TO OBTAIN LE CHARME LOCALLY SEND MAIL ORDERS TO SYDNEY:— FARMERS, GRACE BROS., ANTHONY HORDERNS', BROS., MARK BOYS; THE NEW NUB, BOURKE ST. & STRAND; FINNY BLEEK, MELBOURNE:— MYERS, FOY & GIBSONS, ROBERTS, BROWNELLS, PERTH:— BONDS, ADELAIDE:— JOHN MARTINS, HOBART.

1 **GLORIA JEAN** leaves her poor New York family for holiday camp.

2 **SHUNNED** by the rich children, Gloria finds ally in Nan Grey.

3 **GLORIA'S** courage is admired by athletic coach Robert Cummings.

4 **DEFENDING** unhappy Virginia Weidler, she angers Ann Gillis.

5 **BY AN AUDACIOUS** trick, Gloria reunites Virginia with her family.

☆

6 **BELIEVING** she is in disgrace, Gloria runs away from the camp, but is stopped en route by adoring grandfather C. Aubrey Smith.

Studio launches new crop of youngsters

"THE UNDERPUP" PROVES LUCKY BREAK FOR MANY CHILD ACTORS

"THE UNDERPUP," Universal musical romance, which introduces Gloria Jean, 11-year-old singing star, to the movie public, has proved epoch-making to quite a few youngsters.

It has opened a rosy future for Billy Lenhart and Kenneth Brown, two tiny, talented eight-year-old boys.

Billy plays a bass fiddle and Kenneth an accordion, and together they provide some of the brightest spots in the film.

Pasternak, producer of "The Underpup," is so pleased with them that he has signed them to a long-term contract.

These two youngsters haunted every casting office in Hollywood for months before Pasternak, looking for two such tiny musicians, saw them and signed them on the spot for his film.

A juvenile villain

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Shirley Mills is another to get her start in pictures in "The Underpup."

Shirley is by way of being a veteran actress—of the stage. She has had a good deal of experience in radio, too.

In "The Underpup" Shirley plays the dictatorial president of an exclusive girls' summer camp. She lays down rules to suit herself, and enforces them rigidly.

The small child she harries in the film is Gloria Jean. Gloria is a poor city youngster who wins a holiday at the camp as a prize for writing an essay on trees.

Ann Gillis, whom you will remember best as Becky in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," joins forces with Shirley to make Gloria's life miserable.

Virginia Weidler plays Gloria's only child friend.

Your Holiday Wardrobe by Spectator

SPORTSWEAR

Smart styles — California inspired.
Crush proof — easy to pack.
Guaranteed washable — fadeless.
Gay designs — glowing colours.
AND SO INEXPENSIVE!

There's a store close by that stocks Spectator Sportswear—we'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. Write, too, for a brochure with cuttings of fabrics and illustrating twelve of the smartest styles.

E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

Give her Boronia —this Christmas

BORONIA—loveliest of the bushland fragrances—haunting sweet, fresh. Christy's have captured its fragrance, its true character, for you in gift boxes of perfume, talcum, brilliantine, and fine soaps. See them at your favourite chemist or store.

CHRISTY'S
BORONIA

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625636

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL

(Week's Best Release)

Anna Neagle. (RKO.)

IN a simple, straightforward, and deeply-moving manner, this film tells the true story of a great woman —Nurse Edith Cavell.

As head of a hospital in Brussels during the German occupation, Nurse Cavell arranged the escape of 200 prisoners of war—prisoners who would have been shot if they had been captured.

She was executed after a German court-martial in 1915.

Cleaving to the documentary facts, the film is as fine as its subject. It has no sentimentality. It has no bias. It ends on the words of Edith Cavell herself, "I realise that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred, or bitterness, towards anyone."

The heroic, real-life material has no need of fictional trickery. And Anna Neagle in the title role subdues her own personality to do calm and reverent justice to the character she plays.

I cannot talk about her "performance." For she is aware throughout the film of its tremendous documentary importance. The remainder of the cast, which includes Edna Mae Oliver, George Sanders, and Lionel Royce, has the same sense of responsibility.

"Nurse Edith Cavell" was made in Hollywood by English film producer Herbert Wilcox, who brought his company to America with him. It is a film of which all British people can be proud.—Regent; showing.

★★ THE WOMEN

Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell. (MGM.)

A DARING play has become a glittering and amusing film entertainment without one man in the cast. The shocking bluntness has been removed—the wit remains.

The film, too, dwells more upon the life of the heroine, Mary Haines —the only really nice person in the cast. Her emotions and her appeal are given the limelight—and Norma Shearer is ideal for the role.

"The Women" are all wealthy and sophisticated New York marrieds. Their malicious gossip breaks up the happiness of Mary Haines' home. For her husband is momentarily infatuated with a gold-digging shop-girl.

Mary lets her friends talk her into getting a Reno divorce—but in the end determines to fight for her love again.

Brilliantly gowned and directed, "The Women" presents a group of diverting character players. Prize goes to Rosalind Russell for her impersonation of the typical "cat"—who gets her just deserts in the end.

But Joan Crawford in her first villainess role as the shopgirl does finely. As do Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, and Paulette Goddard.

Just wait until you see the fight between Miss Russell and Miss Goddard over Miss Russell's husband.

To decorate the entertainment, MGM has put in a technicolor fashion show which will fascinate the women, although it holds up the action.

And here's a thought. You do not miss the men from the film at all —perhaps because "The Women" talk about them so much that they can be vividly imagined.—St. James; showing.

★★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

Jascha Heifetz, Andrea Leeds, Joel McCrea. (United Artists.)

HERE is a feast for music lovers, who are given generous opportunities of hearing the world-famous violinist, Jascha Heifetz.

But apart from its great music this is a singularly ordinary film.

Heifetz appears on just four occasions. Although he is the motivating force in the story he takes little part in the action.

Gene Reynolds plays a slum child who runs away from home to escape being sent to a reform school.

The child hears Heifetz play at a concert, and this awakens his love for music.

Gene joins a music school run for poor children by Professor Walter Brennan and daughter Andrea Leeds. He organises a street concert among the pupils to raise funds for the school. Heifetz hears them, praises them, then passes out of the story again.

When the creditors are taking away musical instruments in the middle of the children's annual concert, Heifetz enters and saves the day.

Heifetz' music has been splendidly recorded. And, fortunately, you are allowed to watch him play in close-ups, with few of those trying cuts back to the audience to show their emotional reaction.—Mayfair; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ THESE GLAMOR GIRLS

Lana Turner, Lew Ayres. (MGM.)

THIS is quite the most inane college story screened for a long time, and that's saying something.

But it is acted in a sprightly fashion by fresh, vital youngsters. And it has that nice boy Lew Ayres in the principal role. So the film is fair entertainment.

It deals with exuberant college-boys and snobbish glamor girls who get together at Kingsford University's week-end "house parties," the big social event of the year.

And things certainly happen that week-end. Socialite Jane Bryan comes to Kingsford as Lew Ayres' guest.

Unfortunately, dance hostess Lana Turner (an honest and lovely young girl) has received his drunken invitation for the "house parties," and grabs Lew's attention.

Anyway, the dance hostess has a wonderful time, then ungratefully ticks off the social snobs, and returns to the city.

And so the film ploughs through to its platitudinous end. — Liberty; showing.

★ THEY ALL COME OUT

Rita Johnson, Tom Neal. (MGM.)

THIS didactic film might well belong to the "Crime Does Not Pay" series shorts—except that it's longer.

It is both a lecture against crime and an account of reform methods practised in American prisons. The latter you will find interesting and enlightening.

It traces the history of a typical gang of criminals who end up in gaol.

In prison they are treated with justice and mercy, and all come out honest citizens—except bad Bernard Nedell, who refuses to respond to gentle discipline. He goes to the penitentiary, and, judging from the final glimpse of him, goes justly mad.

Law and order, sweet young romance, and righteousness in general triumph together.

But the film makes prison life too darned attractive.—Liberty; showing.

★ FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS

Edith Fellows. (Columbia.)

THIS simple domestic story and its characters grow upon you. By the end of its artless adventure the five Pepper children have become amusing friends.

The film comes from an American childhood classic about a poor family which brought new interest and new joy into the life of an elderly millionaire.

Young Edith Fellows leads the cast, as the eldest Pepper, Polly, who mothers the four younger ones. Veteran Clarence Kolb makes the millionaire a believable figure, and there is a tiny youngster, Dorothy Anne Seese, who is adorable.—Regent; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Bachelor Mother.** Ginger Rogers, David Niven in delightful and human modern comedy. Plaza, 5th week.

★★ **Stanley and Livingstone.** Spencer Tracy, Sir Cedric Hardwicke in fine adventure biography. Century, 3rd week.

★★ **The Beachcomber.** Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester brilliant in unusual and adult comedy. State, 2nd week.

★★ **Beau Geste.** Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, Robert Preston in stirring Foreign Legion adventure. Prince Edward, 2nd week.

★ **The Gang's All Here.** Jack Buchanan, Google Withers in amusing comedy thriller. Lyceum, 2nd week.

From all studios!

By JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

ROBERT TAYLOR will star in MGM's screen version of "Quo Vadis," famous historical novel set in Rome at the time of Nero. Elaborate production is planned, but actual shooting won't be under way for some time, as scenarist Howard Estabrook has just started work on the screen play.

❖ ❖ ❖

DARRYL ZANUCK is determined to make Alice Faye a "straight" dramatic actress. She will have her second non-singing role in "Little Old New York," sharing the acting honors with Richard Greene, Fred MacMurray, and Brenda Joyce.

In "Hollywood Cavalcade," which traces the history of the movies in Hollywood, Alice hasn't one song number.

BARBARA STANWYCK was rushed to the hospital when she injured herself at home, cutting her wrist with glass.

Husband Bob Taylor said that she was trying to open a stubborn window, slipped, and crashed through the pane of glass, cutting her arm and wrist severely.

Prompt aid at the hospital prevented serious effects, and Barbara will have full use of her hand in a few weeks.

❖ ❖ ❖

JEANETTE MacDONALD helps spread her husband's fame as a composer. She first introduced Gene Raymond's song, "Let Me Always Sing," on her recent concert tour. Now the number has been published and is making a real hit.

❖ ❖ ❖

DOLORES DEL RIO paints her finger-nails with phosphorus so they will glow at night.

★ *A surprising number of people hold beliefs about health which are entirely wrong. These advertisements explain some of the most common health fallacies.*

★ . . . But NOT always! . . .

There are several diseases which are characterised at certain stages by an attractive complexion. Among these are various disorders of the liver, an organ which, when not functioning properly, has marked effects on general health and efficiency. Thus a good complexion, while it is mostly an indication of good general health, may be a symptom of trouble.

Don't be misled by false appearance of health...Be Sure!... Disorders of the liver, particularly, respond quickly to a course of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Schumann's Salts are a natural remedy. By adding warm water to them you have a mineral saline water, widely used in Europe for the treatment of rheumatism, gout, constipation and allied disorders. By keeping the digestive and alimentary tract healthy, these complaints will be avoided. Schumann's Salts get rid of lassitude, headache, irritability, and keep your system free from excess uric acid. You may have a fresh, clear, attractive complexion by using Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts and *know* that it is a good complexion of good health.

1/6 and 2/9 at all chemists and stores

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

. . . and you'll look smarter. Shu-Milk removes grease and dirt, it dries quickly and evenly and gives your shoes a soft, snow-white smartness that makes you feel proud of them.

Use Shu-Milk for canvas, nubuck, kid, suede, calf or fabric shoes, bag, belts, gloves and sun helmets. There's a large bottle for the home and a small bottle for the handbag, at all stores.

Shu-Milk
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

6d. & 1/- per bottle at all stores.

SM1-8

THEATRE ROYAL

From Nov. 25, J. C. Williamson's London Musical Comedy Company in

Under Your Hat

SMART MUSICAL COMEDY.

2.30 8 p.m. — TIVOLI — 2.30 8 p.m.

Commencing THURSDAY, 16TH, Frank Neil Presents The World Famous Radio and Film Celebrities,

THE MILLS BROTHERS

Millions in every country of the world have acclaimed them on the Radio and Screen —now in person on the stage. Four Boys and a Guitar—but Oh! how they give out the sweet rhythm! They have become an INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTION! In association with GEORGE WALLACE, Australia's own versatile comedian. 60 New Stars in New Fun.

Box Plan Paling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli M6835.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625637

How much are they worth? In money, nothing. But they both possess a great treasure for which many a potentate would exchange his fortune. They have healthy, abundant, attractive hair.

There is no greater fortune in the world than youth and no better attribute of youth than the hair.

And, how much did it cost him or her to preserve that gift? Only a few pence, the price of a bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and the few minutes required daily for its pleasant application.

Are you among the prodigal sons of nature who are squandering this inheritance? That is, are you allowing neglect and dandruff to weaken and ruin your hair to the point where you are threatened with baldness?

If so, it is deplorable, but not irreparable.

Barry's Tri-coph-erous will save your hair as it has in millions of other cases during five generations.

A daily application of this unequalled tonic and massage of the scalp is all you need. Start at once. In a short time the improved condition of your hair will show you in a practical way why Barry's Tri-coph-erous is called everywhere Life, Health and Beauty of the hair.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth
Sold by all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle

KNITTERS PATONS & BALDWINS'
SPECIALTY KNITTING BOOK, No. 105
Authentic Instructions in detail for Socks, Stockings and Comforts for Men on Service.
Price Sixpence—at all Stores

I'll Be Waiting

Continued from Page 5

"I—I'M sorry about the rhododendrons," she stammered. In a flurry of hoofs, she was gone.

"Now, why did she hurry away like that?" wondered Miss Blodgett. "And why did he leave her so abruptly? I do believe they were quarrelling, when I came along. Oh dear, I do hope not. I hope not, indeed."

Hope heard no more from Martin. She rode each morning, praying that he would come. Each morning Miss Blodgett saw her pass, alone, and felt helpless.

In two weeks Martin would be gone. "In two weeks I shall never see him again," thought Hope, looking at the solitaire which she could not bring herself to remove from her left hand. "If I could only see him once—— But I was right! I know I was right! I wonder—was I?"

In the midst of her indecision and misery she frequently thought of Miss Felicity Blodgett, with her quiet eyes and soft, sweet mouth, sitting behind her lace curtains, watching them pass. How she and Martin had smiled to each other each time they went past her gate.

Hope's thoughts turned to her incessantly. It was as if some obscure kinship drew her, some mutual sympathy and liking that made Hope want to confide in her, to ask her advice, to hear her assurance that the choice she had made had been the right one.

That was why Miss Blodgett was amazed one afternoon to see the slender, golden-haired young goddess walking down the garden path bearing an enormous bunch of prize roses.

"I brought you these," said Hope, "to replace the rhododendrons."

Miss Blodgett was too overcome to speak. No one had given her roses since her seventeenth birthday when he—he had sent her masses of glorious pink blooms.

"Won't you come in?" she said.

"Is your sister out?"

"Yes—the sewing guild."

"Good."

The sewing guild would keep Helen out until after six. Meanwhile, they could have tea by the fire and the fragile old tea service could be brought out and the old silver teapot that had been the family pride on state occasions (when he came to tea was one of them).

The heavy old ring on her left hand caught in the fine old lace of the tablecloth. That shows, thought Felicity, how foolish it is to wear it. But, for just this afternoon, and because it was spring, Felicity had slipped it on while Helen was out—just to feel it again and believe in it again, for a little while.

And it had brought her roses, and this sweet young girl had consented—more, had been eager—to have tea with her.

Miss Blodgett looked at the girl carefully.

"I do hope," she said impulsively, "that nothing is wrong—that you are happy, my dear."

Hope Cranley looked startled.

"Forgive me if I'm—clumsy; but I do so want you to be happy. You and that nice young man. I've watched you, you see, ever since—"

"I know."

"You know! Oh dear, how dreadful. And I thought I was hidden so well!"

Hope smiled.

"Not awfully well. But we didn't mind."

"Then—then won't you tell me, my dear, if anything has gone wrong? I mean, it sometimes helps to confide in someone, especially a stranger, even when there seems no solution."

"There is no solution—except the one I chose."

"And what was that?" asked Miss Blodgett gently.

"I—I'm never going to see him again."

Miss Blodgett put her teacup down with a sharp little clatter.

"Oh, my dear, that is dreadful!"

"Not really. At least, it won't be when I get used to it."

"And—will you get used to it?"

"Of course. I must. I must!"

This was hurting terribly. Blindly she drank her tea. It had gone cold, but she did not notice.

"Why have you sent him away, when you love him so?" asked Felicity Blodgett bluntly. "And he loves you, you know that."

"He'll get over it in time. Men always do."

"I wonder," said Felicity, "if they really do."

"Of course. He'll marry someone else. He'll meet someone out there——"

"Out where?"

"India."

"India?"

Hope looked up quickly, startled by the sound of Miss Blodgett's voice. But Felicity looked quite calm.

"So he's going to India:" she said. "His regiment, I suppose. And you won't go with him, you foolish child. But you must. You shall. You love each other——"

"Miss Blodgett——"

"You silly, stupid child. Don't you see what you're throwing away? Don't you see what might happen to you? Look at me. And imagine yourself in my shoes, twenty-five years from now. Oh, you needn't think there will be anyone else. For girls like you, there is no one else. It is him you love. You'll never love anyone in quite the same way. Take one look at me, my dear—and go with him!"

HOPE sat still, staring at the tense figure of Miss Felicity Blodgett. Thin, where she had once been slender; faded, where she had once been beautiful; quiet, where she had once been gay. That might be her fate, too, would be her fate if she let Martin go without her.

"I can't go with him! It's too late."

"When does he leave?"

"Next week."

"Then it's not too late. My dear, don't have any foolish pride. It's the worst enemy to a woman's happiness. Go to him and beg him, if necessary, to take you with him."

"It's not possible," said Hope dully. "I can't leave my uncle."

"Your uncle? So he's the reason! Do you live with him?"

"Yes. He's lame and very helpless."

"And has he no one but you?"

"No."

"And won't he let you go?"

"He doesn't know about it."

"Then why haven't you told him?"

"Because, if I did, he'd make me go."

"And quite right, too."

"It isn't right. It's wrong and selfish—I'd have had no life worth living, but for him."

"And you won't have any life worth living without the man you love."

"I promised I'd wait the three years for him."

"Then what do you intend to do, anyway?"

"I thought I could get a nurse, so long as I lived nearby and could see him daily—but if I went to India——"

"Is he quite helpless?"

"Quite. He was mauled about years ago by thugs on the North-West Frontier. Both his legs, and he can't—why, Miss Blodgett, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. I—I once knew someone, years ago, who went out to the North-West Frontier, that's all. Is there no one he could go to? No friends—relatives?"

"He has friends in Cumberland, but he wouldn't go to them, I know. He loves Chislecombe too much. He always said he wanted to come back here some day. He was very happy here at one time——"

"Cumberland——" Miss Blodgett whispered. She laid down her teacup carefully.

"What—what is your uncle's name, my dear?"

"James Baron."

It must be the ring, thought Felicity Blodgett. Within an hour of her wearing it again it had brought her, first, the roses, then Hope Cranley, and now—now it had brought him back. He was here, in Chislecombe, helpless and crippled. That was why he had never come back to claim her as his bride.

"Helen was wrong," she said softly.

Hope looked at her in concern. She wondered if Miss Blodgett was going to be ill.

"Miss Blodgett, can I do anything?"

"Yes, Hope. You can take me to see your uncle. And I think—I think you will go to India, my dear, with your husband."

"But what are you going to do?"

MISS BLODGETT did not answer. She was already out of the room.

She stood before her dressing-table, subdued, frightened, staring in dismay at the reflection in her mirror—at her faded, greying hair, shadowed eyes, tired mouth. Here was no longer the girl James Baron had loved. How could she go to him, like this?

She turned to the window as she heard the rhythmic trot of hoofs. Martin Stone was riding past, and with him was that spoilt daughter of Major Wilmot.

Rage shook Felicity Blodgett out of her self-pity. She had been foolish, perhaps, to think that she could go to James after all these years, to offer him what was left of her life—and her love. But she knew now that she had to go to him, for the sake of that child downstairs.

She combed her hair, put on her hat, and went downstairs.

"I'm ready, Hope."

"There's really nothing you can do, Miss Blodgett," said Hope quietly, as they neared James Baron's house.

"Oh, I don't know!" replied Felicity carelessly. "I'd make a good housekeeper, my dear."

Hope looked up quickly. Miss Blodgett was right. She would make a good housekeeper. She would suit Uncle James—if only she, Hope, were living nearby, to keep him company occasionally.

"I expect he'll be somewhere in the garden," said Hope, as she opened a low, wrought-iron gate. "If you wait in the house, I'll find him."

Felicity was glad Hope went, for she had begun to tremble again. Her heart was hammering suffocatingly, and would not be stilled.

And then she saw him coming across the lawn, leaning heavily on one crutch. He was dreadfully lame. He was white-haired and thin. Like herself, he was a pathetic shadow of his youth. Felicity stopped trembling. Of course, she was not the only one who had aged. Perhaps—perhaps now it would not be such a shock to him, seeing her as she had become.

He drew nearer. Hope was with him. His hand was on her shoulder for support.

No—not for support.

A sob shook Felicity, then was gone.

It did not matter, now, what she looked like, for James Baron would never know.

She went to meet him. His hand found hers. The heavy ring of pearls and opals was crushed into her fingers.

"You—you're wearing my ring, Felicity!"

"Yes, James."

"And your voice! It's just the same!"

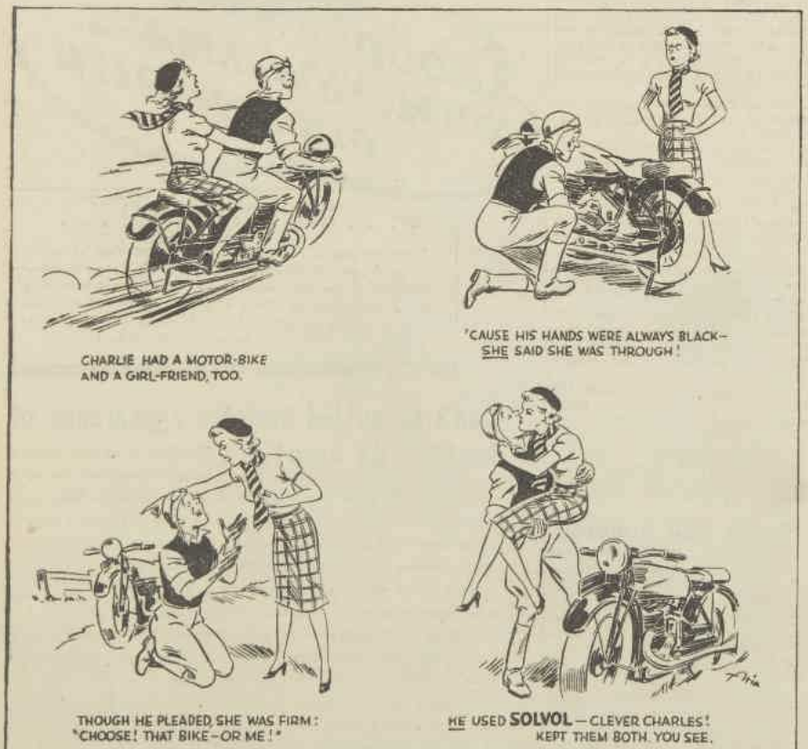
In a second she was in the curve of his arm.

"And you're as slender as ever, Felicity. And your hair—still so thick. Felicity—dear Felicity—you haven't changed at all!"

"Hope," said Felicity shakily, "go and find that young man of yours. You're not needed here."

But Hope had gone.

(Copyright)



HANDS IN A MESS? SOLVOL TO THE RESCUE EVERY TIME! IN JUST 30 SECONDS SOLVOL GETS DOWN INTO THE PORES...DISSOLVING GREASE AND OIL EVEN WORN-IN GRIME WHICH DEFIES TEDIOUS SCRUBBING JUST VANISHES AWAY BEFORE THE PENETRATING SOLVOL LATHER. SOLVOL LEAVES HANDS SCRUPULOUSLY CLEAN ... YET IT'S AS KIND TO THE SKIN AS FINE TOILET SOAP

WHENEVER YOU WASH YOUR HANDS USE SOLVOL!

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD. 25-210-19 G.

For FACE & HANDS you need Larola Complexion Milk

Larola cleanses, cools, beautifies and restores natural skin beauty. Soothing for sunburn—invaluable in the nursery. Larola has been in daily use for over 80 years.

At Chemists and Stores

BEETHAMS Larola

Sole Manufacturers M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENG.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625638

Mandrake the Magician

THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has just been rescued from a horrible death at Castle Tieba by

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, who forced his way into the dungeon to free him and

LOLA: An accomplice of the wicked

GENERAL MANUEL: The owner of the castle. Mandrake leaves Lola with Manuel and returns to the beautiful

PRINCESS NARDA: For whom he had risked death to regain a diamond necklace stolen by Manuel. He finds her with

AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: Whom she introduces as her fiance. Mandrake is amazed when Narda tells him that the necklace was an engagement present from Avery and, angered and hurt, he leaves her.

NOW READ ON:—

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625639

IN

Golden Ray

SLENDERISED HOSIERY

A host of lovely styles—2, 3 and 4 thread sheers, and 6 and 7 thread service weights in all the new wanted colours, priced from 5/11 up to 9/11.

Ask also for Golden Ray Tailored Lingerie.

PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN KNITTING MILLS LTD.

New *Under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION Jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a jar. Also in 9d. jars.

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Passett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

KIDNEYS CAUSE OF MANY BACKACHES

Flush Out 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes

It is surprising how quickly many sufferers relieve nagging backache once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be clogged kidneys.

Medical authorities agree that your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which strain the waste and acids from the blood. A healthy person should pass 3 pints a day and get rid of more than 2 pounds of waste matter.

If your kidneys don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous, causing nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness. It may lay you up for many months.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS . . . used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. So be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

Cash's NAME TAPES — The Modern Way to Mark All Linen & Woollens

Sold by Leading Stores

Women Also Serve

Soldier's wife and soldiers' comforts

LADY BRUCHE, wife of Major-General Sir Julius Bruche, has taken charge of the important cutting-out department of the newly-formed War Service Depot of the Victoria League in Victoria.

In three weeks the depot assembled about 150 garments and despatched them to the Comforts Fund and the Red Cross.

At a depot on the seventh floor of the Auditorium Buildings, in Collins Street, members may collect garments already cut out and wool to take home for making-up.

When the garments are completed they are returned to the depot for checking and despatching. The items are mainly flannelette pyjamas, flannel shirts, strong linen bags suitable for holding the men's shaving outfits and such personal things and face-washers made out of old towelling.

Lady Bruche is a former senior vice-president of the Victoria League and is also on the council of the Victorian Division of the Australian Red Cross.

She is noted for the efficiency of her organising and her ability will find full scope in the supervision of the cutting-out on which the success of this section will depend.

LADY BRUCHE (right), with Miss May Bullivant (centre) and Miss Ethel Parker, cutting out soldiers' garments at the War Service Depot, Melbourne, of the Victoria League in Victoria.

Again working for French Red Cross

AT the beginning of the last war, Madame Marcel Crivelli organised a branch of the French Red Cross in Victoria. She has now organised a similar branch at the request of the French Consul.

Headquarters of the branch are at rooms lent by the Commercial Travellers' Association and a number of Australians, as well as French people, have enrolled as members.

The organisation will collect funds and gifts, knit, and do everything they possibly can for the benefit of French soldiers. With the winter coming on in Europe, Madame Crivelli says warm woollens will be urgently needed.

Goods will be packed under the supervision of Madame Crivelli and sent to France for distribution through official organisations linked with the central committee in Paris.

In the last war Madame Crivelli and her band of helpers sent thousands of pounds to assist the French Red Cross, and also scores of cases of clothes for women and children, orphans and war widows, as well as to the soldiers. For her splendid work Madame Crivelli was awarded by the French Government the "Reconnaise Francaise," the medal of gratitude.

Blind woman twice honored by King

WELL known as a poet and writer, Miss Tilly Aston is arranging with blind women and girls throughout Victoria to knit socks, jumpers and scarfs for the Red Cross.

Although she is herself without sight, Miss Aston is expert with her knitting needles, and she will supervise all work before it is sent to Red Cross headquarters.

Founder of the Association for the Advancement of the Blind, she has been working for blind people for over 40 years and has twice been awarded the Distinguished Citizens' Medal by the King.

The association now has a membership of about 600.

It runs two hostels and a home in Melbourne and a hostel in Bendigo. Attached to the home, which is at Brighton, is an infirmary with a trained nurse in charge. Social gatherings are held fortnightly, and on Melbourne Cup Day a picnic is held at the Caulfield racecourse.

Miss Aston's work is not confined to Melbourne. She conducts a large, world-wide correspondence, using Esperanto. She has published three books of poems and two of fiction. These she wrote originally in Braille and then typed her own manuscripts. Two of the books were published overseas as well as in Australia.

In her spare time Miss Aston does lovely raffia work.

❖ ❖ ❖

Helping wives and mothers of naval men

TO help the wives and mothers of naval men on active service, Mrs. H. C. Phillips, wife of Commodore Phillips, has arranged a series of meetings to be held each month at the Rawson Institute, Sydney.

Mrs. H. C. Phillips

Because of secrecy regarding the movements of warships, many women were anxious to obtain information about the sending of letters and parcels to their relatives. Arrangements have now been made for these to be sent through a central distributing depot established by the naval authorities.

Mrs. Phillips explained that each meeting would be quite informal as it was not intended to establish a women's auxiliary.

"We shall all just discuss the official news, exchange what news we have of our own and help each other as much as we can," she added. "If necessary, of course, money will be provided from the Benevolent Fund to assist wives or mothers of men serving with the Fleet."

Artists' plans to assist war fund

ARTISTS are planning many novel efforts to raise funds for the Lord Mayor's Red Cross Appeal in Victoria.

Mrs. John Leckie
-Dickinson-Montfeath.

At a meeting convened by Mrs. John Leckie, wife of Senator Leckie, representatives of art societies and other organisations interested in art submitted a number of ideas, and at least some of them are likely to be adopted within the next few months.

Mrs. Leckie herself suggested a Painters' Pageant in a studio setting, the object being to take people behind the scenes in the world of art.

Rembrandt, da Vinci, and other famous artists would be portrayed by Melbourne artists. Each would be seen in front of a canvas and the various techniques would be explained to visitors.

Another proposal was that leading cartoonists should sketch portraits for sale in aid of the fund and artists give pictures for sale by auction.

A tableau vivant representing famous pictures and a loan exhibition of valuable art collections are among other suggestions being considered.

A well-known artist and a member of the Victorian Artists' Society, Mrs. Leckie is even better known as a writer. Several years ago she published, under her maiden name, Hattie Knight, a clever book of essays under the title, "Candour and Cant."

❖ ❖ ❖

Will stage well-known plays for war charities

A REPERTOIRE of plays which will be presented in aid of war charities is being prepared by Miss Hazel Maude, who teaches voice production, drama, stage production and deportment to young people taking part in Melbourne's National Theatre Movement classes.

Recently she produced Noel Coward's play, "Hay Fever," with a youthful cast.

Now she is keeping them up to the mark in their parts so that the play can be put on again at a moment's notice for any war charity that asks for assistance.

She is enlisting the help of these and other students to build up a repertoire of one-act plays that will be available for presentation anywhere in Melbourne.

Miss Maude hopes to arrange performances also for the men in camp, and she is planning to cheer veterans of the last war by taking her little band of players to the Caulfield Military Hospital.

Definitely . . .

. . the best value in sewing machines because:—

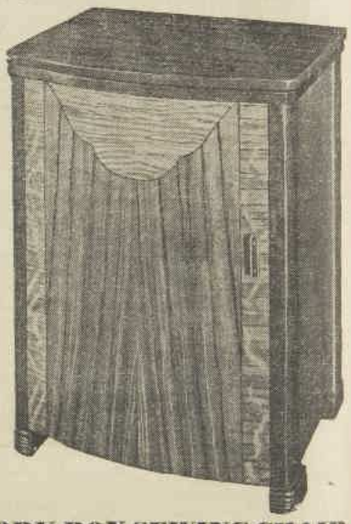
EVERY Bebarfald sewing machine is guaranteed in writing for the purchaser's lifetime. This guarantee assures you of a lifetime of economical and happy sewing.
The Direct-Ray Sewing Light is the greatest boon ever added to a sewing machine, and the Bebarfald BlueBird is the only machine fitted with this important eye-saving feature.
Every cabinet is sturdily constructed from selected seasoned timbers, and the veneers used are specially selected from the best Queensland timbers.

Make Frocks—Less Expense

Free! Dressmaking Course

Easiest of Terms!

£1 DEPOSIT 3/6 WEEKLY.



WORK BOX SEWING CHAIR FREE To First 30 Purchasers

The model illustrated above costs as low as —

Finished in selected Walnut veneer, new bow-front design; this is a most popular model. Ask for No. 39X.

£23/18/6

A GUARANTEE IN WRITING for your lifetime

The Bebarfald sewing machine is so reliable that it is guaranteed to last for your lifetime. Sewing is a pleasure with this light and smooth running machine. It must be good to bear this guarantee.

The BEBARFALD BLUEBIRD

is the only machine to be fitted with the DIRECT-RAY SEWING LIGHT

Bebarfalds

OPP. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

WRITE NOW FOR YOUR FREE COPY

Please send me free copy of "HOW TO JUDGE A SEWING MACHINE." This places me under no obligation.

NAME .....

ADDRESS W.W.14.11

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625640

THE BEST OF ALL GIFT OFFERS

SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS

Just one average family size grocery order is sufficient to enable you to obtain one of several free gifts right away. How's that for speed?

No more of the long months of waiting for gifts — there are NINE different Sanitarium Health Foods carrying coupons, and they ALL combine to give you Quick Gifts.

When you buy your Sanitarium Health Foods now, you not only get the purest and best foods obtainable, but you also participate in the most rapid and generous gift scheme in Australia.

GET SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS FROM YOUR GROCER TO-DAY AND SANITARIUM QUICK GIFTS WITH YOUR COUPONS TO-MORROW

PEANUT BUTTER or PASTE
4 oz., 1 point
8 oz., 2 points
12 oz., 3 points

SAN-BRAN
8 oz., 2 points

CERIX PUFFED RICE
8 oz., 1 point

MARMITE
1 oz., 1 point
2 oz., 2 points
4 oz., 4 points
8 oz., 6 points
16 oz., 8 points

GRANOSE
12 oz., 1 point
24 oz., 3 points

KWIC BRU
4 oz., 2 points
8 oz., 4 points
16 oz., 8 points

WEET-BIX
12 oz., 1 point
24 oz., 3 points

BIXIES
8 oz., 1 point
24 oz., 3 points

CERIX PUFFED WHEAT
8 oz., 1 point
16 oz., 2 points

From **42** POINTS
BATH TOWELS
Luxury sizes and qualities, various colours and white Admiralty. Postage, etc., 6d.

From **49** POINTS
SAUCEPANS.
Strong Aluminium Saucepans splendidly finished, 1½ to 7 pints. Postage, etc., 1½ & 2½ pints, 6d.; 3 pints, 9d.; 5 pints, 1/-; 7 pints, 1/3.

From **29** POINTS
PURE IRISH LINEN GLASS CLOTHS.
Various colored stripes. Handsome hard-wearing and very absorbent.
Postage, etc., 3d.

From **119** POINTS
AGEE PYREX CASSEROLE.
Transparent Pyrex ovenware, from 1½ pints.
Postage, etc., 1/6.

From **24** POINTS
PILLOW CASES.
Housewife ends. 20" x 30". Three year guarantee and five year guarantee. Postage, etc., 3d.

From **104** POINTS SET
WATER SET.
Moulded Glass Jug, 50 points. Moulded Glass goblets, 54 points each.
Postage, etc., Jug, 1/3d; Goblets, 1/3 (½-doz.).

From **62** POINTS
ADMIRALTY TOWELS.
Extra long wearing. Size 24" x 48".
Postage, etc., 6d.

From **16** POINTS
SPOONS.
E.P.N.S. A1. 10-yr. quality. Dessert, Table, Tea and Soup Spoons.
Postage, etc., 3d.

From **73** POINTS
TABLE CLOTHS.
Heavy quality smart patterns, various sizes. Postage, etc., 6d.

From **156** POINTS
TEA SET.
18-piece tea set, various designs.
Postage, etc., 2/-.

From **288** POINTS
DOLL.
Baby Betty Hushabye Sleeping Doll.
Postage, etc. 1/-.

From **27** POINTS EACH
GLASS MIXING BOWLS.
Handy clear glass mixing bowls, 7¼ to 9½ inches. Postage, etc., 7¼", 6d.; 8¼" 9d.; 9½", 1/-.

WHAT TO DO

NOTE: *All gifts are available at the following addresses:—*

SYDNEY	13 Hunter Street.
MELBOURNE	York House, Little Collins St., Opp. Australia A'cde.
PERTH	844 Hay Street.
HOBART	43 Elizabeth Street.
LAUNCESTON	82 Charles Street.
NEWCASTLE	Cnr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.

If you cannot call send your coupons (in separate package with name and address of sender shown clearly) and remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you.

THIS SCHEME DOES NOT OPERATE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Sanitarium HEALTH FOODS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625641

DO YOUR HANDS SHOUT *HOUSEWORK?*

Pond's Hand Lotion contains the "skin-vitamin"—vitamin A to keep hands soft, smooth

NO one will ever guess how busy you are all day, when you use Pond's Hand Lotion to keep your hands white, soft, and smooth. Pond's Hand Lotion now contains the same precious ingredient as Pond's two creams . . . the "skin-vitamin," vitamin A which is essential for skin health and beauty. Sun and wind, work and washing are constantly drying out the supply of this vitamin from your hands. Now you can restore it, with Pond's!

Pond's Hand Lotion feels soft and silky on your hands. Not a bit sticky or greasy. Sinks deep into the pores—quickly! Use it every time you wash your hands and always before going to bed. Your hands will look lovelier in a few days! 1/- a bottle at all stores and chemists.

• USE POND'S EVERY TIME YOU WASH YOUR HANDS

Saga of sailors and their wives

EPIC ROMANCE IN TROPIC SETTING

Humfrey Jordon is famous for his sagas of sailors and their ships.

In his latest book, "Anchor Comes Back," he writes an epic of their wives as well. He reads them a lesson, too, when he asks:

IS a wife justified in asking her sailor husband to change his career because she is afraid of the hazards of his job, the loneliness when he is away from home?

Is she doing the right thing by urging him to use her money to have a comfortable shore job when the man concerned is a sailor and nothing but a sailor?

He gives an answer to these questions in the unfolding of the life of Ann and Bill Inch.

HUMFREY JORDON, author of "Anchor Comes Back."

TIMBER ships, tropic isles, and romance are the ingredients.

Bluff hero

ANN was beautiful and wealthy, too. When Bill married her she asked him to leave the sea.

She got her wish. Home was her sailor, home from the sea, but his new life led both of them into greater adventures, and the greatest adventure of all was the one that took Bill back to the sea.

It's a human book written with understanding of sailor men—and with sympathy for the women who would keep them from the sea.

When Bill Inch, forthright, decent, lovable man of the sea, "swallowed the anchor," he went into commerce.

He founded a timber company in a remote and beautiful part of Burma. From this lonely tropic outpost his little company shipped beautiful Burmese blackwood to all parts of the world.

But sailing the sea was simplicity itself to sailing his business ship through the tricky shoals of commerce and high finance. Big companies are jealous of Bill's timber concessions. He is squeezed out—there are strikes among the Burmese, inexplicable official meddlings, irritating and costly competition from the big companies, and Bill and his two friends who went into the venture with him go under.

The monopoly decides to take over—but Bill and Sandy, his companion, are not wanted in the organisation. They are good sailors—but novice timber men.

With disaster facing them and with most of their money gone the sailors escape to the sea again.

A ship sails into their little anchorage, behaves queerly, almost runs ashore. Bill boards it and discovers that it is a plague ship. Those aboard are dead — the rest have deserted.

The ship is taken to port by Bill and Sandy.

They win a fortune in salvage, and good jobs with the owners of the ship.

Ann follows her sailor husband on to the plague ship—sticks with them on the nightmare voyage to Rangoon.

The bringing of the Burma Princess to port is an epic brilliantly told in a manner worthy of Conrad himself. The heroism of Ann on the stricken ship leaves unforgettable memories long after you have closed the book.

Ann, talking to her friend Angela, terrified of the ordeal ahead, but determined to go with her husband, says:

"I'm frightened, Angela—but there is only this: If Bill dies alone without me I can't ever feel decent again."

Here is another picture of Ann on the ship:

"Looking at the quiet efficiency of her husband, calm and resolute in a dangerous venture, she sighed for her stupidity in taking him from the sea. He loved the sea—it was in his blood."

The book is memorable in other directions. The early sections deal with the lush, tropic beauty of Southern Burma, a country new to most readers. To this vivid, gorgeous and sinister outpost of the Empire, Ann, Angela and a few other women on the timber station bring the graces of civilisation.

Ann always wanted a perfect bathroom. Out in the jungle she planned one out of lovely Burmese woods that would have broken the heart of any home decorator, so perfect was it and so lovely its jungle setting.

Humor peeps through the book, the humor of women who have very little social life—beyond visiting each other, no picture shows, no theatres. Yet these pioneers (1939 version) dress for dinner, insist that their men do the same.

They named their blackboys, alike as two peas, Spot and Plain. Their launch became Minus One X.

Every landmark bears a name, a jesting note so that the world may not know how homesick and lonely these women are.

Even on a hunting expedition, where they get lost, the eternal feminine runs true to type:

"At one place there was the rank smell of leopard in the air — elsewhere the pad-marks of a tiger were seen. Deer were seen—timid flashes hard to identify—like lovely camouflage through the trees, giant monkeys chattered in the jungle. From little bags attached to their belts Ann and Angela took out their powder boxes and lipstick and got to work."

No need to meet disaster with a shiny nose.

This quiet courage runs through the book, giving it an unusual charm, reminding us that these English-women are sisters of our own pioneer women, just as brave and just as casual about it as the women who followed their men "outback."

With our mercantile marine so much in the public eye owing to the part they are playing in the war, the descriptions of the resource and initiative of the English seamen make pleasant and reassuring reading. Bill Inch, the hero of the yarn, blunt, forthright, honest, and courageous, is a splendid piece of character work.

Readers who remember "The Commander Shall" and "Sea Way Only," by Humfrey Jordon, will welcome his latest book. It's as fine in every way as the author's earlier work.

"Anchor Comes Back." Humfrey Jordon. Hodder and Stoughton Ltd. Our copy from Angus and Robertson Ltd.

URGENT ACTION NEEDED

if he's **TIRED-LAZY NEVER WANTS TO PLAY...**

In 95 cases out of 100 the trouble is—

Faulty Elimination

What's come over him lately? He should be brimming over with health, energy and vigour. But somehow or other, he's fallen victim to Faulty Elimination—one of the most troublesome of all childhood disorders because it can so often go unsuspected. Faulty Elimination means *incomplete* bowel action. The bowels are not completing their natural function, but are leaving in the system harmful food waste which slowly but surely poisons the blood-stream.

If your child suffers from tiredness, lassitude, indifference, start now to put him on a course of Laxettes. Within a day or two you'll notice a world of difference. Eyes will sparkle again, and he'll be full of fun and life. Laxettes are the favoured aperient in thousands of homes throughout Australia. Kiddies love the smooth chocolate flavour, and there are no unpleasant after-effects of griping or purging.

Get a tin of Laxettes today — genuine Laxettes. At all chemists and stores in two handy sizes—
Standard tin . . . 1/6
Trial size . . . . . 6d.

LAXETTE MANUFACTURING CO., 365 SWANSTON ST., MELBOURNE, C.1. L 24/4

LAXETTES Correct Faulty Elimination

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625642

Some Other Springtime

Continued from Page 6

HE interrupted her, laying his hand gently over hers.

"I, too, admire your eloquence," he said quietly, "but, as usual, you're exaggerating. I was only trying to intimate . . ."

She flung away from him. "I don't care what you were trying to intimate. I don't want your money, and I don't want you. I wouldn't marry you now . . ."

He interrupted. His face had gone very white. He said: "If I were the last man in the world. I understand perfectly. Well, I take it you would now like to be driven home. You may keep the bauble on your finger. It will probably come in useful at a later date. At a rough guess, I should say its equivalent in loaves of bread would stretch half round the world."

Ginna said furiously. "Oh, you needn't remind me it's valuable. Here, take it." She thrust the ring at him, and he balanced it delicately on his hand.

He left her at her door with the words, "Good-bye, my sweet. I don't expect to be seeing you for some little time. I plan to take a protracted voyage to foreign parts. It's been under my skin for a long while, and I think this must be the moment."

She knew he was deeply hurt, and she was glad. She said: "Your polo ponies will miss you," and that was their farewell.

Her anger evaporated, she waited for him to ring. After a week she swallowed her pride and dialled his number, to be told that he had gone abroad. No, he had left no address.

Her work suffered, and lack of appetite made her terribly slim. After some time she pulled herself together. She consigned his letters to the fire. After a night of indecision his photographs followed suit, with the single exception of the one she now held in her hand.

And now he was here, in Paris, and she was likely to meet him. On the thought she went to sleep.

Barbara woke her with vigorous shakings. She said: "You've practically slept the clock round. I'm going now. Choose something inconspicuous to wear if you don't want to be recognised at the Casino. You can help yourself from my extensive wardrobe."

She dressed in a plain black frock that was the last word in simplicity. The veil of her tiny turban hat was thickly spotted. She sat in an alcove at the Casino, feeling slightly ridiculous.

Soon after her arrival the place began to fill up, and at half-past twelve, in the middle of one of Barbara's numbers, she saw Simon.

The head waiter preceded him, and they were heading straight for her table.

She thought, "It's inevitable, I suppose. This is probably the only table that's even partially unoccupied." She lowered her eyes and waited until the head waiter spoke. Then she cut his explanations short by raising her veil and smiling full at Simon. She said: "Certainly, the gentleman may join me."

She had vaguely expected him to be surprised, and had even visualised his moving away, with a word of apology. She realised at once that she had forgotten Simon's most outstanding characteristic, a never-failing nonchalance.

He grinned at her, and said, "Well, by all that's unexpected! May I join the party?" and promptly sat down opposite her.

There was not a moment of embarrassment. As though five years had not divided their friendship they slid into the familiar channels of talk and raillery.

After an hour Simon ordered champagne. He said: "I'm forgetting my manners. After all, this is a celebration, and calls for extravagance."

"Is champagne an extravagance for you?" she asked mildly.

He lit a cigarette, and inhaled deeply. "You see, I lost all my money after you jilted me. No connection between the two events, so don't reproach yourself. They merely happened simultaneously, as things have a way of doing. Rather comic, don't you think?"

She said. "Quite side-splitting."

He said, "I thought you'd appreciate the fun." Then, subtly, his voice changed. "And you? I haven't been back to England, remember."

He was looking at her, waiting for her reply. She said slowly, "Oh, I get along happily. I provide myself with bread and butter. At the moment I'm staying with Barbara."

He said enthusiastically, "Are you, indeed? Then, if you've had enough of this, let's go back there, and I'll make you some coffee. I can't see you properly in this synthetic twilight." He called the waiter and spoke a few words to him. The man smiled and nodded.

Simon said, "He's going to tell Barbara. In the meantime, we'll have some coffee brewing for her." He slipped a hand through Ginna's arm and they strolled to the doorway. A fine rain was falling, and this new Simon said, "If it isn't far, let's walk. It'll save taxi fares, and it's good for the hair."

In Barbara's kitchen Ginna sat on the edge of the table and dispensed light conversation while Simon set about preparing coffee.

She heard the front door open, and fled into the bedroom, where Barbara was shedding her outdoor clothes. She said urgently, "Babs, I've gone stark, staring mad. He's lost his money, and I love him more than ever. He doesn't know my stage name; he doesn't know anything about me at all. He's not to know. He thinks I'm still poor. Play up to me, will you?"

Barbara ran a comb through her hair. She said, "You certainly have gone mad. Oh, yes, he's sweet; I'm not denying that. But he always was sweet, and when he had plenty of money . . ."

Ginna said, "Never mind about that. Bear in mind I'm a woman in love. We've got some coffee for you."

The party ended soon afterwards. Next morning the telephone rang. Simon's voice said, "I've made a sudden decision. I'm going to Luna Park to-night. There's a kind of scenic railway thing there that stops your heart beating. Would you have me face it alone?"

Ginna said gaily, "Perish the thought! At what time do you call for me?" She put down the receiver and found that her hands were trembling.

He rang her up again the next morning, and after that it became a habit for him to call for her every evening. She trumped up suitable excuses for not accompanying him during the daytime. At night she never worried about being recognised because they always went to cheap, crowded places. She tasted complete freedom for the first time in years.

And during the whole time Simon's manner was so unfailingly courteous and charming, and so desperately impersonal, that she formed another habit; she cried herself to sleep.

She woke one morning with a severe headache. She had broken her rule about daytime excursions and promised to accompany Simon that day to Versailles. She felt ill and wretched, but concealed it from Simon until tea time, when he noticed her pallor and insisted on taking her home.

As she opened Barbara's front door she saw a letter addressed to herself on the hall table. She knew what it contained, even before she opened it.

Please turn to Page 46

LENTHÉRIC
THE WORLD'S MASTER PERFUMER

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—**Flagship of the Royal Australian Navy is**
H.M.A.S. Australia — H.M.A.S. Canberra—H.M.A.S. Hobart — H.M.A.S. Perth.

2.—**In Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, six of the dwarfs were called Dopey, Doc, Bashful, Sleepy, Grumpy and Happy. The seventh was called**
Weepy — Sneezy — Snooty — Moody.

3.—**Gruyere cheese is made in**
Australia — France — Switzerland—Spain—Italy.

4.—**Charcoal, which is being used in Australia as an experiment to produce fuel for motor vehicles in place of petrol, is the residue, after burning in a special way, of**
Wood or bones—coal or coke—peat or clay—anthracite.

5.—**A hansom cab has**
Two wheels—three wheels—four wheels—six wheels.

6.—**What relation is the authoress, Daphne du Maurier, who wrote "Rebecca" and "Jamaica Inn," to the famous actor, the late Sir Gerald du Maurier?**
Daughter-in-law — niece — daughter—step-daughter.

7.—**The word "debutante" is derived from a French word meaning**
Dressed in white—one who leads off at billiards—one who curtsies to the King—one who dances.

8.—**In a "baker's dozen" there are**
Fourteen—fifteen — thirteen—twelve.

9.—**The woman who posed as a doctor of laws in Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice" was**
Desdemona — Portia — Rosalind —Ophelia.

10.—**The Belgian National flag is**
Green and white—black, yellow, and red—red, black, and white —black and orange.

Answers on Page 46

Are You LONELY?

Many girls are lonely just because they lack confidence in their looks. The result is that they appear reserved when in reality their hearts are crying out for friendship. If you feel this way, try a change of make-up. You'll be amazed at the thrill it will give you, particularly if you start with Kathleen Court's famous "Seventeen" Rouge. 1/6 is all it costs—yet it is scientifically blended to give your cheeks the soft, blushing loveliness of youth without any sign of that "made-up" look.

Seventeen Rouge

BON MARCHE

FEATURING 4 POPULAR GROUPS

Amazingly Low in Price - All Less than £1

No. 1.—For the Larger Figures... In a grand array of colourful and dark grounds on floral Mosaic Crepes... W. to O.S. fittings only.
SPECIAL PRICE, for early shoppers . 15/11

No. 2.—Dainty Frock of floral Silk Rivette Crepe. Cool and smart for all occasions. XSSW to W. Purchase YOURS NOW and SAVE. SPECIAL PRICE 12/11

No. 3.—We are still able to offer a limited number only of our famous Floral Silk Crepe Frocks. XSSW to W. Purchase several of these before they are all gone.
SPECIAL PRICE 9/11

No. 4.—Featuring "front page style" of Sun-ray Pleats in feminist Silk Crepes. Charming to wear and always a winner. XSSW to W. SPECIAL PRICE 19/11

BON MARCHE, LTD.,
1 BROADWAY, SYDNEY, N.S.W.
Please send me.........garments. Enclosed find £ s d or C.O.D.
Mrs., Miss ....

Garment No.	Size	Quantity	1st colour choice

2nd colour choice..

BON MARCHE LTD. 1 BROADWAY, SYDNEY.

No Woman need be ashamed

... When The Talk Turns To World Affairs

You will be WELL informed and RIGHTLY informed on all international happenings after reading your Sunday Telegraph. Your knowledge will be clear, interesting, and accurate! The Sunday Telegraph will be a newspaper for the intelligent, news-seeking, fun-loving and sport-loving Australian FAMILY; a newspaper which you will welcome, like and TRUST.

The news-gathering network of the Sunday Telegraph reaches out to every corner of the globe. On battle fronts, in the storm centres of world happenings; in Paris, Hollywood, New York, and London; in every quarter where events make NEWS, the Sunday Telegraph has its eye-witnesses.

L. W. Lower, George Formby, Mark Hellinger . . . could humor be in better hands? . . . Films, the Theatre . . . could there be a more able and interesting critic than Jesse Collings, formerly of the London "Sketch"? And in the Women's Pages . . . air-mail pictures bringing fashions from where fashions are made . . . Cabled news and notes . . . social gossip. "People on Parade"—by Jo Fallon—will pictorially present socially active Sydney . . . Kathleen Norris, famous authoress, solves "Problems of the Heart" . . . an irresistible "newspaper within a newspaper."

Page after Page of News

Naturally there will be interesting advertising in the "Sunday Telegraph" . . . but advertising that will not INTRUDE; it will not be allowed to obscure news and features. With the "Sunday Telegraph" news and features come first. It is a newspaper designed to provide information and relaxation in the form you have wanted for years past.

New Features . . . New Ideas For Women

The "Sunday Telegraph" presents the feminine world in a new and exciting way. It PHOTOGRAPHS recipes as well as DESCRIBING them. It ILLUSTRATES beauty treatments besides DETAILING them.

AND FOR THE YOUNGSTERS, THERE'S A BIG 16-PAGE "COLOR COMICS"—AND IT'S GOING TO BE READ OVER THE AIR FROM ALL COMMERCIAL STATIONS WITH CHARACTER AND SOUND EFFECTS FOR 30 MINUTES EVERY SUNDAY MORNING AT 8! HAVE "COLOR COMICS" ON HAND FOR THE CHARLIE CHUCKLE SESSION.

NOTE: Only 250,000 copies of the first "Sunday Telegraph" will be printed, because only 250,000 copies of the first "Color Comics" are available.

Forgetfulness today may mean disappointment on Sunday !
Tell your Newsagent NOW that you want your Sunday Telegraph delivered next Sunday !

3D. **Sunday Telegraph** 3D.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625644

Try for £1 Prize

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

So they Say

Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

FEMININE CHARM

THERE are many people who regard a woman noted for her smartness as vain, shallow, and extravagant. As a matter of fact, they are usually quite wrong.

Such critics never realise how much they lose in a woman when they strive to crush her love of pretty garments. If they did, their aim would surely be to preserve it, not destroy.

There is a whole world of tragedy in the starved lives of those who, born with a natural desire for daintiness, are fated to a life of unbecoming hats and unlovely garments.

Most women who realise the effect of a pretty frock donned after a tiring day comprehend fully the place dress occupies as a social factor.

£1 for this letter to Mrs. J. Dwyer, 31 Elizabeth St., East Brighton, Melbourne S6.

❖ ❖ ❖

SEARCH FOR WEALTH

WHY do most people yearn after lots of money? In most cases wealth doesn't result in happiness. It takes plenty of character and balance to remain unchanged after gaining sudden wealth. I have seen genuine, unassuming people change almost overnight to supercilious "snobs."

So why not be content with just a comfortable living and the genuine respect of your friends?

Mrs. A. Dodd, 12 Evelyn Ave., Concord, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

POOR HAIRDRESSER!

WHY is it that the majority of married women confide so much in their hairdresser? I am sure the poor operator doesn't want to hear about the ailments and arguments of a strange family; it only bores and depresses her.

There are so many very interesting and much more cheerful things to talk about.

Miss Marie Jackson, 369 High St., Penrith, N.S.W.

Window-shopping —does it waste time?

NO, Miss Beale, window-shopping is not time wasted. I myself thoroughly enjoy doing it, and so do many other women.

To gaze on some of the beautiful articles which are so artistically displayed gives any woman great pleasure.

Taking the serious side, values can be compared, as one does not always purchase from the first shop displaying a wanted article.

Again, why bother to dress windows if not for the public gaze?

Mrs. F. A. Schoenheimer, Park View St., Milton W2, Brisbane.

Too crowded now

MISS BEALE, you are quite right. Merely to go shopping to look at articles is a sheer waste of time, to say nothing of the annoyance caused to shop assistants when the anticipated customer does not buy.

The shops are sufficiently crowded with buyers as it is without the addition of hundreds of women who are merely amusing themselves by inspecting the goods displayed.

L. Cromer, Tooronga Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

Just a hobby

DO you really think time is wasted, Miss Beale, by window-shopping?

This gives a great deal of pleasure to some of us even if we are not able to buy.

Shop windows provide a style guide . . .

One must have a little diversion from the humdrum of home life, so why not window-shopping as a hobby?

Miss Lois M. Row, Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Hospital ban on cosmetics for nurses

I AM glad, Miss Clarke (28/10/'39), that someone has expressed her views on the subject of make-up for nurses.

I am a nurse in a public hospital in Sydney, and would give anything to be able to put a little powder on my nose after a morning's work, especially when meeting the patients' visitors.

Lack of make-up gives an "inferiority complex," whereas discreet use of cosmetics gives one a feeling of self-confidence.

If used in moderation it is an excellent idea. Also it would be far more cheerful for the sick patients to see the nurses with a little color in their cheeks than with washed-out-looking and shiny faces.

Miss M. McLachlan, c/o 37 Ballast Pt. Rd., Birchgrove, N.S.W.

Not more efficient

I THINK you are quite wrong, Miss Clarke. I don't think the girls who use make-up are any more efficient or have a more pleasing personality than those who don't use it.

A nurse should be pleasing to the patient as long as she is clean-looking, endowed with patience, and of a happy disposition.

The girls who don't wish to use cosmetics on duty are usually of the quieter type, and have their minds more on their work.

Mrs. A. Macklin, Denison St., Gloucester, N.S.W.

Depends on quantity

A NURSE heavily made-up would look incongruous, but I don't see why she should be forbidden a beauty touch of color on lips and cheeks—provided it is applied before going on duty.

She should on no account be allowed to carry powder-puff and lipstick in her uniform pocket. Her profession demands efficiency of the highest order, and this could not be maintained if she were constantly pausing to effect facial repairs.

Lilian Sutton, 76 Algernon St., Oatley, N.S.W.

Character first

I DO not agree with Miss J. Clarke that "Cosmetics make the nurse."

A few soft words spoken in a kindly voice and an understanding nature are, I feel sure, much more important traits in a nurse's character.

Joan Mohr, Plymouth St., Alderley, Qld.

Not necessary

I DISAGREE with Miss Clarke when she says a nurse who uses make-up is more efficient. I think she is too conscious of her face to be efficient.

Nurses never seem drab when on duty. Somehow their fresh, bright faces, devoid of make-up, are always cheerful and encouraging, and, after all, that is one of the essential points.

Miss M. Thomas, 77 Edinburgh Rd., Marrickville, N.S.W.

Orchids' appeal due to rarity or beauty?

IN reply to Miss M. P. Bird (28/10/'39), orchids are among the most beautiful flowers in the world because of their wonderful formation and coloring.

They are "haughty and supercilious"—yes, that is what attracts us to them.

I agree with you, Miss Bird, that old-fashioned sweet peas and other fragrant favorites are very nice, but let us have orchids for special occasions.

Do orchids appeal to vanity?

Miss G. M. Adams, 21 Passchendaele St., Hampton S7, Vic.

Must suit wearer

ORCHIDS do not suit every type of person. As a matter of fact they suit very few.

The only reason I can find for so many people wearing these very beautiful flowers is that they are called exotic.

Even dainty girls who should wear Old-World gowns and Old-World flowers such as violets, heartsease and sweet peas are found with a shoulder-spray or corsage of expensive, proud, exotic orchids. This is often merely vanity.

Mrs. A. Stanton, Trevell, 18 Boronia Ave., Epping, N.S.W.

Sheer beauty

I ADMIRE orchids for themselves alone.

I think for color, shape, markings, and sheer beauty there is nothing to compare with them.

I would not mind being thought haughty if I were fortunate enough to have even a single orchid.

Mrs. D. Madden, Anderson Ave., Ashgrove, Brisbane.

Hot or cold dinner on Sunday?

HUNDREDS of women still cling to that old-fashioned custom of having a hot dinner every Sunday.

Surely they should have at least one day in the week free from cooking.

Cold meat and salads, with sweets prepared the day before should be Australia's Sunday dinner in the summer time.

Mrs. M. C. Murray, 12 Railway St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

COST OF EDUCATION

WHY is it that, in Australia, education is so expensive when it is so necessary? Only scrubbing floors and such jobs are open to the girl who is not educated. And what chance has a boy in life if he has not been through a secondary school, high school or technical school?

At our high schools the fees and the prices for books are too great for the average father of a family. A man with a large family to feed has no chance at all of educating his children properly.

Miss D. J. Brotherton, 39 Warburton Rd., Canterbury E7, Vic.

❖ ❖ ❖

COINS IN PUDDINGS

FOR years people have been in the habit of putting money in Christmas puddings.

Besides the possibility of putting germs into the mixture, there is also a chance of swallowing the coin.

Can't we enjoy a pudding without a coin in it?

Mrs. A. E. Sank, 12 Allen St., Sth. Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

CONFETTI BAN?

FOR a long time now the use of confetti has caused great worry and trouble to church authorities, brides and bridegrooms—in fact, I doubt if anyone really appreciates it.

It would be far better if we substituted rose petals or the petals of other flowers and showered them over the happy couple.

Flower petals are easy to sweep up—in fact, if thrown in the church grounds there would not be any need to sweep them up at all.

A. Thornton, 4 John St., Woollahra, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

NEGLECTED NAVY

COULD not something more be done to make brighter and happier the shore leave of the sailors of the R.A.N.?

Soldiers in camp are taken care of with entertainments, books, magazines and broadcasts, but the sailors of the "Silent Service," who keep ceaseless watch on our coast, are surely also worthy of some share of our attention.

M. Long, Richmond, N.S.W.

"I suffered terribly from stomach pains," says Mrs. R. N., of Sydney, N.S.W., "but De Witt's Antacid Powder worked wonders. After two tins I am in perfect health."

Another user, Mrs. E. Keys, of Yarraville, writes:—"Two years ago I suffered from indigestion and heartburn. The pain was very bad. I obtained no relief until a friend recommended De Witt's Antacid Powder. From the first dose I obtained relief, and less than three tins gave perfect health—now I am able to eat and enjoy anything without fear of after-effects."

Free From STOMACH TROUBLE

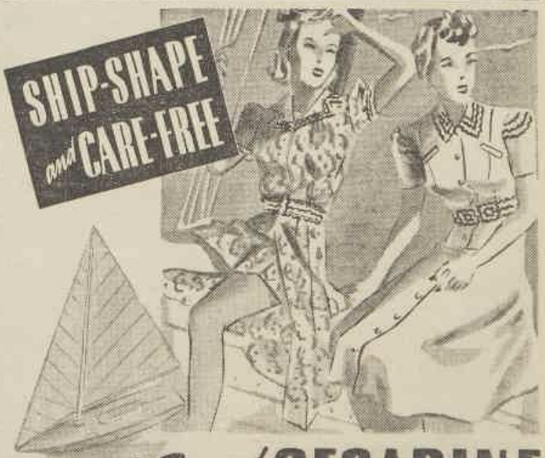
De Witt's Antacid Powder frees you from stomach trouble because it kills excess stomach acid. One dose quickly stops after-meal pain, heartburn and flatulence.

Briefly, here is the triple-action De Witt's Antacid Powder formula that has proved so successful. *Malt Diastase* to aid digestion; English *Kaolin* to protect the stomach lining; *Calcium Carb., Magnesium Carb.* and *Sodium Bicarb.* to neutralise burning stomach acids.

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the modern, triple-action treatment for Indigestion and all other Stomach Troubles.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn and Flatulence. In sky-blue canisters, large size 2/6. New Giant size 4/6.



in Sports Togs of CESARINE

CESARINE revels in the open air as much as its wearer. Sun or salt can't harm its crisp, linen-like finish or fade its gay colours.

Try CESARINE for your play suits and sports frocks—its smartness and marvellous wear will amaze you.

New, gaily patterned floral designs are now also available. Still 1/11½ yd.

CÆSAR FABRICS

"WOVEN FOR WEAR"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625645

Some Other Springtime

Continued from Page 43

"I'VE got to go back to London," she told Simon. "My holiday's over. I really ought to catch the early morning train tomorrow."

His face betrayed nothing. He said, "That's sad, but convenient. My leave's up this week, and I've got a lot of duty calls that I've neglected for you, Madam."

Ginna smiled, with starched lips. She said, "My head's better. Shall we celebrate our last evening by a final fling?"

"Of course we will. Any excuse for a celebration, even if it's a sad one. If your head's really better, by all means let us don our bonnets again."

They took a taxi. Simon chatted amiably, his long legs stretched out on one of the small seats.

The taxi stuck in a traffic jam, and Simon said, "Let's get out and walk."

Outside a cinema Simon suddenly said, "It's too early to eat again. Let's watch the news for an hour. Afterwards, we'll be really extravagant and dine in the Bois."

They found two seats in the back row of the stalls.

From the screen a band played noisily. Ginna kept her eyes shut most of the time, to relieve the aching in her head.

And then it happened. Someone near them shouted "Fire." Other people took up the cry. A man spoke through the microphone and assured everyone that there was no need for alarm.

Somewhere a woman shrieked. A baby's cry rose above the growing tumult as people hurried from their seats.

Simon had risen to his feet. He said urgently, "Someone ought to do something drastic, to bring them to their senses. Real panic hasn't started yet. If it does, Heaven help them."

The back of the cinema was fairly clear of people. Ginna said to Simon, "Wait here, will you?" She climbed over the back of her seat, hesitated for a moment, then quickly made her way to a door marked "Private." Simon, waiting and wondering, remarked to himself that her eyes had been filled with unshed tears.

Then a voice boomed again from the microphone. Announced, in a rapid flood of French, that the fire, which had been of the slightest, was now extinguished.

If the audience, said the announcer, would be good enough to again seat themselves, the management would have great pleasure in presenting to them a famous English musical comedy actress who was on holiday in Paris, and who had kindly come forward to offer her assistance. Miss Virginia Trelawney was even now waiting to sing them her latest and most popular song.

A brilliant spotlight flashed on to the stage. Ginna came quickly from the wings and took her place in the merciless beam. It stripped her of all color and left her face deathly pale. She had taken off her hat and her hair was untidy.

For a brief moment the crowd ceased to sway. The tension visibly relaxed. People smiled foolishly, and broke away from the densely-packed gangways to find seats again.

It was over. Ginna had retired, to deafening applause. The spotlight was switched off, and the lights lowered again. Simon felt a touch on his arm, and turned. An attendant murmured that Mademoiselle was waiting in the manager's office.

He found her sipping brandy to the accompaniment of the manager's loud plaudits. She said, "Please take me home, Simon. He's offered me everything that is his, but I only want sleep."

In the street, she said in a brittle voice, "Well, now you know everything. And I'm too tired to explain. I'm too tired to say anything."

He said quietly, "Don't talk, Ginna. Don't even think." A taxi cruised past them. He hailed it, and helped her in.

Ginna said, "I think you'd better not come in, Simon. I've got some packing to do."

Simon was lighting a cigarette. He leant forward to throw away the match before he spoke. Then he said, "We're not going to Barbara's flat. You and I are going to have another talk, Ginna. We had one before, remember? About five years ago, that was. You may have forgotten. We were both very young then. I've better hopes for this one."

She suddenly knew that if she spoke she would cry. This was the old Simon speaking, with a note in his deep voice that she had not heard for five years.

He said, "We're going to my flat. You've never shown any interest in where I live. Now you're going to know."

The taxi stopped. Simon helped her out, across the pavement and up a flight of steps into a softly-lit hall where a uniformed porter waited.

He touched his cap and ushered them into a lift.

At the second floor they stopped. He took her arm again, and they crossed deep pile carpets to a white door. Simon opened it. He said gently, "Welcome in, Ginna."

She stood just inside. An exquisite Persian carpet lay on the gleaming parquet of the softly-lit hall. Through a doorway she glimpsed a blue-and-cream drawing - room. Simon led the way in, and switched on wall candles in wrought-iron holders. A grand piano stood by the windows.

HE led her out to a small balcony. Lamps glittered in the darkness like stray stars. Ginna sank into a chair, and waited.

Presently Simon said, "Now my cat's out of the bag, too. Two cats at liberty. I wonder if they'll meet. If they do, I hope they don't make such a mess of things as we have."

She said evenly, "If you're planning to explain anything, Simon, don't bother. I've just been working it out. You knew about me all the time, and you've been having your revenge by making a fool of me. Well, you've done it; I'll admit that. And now, if you've no further cards up your sleeve, I'll be getting along."

He said firmly, "Nothing doing. This time you're going to listen to me. Your guess is quite inaccurate. I did know about your spectacular success, but I was not having my revenge. In point of fact, I've been trying to discover a girl I once knew."

"Was it necessary to pretend to be poor?"

"Absolutely. I had to take you out of that world where you were obviously very much at home. In the sanity of common places I planned to see beneath all that glistening French polish you'd acquired. But the plot wasn't a spectacular success. You've no idea how strange it is to meet somebody you've known really well, and to find they've turned into a complete stranger."

"Why didn't you give it up, then?"

"Because I still remembered the girl I had known, and I'm a persevering fellow. The trouble was, it isn't the kind of thing that can be discussed, like eating with your knife. This was primitive. For ten days I waited for the fireworks to subside, and a sign of Ginna to emerge. Just a sign—that was all I needed, and I'd have been on my knees."

She said suddenly, "Simon," and her eyes were full of tears.

He did not turn. His hands tightened on the railing, and he said, "No, Ginna. This time we've got to have things straight. It took a fire in a cinema to open my eyes, and fires in cinemas aren't so frequent that one can rely on them to straighten out all misunderstandings. What you did wasn't strictly heroic, because there was no danger and you knew it, but it was kind. Besides, you had tears in your eyes, and in a sudden flash of inspiration I understood why you'd been playing this part for me. Afterwards, your hair was untidy and your nose shiny, but you were very sweet, and for once you forgot to be brilliant and amusing. I'd had my sign; in those few moments, on and off the stage, I found what I'd been searching for."

He stopped. Then he continued: "I'm being devastatingly honest, as you may have noticed. I want to marry you, but I want you to give up the stage entirely. If you can't willingly accept that, then we shake hands and finally part."

In the long silence that followed, an owl hooted from the wood. Then Ginna said, "Simon," again, and he turned quickly and saw her eyes. In two steps he was beside her. In silence they clung together, while minutes passed.

Presently Ginna said fearfully, "Darling Simon, I've got to go through with this next show."

He laughed. "Of course you have," he said, "and you'd better make it your most brilliant, sweetheart, because it'll be your last. Afterwards, I plan to take a protracted voyage to foreign parts. . . ."

Remembering, she smiled at him, her eyes misty with tears.

(Copyright)

The answer is—

1.—H.M.A.S. Canberra.
2.—Sneezy.
3.—Switzerland.
4.—Wood or bones.
5.—Two wheels.
6.—Daughter.
7.—One who leads off at billiards.
8.—Thirteen.
9.—Portia.
10.—Black, yellow, and red.

Questions on Page 43

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

NYAL FIGSEN FOR CONSTIPATION

HOW TO BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin. 1/3

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625646

THE HOMEMAKER

November 18, 1939 | The Australian Women's Weekly | First Page

YOUR HAIR ... *make it flatter your face*

WEAR it to suit you . . . to give emphasis to your personality . . . A turn of the comb may make all the difference between beauty and ugliness.

THIS softly sculptured coiffure forms a flattering frame for the oval-shaped face. The hair in front is cut short and curled upwards above the ears and across the top of the head. At the back the hair is worn longer and curled into a double roll. It is an essentially well-groomed style suitable for general wear.

HAVE you ever thought that your hair is the frame for your face?

Because that is the way you should regard it—not just as a separate feature to be coiffed into the latest style regardless of whether it suits your face and figure.

The most important point in choosing a coiffure is to take stock of your good and bad features first.

You'll have to take a few minutes off and sit down and face your mirror.

That's because most of us haven't a very accurate knowledge of how we look. We've seen too much of ourselves.

So try to look at yourself with the unprejudiced eyes of a stranger.

Don't be discouraged if you have a long nose, a low forehead, a wide face or a forceful jaw. Take yourself as an individual case and pick a hair arrangement that will suit your type and show you at your best. Ask your hairdresser for advice if you are still doubtful.

If you want to appear taller, curls piled high on your head will add height. This kind of headdress will also give you added poise and make you look much more sophisticated.

Don't try a heavy, thick style of hair arrangement if you think your head is too large. Have your hair thinned, so it will never look bushy, and wear it arranged close to your head.

CURLS all on top. Front hair is worn short and back hair is curled up to meet the front.

The side part is the safest for most girls. And be careful to avoid a centre part, with hair drawn straight back or worn in stiff rolls or sculptured curls, unless you have classic features. You'll look pretty severe with this arrangement.

And don't try any sort of a middle parting if you have a broad face or a heavy jaw.

THIS attractive coiffure for the blonde comes from Paris. The hair is softly waved.

With sloping shoulders you will need a squaring-off effect to make your neck seem shorter. Hair dressed lower on top of your head and arranged low on your neck is a good tip, but don't have your hair lines running parallel to your sloping shoulders unless you want to look generally drooping.

Curls which turn backward are best for saucy, upturned noses. Hooked noses look more classic when the curls are turned upward.

And a receding chin will look much more prominent if your hair is combed upward, with the ears showing a little.

If your chin protrudes it will look less determined if you wear the hair longer at the sides, or if curls are arranged lower.

A YOUTHFUL STYLE specially suitable for the young face. In this coiffure the hair in front is caught back under a ribbon tied around the head and the short ends are curled forward to cover the ribbon. At the back the hair, which is fairly long, is combed into ringlets, which are allowed to fall softly across the neck. Try this style if you are young and want something unusually charming.

"DAMP-SET" This Hair Style

"It must look Soft . . . *Natural!*"— *says Hollywood*

"DAMP-SETTING" is the discovery of a famous consultant to New York, London and Paris salons. First Hollywood was quick to discover that "damp-set" coiffures stood up best to the camera's critical eye . . .

FIRST: Run wet comb through hair to damp it.

NEXT: Moisten your brush with a few drops of Velmol and brush evenly through hair.

NOW: Put in waves or curls with fingers and comb. That's all!

Now, Velmol makes it so easy — so simple — that you can *"damp-set"* your own hair, at home . . . yourself!

. . . A Velmol *"damp-set"* works on hair of any texture, any colour, on any wave. In just four minutes — with a few drops of Velmol — you can set your own hair into deep, firm, lustrous waves or curls — just as you like them best.

Velmol is not sticky — non-greasy — non-powdery. It leaves your hair with a thrilling new beauty of soft, silky, natural sparkle! (Holds a finger-wave for days.)

Yes, definitely, *"Damp-setting"* with Velmol has come to stay . . . It saves time . . . temper . . . and money, too.

A 2/- bottle lasts for months. Ask for VELMOL at your Chemist or any toilet counter.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625647

Just *taste* the rich
FRUIT FLAVOURS
of fragrant, fast-setting JelleX

Here's a delicious, quick-setting dessert to take the heat out of Summer and tempt jaded appetites. Cool, sparkling Jelly that melts in "thirsty" mouths, and delights everyone with its flavours of ripe, juicy sun-kissed fruits.

In every tempting spoonful of pure, wholesome "JelleX" these delicate flavours are a refreshing delight. Ultra-fine gelatine and other highest quality ingredients retain the original freshness of "JelleX" fruity flavours. And "JelleX" exclusive waxed satchel containers, packed untouched by human hands, imprison those flavours always.

Save cost, time and trouble by serving wholesome, satisfying "JelleX" often—a different flavour every day.

Try a few packets now!

Each Packet makes a Full Pint Jelly

10 Different Fruit Flavours: Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon, Port Wine, Orange, Pineapple, Cherry, Lime, Red Currant, Black Currant.

TOP QUALITY
POPULAR PRICE

Another ETA Product

JelleX
FRUIT *Jelly Crystals*

"AS SURE TO SET AS THE SUN"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625648

TOMATO TOADSTOOLS are a novelty. They are made from tomato and eggs stuffed with a sardine mixture, and served on lettuce. See recipe.

ALL SORTS of dainties which would serve equally well for a tea, a five o'clock party, or a supper. See recipes for curried veal rolls and apricot trifles.

TEA-TIME DAINTIES

WHEN you entertain at rather a special afternoon tea-party you naturally want to have everything as dainty and novel as possible.

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

THIS week I'm giving you some ideas to solve the problem. Don't the egg-and-tomato toadstools look amusing? They're really a variation on the theme of stuffed eggs. Here's the recipe—and lots of others as well.

EGG AND TOMATO TOADSTOOL SALAD

Six hard-boiled eggs, 3 small tomatoes, 1 lettuce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 small tin sardines, squeeze lemon, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon gelatine, dissolved, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise sauce, salt and cayenne to taste.

Cut a thick slice from one end of eggs and remove the yolks. Skin and bone sardines. Mix with the butter and lemon juice, add yolks and parsley, and beat all well together. Fill the egg-whites with this mixture. Melt the gelatine and vinegar. Stir until gelatine has dissolved. Cut tomatoes in halves, scrape out some of the loose pulp from the tomato and turn it on to the egg with the skin outside. Brush over with dissolved gelatine that is just beginning to thicken, and finish with a few drops of mayonnaise sauce.

Arrange on bed of crisp lettuce leaves and serve very cold.

CURRIED VEAL ROLLS

Half-pound veal steak, 1 bacon rasher, 1 small apple, 1 small onion, 1 tomato, ½ teaspoon sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 cup stock or milk, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste, ½lb. puff pastry.

Mince veal, bacon, apple, onion, and tomato together. Mix flour, curry powder, sugar, salt, and cayenne, and add to mince. Place all in a double saucepan. Pour on the stock or milk. Stir till well mixed. Allow to cook over boiling water ½ hour, stirring occasionally. Turn on to a plate to cool. Then make into little rolls, and leave ready for covering with the pastry. Make puff pastry in the usual way. Roll out thinly and cut into pieces 3 x 5 inches. Place a mince roll on each piece of pastry. Moisten the edges and roll over. Glaze with yolk of egg and milk, and cook in a very hot oven (500 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold. Garnish with parsley.

APRICOT TRIFLES

Sponge cake, cooked apricot halves, 1 gill whipped cream, 3 tablespoons sherry, 3 tablespoons desiccated coconut.

Cut very small rounds of sponge cake, a little larger than the apricots. Pour 2 teaspoons of sherry on each round of cake, and allow to soak for 10 minutes. Spread top of cake thickly with whipped cream. Place half an apricot on top of cream, and fill the centre with a crystallised cherry. Sprinkle lightly with coconut, and place each trifle in a paper case. Arrange on a flat serving plate.

CHEESE BUSTERS

One cup self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, good pinch cayenne, 1 dessertspoon butter, ¼ cup dry grated cheese, cold water to mix.

Sift flour, salt, and cayenne together. Then rub in the butter. Add the grated cheese. Mix together lightly, then mix into a stiff dough with a little cold water. Roll out very thinly. Cut out with a fancy cutter. Prick well. Place on a buttered shallow tin, cook slowly in a moderate oven about 10 minutes until crisp.

Cheese busters may be served plain or as a foundation for savories.

PINEAPPLE CAKE

One cup crushed, drained pineapple, ½ cup butter, 2½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1½ cups castor sugar, 3 eggs, separated, ½ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla icing and glace pineapple to decorate. Lemon cheese for filling.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Stir in vanilla. Beat in egg yolks. Add pineapple, sift ½ cup of the flour with baking powder and salt. Stir remainder of flour into the pineapple mixture. Then add the flour sifted with the baking powder, the salt, and water. Beat egg-whites until stiff. Then fold lightly into the mixture. Divide between two buttered sandwich tins eight inches in diameter or two oblong tins.

Bake in a moderate oven 375 deg. F. for about half an hour. Turn on to cake-cooler and join together when cold with lemon cheese. Spread the top with white icing using 1lb. icing sugar moistened with pineapple juice. Decorate with glace pineapple cut into small pieces.

BOSTON BUTTER BISCUITS

Half-pound butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 1lb. flour, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and spice mixed together, ½ teaspoon vinegar.

Beat butter and sugar till creamy. Add egg-yolk, flour, and spices sifted together, then the vinegar. Roll out thinly and cut into shapes. Frost the tops, using sugar, almonds, and lemon peel minced well. Use the white of egg to brush the top of biscuits, so that almond mixture will stick. Bake in moderate oven 350 deg. F. for 15 minutes, or until a light brown.

LITTLE PRUNE CREAMS

One and a half dozen dessert prunes, 1 cup whipped cream, 1 teaspoon rum, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ doz. chopped walnuts, ½ doz maraschino cherries.

Carefully remove the stones from the prunes, cutting them from the ends, and open out the points to form a flower. Flatten the base of the prune to make it stand upright. Add rum and sugar to whipped cream, then the chopped walnuts, and a few cherries. Mix all together and place 1 teaspoonful in each prune. Place a ring of cherry on top of each and place a wooden toothpick in each. Arrange on a flat tray on a fancy paper d'oyley.

VELVET CAKE

Half pound butter, ½lb. sugar, ½lb. flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 3 eggs, 1 gill milk, essence to taste.

Butter a shallow oblong or square cake tin.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Beat eggs well and add gradually to the butter and sugar. Add milk very gradually, mixing to a creamy consistency. Add essence. Sift flour and baking powder three times and stir lightly and evenly into the mixture. Pour into prepared tin. Bake in a moderate oven 30-40 minutes. Cool on a sieve.

This slab cake may be made into many varieties of cakes by covering with icings of different flavor and color, and decorating with nuts, cherries and fruits.

BALMORAL TARTLETS

Two ounces butter, 2oz. castor sugar, 2oz. cakecrumbs, ½oz. crystallised cherries (cut in dice), 1oz. candied peel, 1oz. rice flour, 2 eggs, ½lb. shortcrust pastry.

Make shortcrust, roll out, cut into rounds, and line shallow buttered patty tins with it. Cream butter and sugar. Stir in yolks of eggs, add cakecrumbs, chopped peel, cherries and rice flour. Whip egg-whites stiffly. Stir in lightly.

Fill cases with the mixture. Cross two narrow strips of paste on each tartlet to decorate. Bake in moderate oven (400 deg. F.) for 20 minutes.

SPICE CAKE

Three-quarter cup sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup nuts, 2 cups flour, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 level teaspoon each of nutmeg, cinnamon and mixed spice.

Boil raisins in a cup of water for 20 minutes and allow to cool. Drain and keep water for cake (there must be a cupful). Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then spices, flour, and raisin water in which carbonate of soda has been dissolved, alternately with the flour, then raisins, vanilla, and nuts. Bake in two large sandwich tins in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 45 minutes. When cooked turn on to sieve and cool.

Fill and cover cake as follows: Beat ½ cup butter and 1½ cups icing sugar to a cream. Add 1 beaten egg and ½ teaspoon vanilla, spread between and on top and sides of cake.

GINGER SPONGE

One tablespoon butter, scant ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, scant ½ cup golden syrup, 1 heaped cup flour, ½ teaspoon carbonate soda, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Butter two sandwich tins 7in. in diameter.

Cream butter and sugar. Beat egg, mix syrup and milk with it, and add gradually to butter and sugar. Sift carbonate of soda with 1 tablespoon flour. Add remainder of flour, sifted, and stir until well mixed. Then add extra flour and soda. Bake in two sandwich tins in moderate oven (370 deg. F.) for about 15 minutes. When cold, fill with whipped cream, ice with coffee icing and decorate with crystallised ginger.

CARAMEL FINGERS

One cup self-raising flour, ½lb. butter, ½lb. brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup chopped dates and nuts, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add sugar and stir till boiling. When cool add well-beaten egg and vanilla. Sift the flour. Add nuts and dates, mix well together. Add butter and sugar mixture to this and stir well. Spread evenly on a greased Swiss-roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into fingers while hot, and allow to cool on tin.

I RECOMMEND STRONG-LITE BOTH FOR SAFEGUARDING HEALTH AND SUCCESSFUL COOKING

STRONG-LITE COOKING UTENSILS

Seville Orange Marmalade

Hot buttered toast spread with this delightful Orange Marmalade is a perfect breakfast appetiser. Prepared from finest Seville Oranges and packed in special hygienic Gold-Lined Cans.

For a change . . .
Mira Plum
Solus Apricot

You can be sure of Rosella

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625649

IF YOU LOVE to spend some of your spare time in the kitchen trying out new dishes, as Della Lind, MGM, is doing here, then you must have some recipe worth passing on to other readers. If so, enter it in our weekly best recipe competition.

SUCH EXCELLENT RECIPES
from our Readers!

YOU, too, should enter our weekly recipe competition. It's the simplest contest imaginable, and you have a chance of winning either the first prize of £1 or one of several consolation prizes of 2/6.

ALL you have to do is write out your recipe clearly on one side of the paper, giving first the ingredients and then the method. Attach your name and address—and then watch for the results.

This week's first prize goes to a recipe for orange souffle, a delicious summer sweet.

Other interesting recipes win consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

COFFEE sponge sandwich, with coffee icing and cream filling. See recipe below.

LEFT: Fruit soups such as this are popular on the Continent, and this week Norwegian soup made with gooseberries wins a prize.

ORANGE SOUFFLE

Three eggs, 6oz. castor sugar, ½ pint cream, ½ pint orange juice, ¾oz. gelatine, angelica, 1 mandarin, extra ½ gill cream for decorating.

Prepare souffle mould to hold about 1½ pints. Separate yolks from whites of eggs. Put yolks and sugar into a basin and cook over a saucepan of boiling water and beat until mixture is thick and eggs cooked. Remove from heat and add grated rind of 1 orange and ½ pint orange juice. Melt gelatine in 3 tablespoons water. Add to mixture and beat over ice until beginning to set. Whip cream and stir into mixture, and lastly add stiffly-beaten whites of eggs. Pour into prepared mould and put on ice until set. When quite firm, remove the band of paper and decorate with quarters of orange or mandarin, roses of cream and small pieces of angelica.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Irene Edwards, Avoca, Mahers Rd., Beecroft, N.S.W.

NORWEGIAN FRUIT SOUP

Half pint stewed gooseberries, 3-inch stick of cinnamon, 1 quart of water, 1oz. cornflour, 1½oz. sugar, peel of half lemon.

Cut yellow part only of the lemon rind and put it in a saucepan with the gooseberries, water and cinnamon. Simmer for an hour. Rub through a sieve and remove cinnamon. Boil soup. Mix the sugar and cornflour with a little cold water, and pour some of the boiling soup on to it.

Pour into the soup. Stir well and boil ten minutes. Serve with cinnamon fingers.

To make these cut stale bread fingers, dip into batter made with 1 egg, a little milk, and teaspoon of cinnamon. Fry in deep fat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Elsie Bush, Yass-Canberra Rd., via Yass, N.S.W.

FRUIT SHAPE

One breakfast cup of water, 1 breakfast cup of sugar, juice of 4 oranges, juice of 6 passionfruit, 1 tablespoon of flour, 1 tablespoon of powdered gelatine.

Boil water, sugar and orange juice. Mix the flour to a smooth paste with a little more water. Add it to the boiling liquid and just let it come to the boil again. Stir gelatine in a basin with boiling puree. Let it cool, then put in the passionfruit juice, and beat 20 minutes. Put into mould and place in the ice-chest.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Muriel Mat'er, 10 Wellington St., Launceston, Tas.

VANILLA HORSESHOES

Three and a half ounces flour, 3oz. cornflour, 1oz. sugar, 3½oz. butter, 2oz. ground almonds, 1 egg-yolk, pinch salt, vanilla.

Knead all well together to a stiff dough. Roll out thinly. Make into small rolls the thickness of little finger. Cut into 3-inch lengths, bend into horseshoes. Bake in a slow oven about 10 minutes. Roll in sugar flavored with vanilla.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Vic.

COFFEE SPONGE SANDWICH

One cup flour (small), 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carb. soda (scant), 1 scant cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1½ tablespoons coffee essence, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ cup boiling water.

Beat eggs and sugar until quite stiff, then sift flour and rising together and add. Mix coffee essence, butter and boiling water together and add last. Mix well and quickly. Bake in sandwich tins and ice with coffee icing. Put butter icing in centre, or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. H. Onley, Glenholm, Caldermeade, Vic.

DELICIOUS DATE ROLLS

Half pound self-raising flour, ¼lb. butter, ¼lb. sugar, 1 egg, pinch of salt, milk and dates.

With the tips of the fingers lightly rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar, then the egg and enough milk to make a stiff dough. Turn on to a floured board and roll very thin. Cut into dainty shapes and place a date on one half of each. Now moisten the edges all round with a little water and fold over the other half, pinching the sides at the same time. Bake in a quick oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. A. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

"Do have your breakfast!" "I don't want it," said Bill. "I won't have it!"

Then by a lucky mistake the grocer sent out some Kellogg's Rice Bubbles.

"Snap! Crackle! Pop!" "O-oh, listen to that, Mummy," said Bill when he poured the milk on his Rice Bubbles next morning. "Golly, I'd like Rice Bubbles for breakfast every morning."

NO COOKING NEEDED! Just pour those feathery, crunchy Rice Bubbles straight from packet to plate and serve with milk and sugar. Sold at your grocer's, oven fresh in Kellogg's exclusive wax-tite innerseal packet.

R.15

ENAMEL

Washable, glossy and easy to use, "QUICK" ENAMEL dries perfectly in four hours — with a gleaming surface of deep, rich colour. Ask at your paint or hardware store for "QUICK" ENAMEL.

Also "QUICK" STAIN — "QUICK" SILVER — "QUICK" CLEAR

Manufactured by:

LEWIS BERGER AND SONS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED
ROGERS PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY

A "10-66" PRODUCT
TRANSCENDING ALL OTHERS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625650

SOLDIERS' SOCKS . . . . A special Women's Weekly design

THESE plain, hand-knitted socks, specially designed for army use, are easy to knit and comfortable to wear.

THE great need at present is for socks for our men in the army—literally thousands of pairs are urgently required.

These instructions have been carefully compiled according to military requirements and will be found easy to follow.

Materials: 5oz. 4-ply wool, 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles with points at both ends.

Tension: 9 stitches to the inch in width.

Cast on 80 stitches, 28 on each of the first and third needles and 24 on the second. Knit and purl alternately into the back of the stitches.

Work 5 inches in rounds in rib of (k. 1, p. 1).

Work 5 inches in plain knitting. Proceed as follows:

1st Round: K 1, k 2 tog., knit plain to the last 3 stitches of the round, k 2 tog., k 1. Work 8 rounds without shaping. Repeat the last 9 rounds until 23 stitches remain on each of the first and third needles.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 14 inches from the commencement.

To commence the heel, k 17, slip the last 17 stitches of the round on to the other end of the same needle (these 34 sts. are for the heel). Divide the remaining stitches on to two needles and leave for the instep.

On the heel stitches work 35 rows in alternate rows of purl and plain (always slipping the first stitch of every row).

Turn the heel as follows: K 19, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 6, p 2 tog., p 1, turn; k 7, k 2 tog., k 1, turn; p 8, p 2 tog., p 1, turn; k 9, k 2 tog., k 1, turn.

Continue in this manner until all the stitches are worked on to one needle. Knit back 10 stitches (thus completing the heel). Slip all the instep stitches on to one needle again. Taking another needle, knit the remaining 10 stitches of the heel, knit up 18 stitches at the side of the heel; with a second needle, knit plain across the instep stitches; with a third needle knit up 18 stitches at the side of the heel and the other 10 stitches of the heel. Knit 1 round plain, then shape for the instep as follows:—

1st round: Knit plain to the last 4 stitches of the first needle, k 2 tog., k 2; knit the second needle without shaping; on the third needle, k 2, k 2 tog. through the back of the loops, knit plain to the end of the needle.

Repeat this round until 20 stitches remain on each of the first and third needles (if a wider instep is desired, work 1 round plain between the decreasing rounds).

Continue without shaping until the foot measures (from where the stitches were knitted up at the side of the heel):—

6½ inches for a 10½-inch foot;
7 inches for an 11-inch foot.

Slip the last stitch of the first needle on to the beginning of the second needle, and the first stitch of the third needle on the end of the same needle.

Shape for the toe as follows:—

1st round: Knit plain to the last 3 sts. of the first needle, k 2 tog., k 1; on the second needle, k 1, k 2 tog. through the back of the loops, knit plain to the last 3 stitches, k 2 tog., k 1; on the third needle k 1, k 2 tog. through the back of the loops, knit plain to the end of the needle.

2nd round: Knit plain.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rounds until 28 stitches remain in the round. Knit the stitches of the first needle on to the end of the third needle.

Graft the stitches as directed below.

Work another sock in the same manner. With a fairly hot iron and damp cloth, press carefully.

SHOWING the finished sock on the leg.

THE same sock placed flat.

How men's socks should be knitted

NOT every knitter who takes up four needles and some khaki, navy, or grey wool turns out a wearable article.

Some knitters think that because they are knitting for soldiers the garments must be made with very thick wool. Some of the socks already made are so thick a man would need an extra size in boots to walk with any comfort.

For our soldiers here, faced with the hot summer months, 4-ply wool is the most suitable. The socks should measure 16 inches around the top when stretched and 17 inches in length, from the top of the welt to the bottom of the heel; the 18-inch socks come right to the knee and are only suitable for wearing with shorts.

The leg of the socks should be shaped to give a better fit, and the welt must be ribbed and measure from 4 to 5 inches. The foot to measure 10½ to 11 inches.

No knots should be used when joining the wool; join by splicing this way: Split the two ends and, removing half the number of strands from each end for several inches, place the wools together, the two ends pointing in opposite directions, rub the wool together between the hands until it forms a single thread and then continue knitting.

Know the tension

IT is essential to know your tension when knitting garments, and to find this cast on about twelve stitches, using the wool and needles stated in the instructions. Work about two inches, cast off, press and count the number of stitches to the inch across the work. If you get more stitches to the inch, use one size larger needle, and if you get fewer stitches to the inch, use one size smaller needle.

Cast on loosely and when commencing the first round of a sock look carefully to see that none of the stitches or needles are twisted. You may have noticed some time a loose ladder-like effect down the leg of the sock at the beginning of each needle; this occurs very easily, especially with beginners. The only way to overcome it is to knit the three stitches at the beginning and end of each needle very firmly, loosening up to your usual tension in between.

The "French" heel is most suitable, giving slightly more room than the "Dutch" or "Auto" heel, and for the same reason the flat toe will give the most comfort.

Some people like to reinforce their heels by knitting in a thread of cotton or a finer wool. This is not always practical as the constant washing is inclined to harden the heel and make it uncomfortable to wear.

Here is a good way to reinforce the heel without introducing any other material. For the first row on the right side of work, * slip 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

2nd Row: Slip the first stitch and purl to the end of the row.

Repeat these two rows until the heel flap is completed, working very loosely, as the fabric is inclined to take up slightly when this method is employed.

Whichever way you make the heel flap, always slip the first stitch of every row. This makes it easier to pick up the stitches at the sides and gives a neater finish.

It may be taken as a general rule that the number of rows in the heel flap is approximately the same as the number of stitches used; for example, if you have thirty stitches on the needle for the heel, work thirty rows.

When shaping for the instep the best fit is obtained by making all decreases without any plain rows between. This prevents any wrinkling of the sock over the instep when on the foot.

How to graft

GRAFTING is another part of sock-making that seems to strike terror to the heart of a number of knitters. This is quite simple and gives a perfect finish to the flat toe of a sock. Follow these instructions and you will be pleased with the result.

To Graft: With an equal number of stitches on both needles, break off the wool, leaving a length of about 12 inches. Thread on a bodkin. With the front of sock towards you, pass the bodkin through the first stitch on the front needle as if to purl, but leave the stitch on the needle. Pass the bodkin through the first stitch on the back needle as if to purl and take it off. Pass the bodkin through the next stitch on the back needle as if to knit and leave it on. Pass the bodkin through the first stitch on the front needle as if to knit and take it off. Repeat this until all the stitches have been worked off. Pass the needle through to wrong side of sock and finish off neatly and firmly.

When the socks are finished, always press well with a fairly hot iron over a damp cloth.

NOW I AM FULL OF LIFE!

Here is good news for you from Mrs. E.H.! Read what she says about the amazing change this tiny pinch of Kruschen made in her life:

"A few months ago I began feeling absolutely lifeless. I could not work, had no energy and was as low as could be. I bought a bottle of Kruschen Salts and started the 'little daily dose' in my tea. I felt different in a very short time. Began to brighten up again. I am 34 years of age and have never before known freedom from constipation. Kruschen has put me on the road to a life worth living again."
—Mrs. E.H.

You, too, can have New Zest for Life!

Start tipping a pinch of Kruschen into your tea, or into a glass of hot water first thing every morning. Within one week, you'll have vim and vigour that everyone will envy. Sluggishness goes. You get that "Kruschen feeling" which has brought joy to millions. Kruschen Salts is obtainable at Chemists and Stores, price 1/6 and 2/9 per bottle.

LEARN THE SECRET OF

KRUSCHEN

"It's the Little Daily Dose that does it."

Luxury eating for everyone costs so little with rich, spicy Swallow & Ariell Plum Pudding. Full-flavoured . . . top-full of the finest ingredients . . . and hermetically sealed in tins of exact quantities.

SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING

*Allow for "extra" helpings, ½lb. 3 serves; 1lb. 6 serves; 1½lb. 8 serves; 2lb. 12 serves; 3lb. 18 serves.

SWALLOW & ARIELL LTD.
The Uneeda Bakers

Look to your LINEN CUPBOARD says Miss OSMAN

★ Maybe it's time to buy new sheets, and I need not tell you that OSMAN are the Best — unless you are unacquainted With their excellencies. Fineness of texture, Smoothness, softness and glossy whiteness — OSMAN Sheets own and keep them all!

OSMAN *See the name on the Tab*

OSMAN
sheets and pillowcases

BARLOW & JONES LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625651

When someone dear to you... is near to you

Will he find the natural loveliness that invites romance, or an artificial "powdered look" that suggests a mask?

Some women always "look" powdered—others have discovered Three Flowers, the face powder so delicately transparent, that your natural colouring glows vibrantly through. Some women are forever powdering—others have learned by experience that Three Flowers Face Powder adheres perfectly for hours. Try a box to-day and see his admiring glances multiply!

In two sizes—2/6d. and 3/9d.—in 6 smart shades.

Three Flowers Talcum. Try this misty, gossamer-light talcum, delicately scented with Three Flowers fragrance . . . cooling, and soothing after the bath—discreetly deodorant, marvellously absorbent. In decorative metal containers 1/6d.

three flowers
FACE POWDER

RICHARD HUDNUT

You'll be braced by the very taste of **BOVRIL**

BOVRIL FOR HEALTH AND VITALITY

The Australian Women's Weekly

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

HOW TO BEHAVE

Posed by the Dionne "Quins"

ALL THE "QUINS" are well versed in the art of eating properly. Notice Yvonne's dainty table manner. She posed for this picture just to show you how pretty a little girl looks when she minds her manners.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ... By a Doctor

APPENDICITIS . . *Symptoms which are danger signals*

DOCTOR, my husband has had several severe attacks of pain which I think may be appendicitis. But he says he will not come to see you about it.

Why not, Mrs. Williams?

He says doctors are too fond of operating these days. If it is appendicitis, he says, there are other ways of curing it—for instance, olive oil treatment. Do you know anything of that method, doctor?

My answer to that, Mrs. Williams, is that there is no olive oil treatment for appendicitis any more than there is a wedding-ring massage treatment for styes or hiding the dish-rag under the porch to cure warts.

I do not mean to say that there are no such treatments practised, but they belong to witchcraft days.

What about a special diet?

Unfortunately, there isn't any dietetic treatment for appendicitis that, so far as we know, can be relied on.

But it's very important to know what to do, isn't it, doctor? I keep telling my husband that I have heard of people who have died because they have not undergone an operation for appendicitis soon enough.

Expert diagnosis

THERE are many such cases, Mrs. Williams. It is quite possible, of course, that your husband's pain is not due to the appendix at all, but he may easily be risking his life by not having an expert diagnosis.

Actually, there are only a few things that any family needs to know about appendicitis.

To begin with, it may occur to anybody, but is most likely to occur in young adult life—say, between the ages of 15 and 40.

Any acute abdominal pain may be appendicitis. Severe abdominal pain accompanied by diarrhoea probably isn't, but no acute abdominal condition should be neglected.

Does it always come on suddenly, doctor?

The pain is more often a vague discomfort at first, and is more often in the region of the stomach than of the appendix itself.

When it is accompanied by nausea, vomiting, constipation and fever, don't ask anybody's advice except the doctor's.

But what if there is no doctor available—during our coming holidays in the country, for instance?

If you are going to ask any advice except the doctor's when you have an abdominal upset, the safest thing to consult is a clinical thermometer. Shake it down and leave it under the tongue for two minutes. If you are running a temperature, call in your doctor.

You must remember that appendicitis is a very serious malady, and does not respond to amateur treatment.

Nobody without medical training is competent to give good advice in the case of this emergency.

What about the operation?

The doctor may decide to operate or he may decide not to operate. That depends on circumstances. Leave the judgment to him.

But a person would have to do SOMETHING, doctor!

Well, there are a number of important things NOT to do. They can all be summed by saying, "Do nothing." Do not give any food, any water, or anything else by mouth. Above all, do not give a purgative.

I would go further and say that you should not give a purgative in any acute digestive upset on your own advice or that of the neighbors.

If the upset is "indigestion," it will probably get well in the course of time without a purgative, or, if it doesn't, the purgative can be given later. If the trouble is anything organic, it will make it worse.

But are operations always necessary?

As I said, that is for the doctor to decide. There may be cases in which unskilled doctors have taken out an appendix unnecessarily, but such doctors are few and far between.

And is the operation serious?

Ordinarily it is not. There are thousands of people in Australia who have undergone the operation and their general health is far better for it.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Should baby cry much?

THIS is the question often asked by a harassed inexperienced young mother just home from hospital with her first babe.

The causes of crying should always be explored, and soon the young mother learns to distinguish her baby's cries.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a leaflet describing the various types of crying, and explaining probable causes. Readers interested can obtain a free copy of this leaflet by sending a request, together with a stamped addressed envelope, to the Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

THIS FLY

MAY HAVE COME STRAIGHT FROM THE **GARBAGE TIN** *to your* **BREAKFAST TABLE**

The Common Fly spells danger, and for safety's sake it must be killed.

Born and bred in refuse, feeding on unmentionable filth the fly is a living source of disease.

This is a menace too serious for cheap expedients—Get back to Fly-Tox.

Flies, Mosquitoes, Cockroaches—and all other insects and vermin must die if they are sprayed with Fly-Tox. Fly-Tox is more economical because it KILLS!

Back to.. **FLY-TOX**

IT KILLS *all* INSECTS

82.39.

End Rheumatism While You Sleep

If you suffer sharp stabbing pains, if joints are swollen, it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are **Backache, Aching Joints and Limbs, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Getting up Nights, Dizziness, Nervousness, Circles under Eyes, Burning, Itching Passages, Loss of Energy and Appetite and Frequent Headaches and Colds, Etc.** Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to soothe, tone and clean raw, sore, sick kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 3 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of health-destroying, deadly poisonous acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects from the ravages of disease-attack on the delicate filter organism, and stimulates the entire system.

Praised by Doctors, Chemists, and One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by Doctors and Chemists in 73 countries and by one-time sufferers from the troubles shown above. Mr. Roy Thomas Townsville, Queensland, recently wrote: "*My joints were all stiff. I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back.*"

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! **Now in 3 sizes—1/9, 4/-, 8/-.**

This is a *GUARANTEED* Remedy **Cystex** for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625652

AT PRE-WAR PRICES

BLANKETS & TOWELS

STOCKS MEAN LARGE SAVINGS

Buy a Bargain Bale now direct from the mills

Final Shipments have just arrived, direct from the Mills, at PRE-WAR Prices.

ORDER NOW!

Send Cheques, Money Orders or Postal Notes. All C.O.D. Orders must be accompanied by a deposit.

This Bargain Bale Contains:
2 Double Bed Size White Blankets, Whipped edges, extra soft quality.
3 Coloured "Jacquard" handy size Face Towels.
2 White "Admiralty" Towels, 48x21, thick, soft and excellent wearing.
1 Large Size, nicely coloured Supper Cloth.
2 Large Size Semi-Jacquard Pattern Terry Towels.
3 Medium weight, white face or hand Towels.
3 Good size linen finished Tea Towels.

ALL FOR 35/- POST FREE.

PLUS—FREE, but you must order NOW, 1 pr. Double Bed Sheets that are guaranteed three years' wear.

SYDNEY WHOLESALE LINEN CO.
78 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.
WW 18/11/39.

GET RID OF DANDRUFF

Dandruff is caused by tiny parasites which attack the scalp and kill the surface skin cells, frequently resulting in falling hair. Massage the scalp each night with Rexona Ointment and wash thoroughly every morning with Rexona Medicated Soap and warm water. This combined treatment soon kills the parasites and restores the scalp to that perfect health so necessary for the growth of new hair.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE NOW!

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin. Also extra large tins, three times the quantity for 3/-. REXONA MEDICATED SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs).

9.325.5Ba

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma ◆ Bronchitis ◆ Hay Fever

Some more exercises

FOR SLIMMING THE WAIST

THIS article by Prunella Stack, head of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, continues a series giving exercises every week for figure beauty and health improvement.

By PRUNELLA STACK (Lady Douglas Hamilton), World Leader of the Women's League of Health and Beauty.

THESE exercises are the same as those practised by members at the League's headquarters, London.

Last week's article of the exercise-series gave waist-slimming sequences.

To-day's exercises continue the sequence of "waist swinging," as it is called.

1. Clasp hands, and pull arms up over head (1, 2). Then swing body and arms forward, and bounce back of hands (still clasped) on floor (3, 4). Four times.

2. Feet a little further apart, swing arms forward (1) and down to sides and out to shoulder level (2). Then swing body forward, hands clasped behind knees, and pull head through legs twice (3, 4). Swing up to standing position and repeat. Four times.

3. Feet three inches apart again. Lift arms from side to overhead, head back (1, 2), then swing body forward and bounce palms, then backs of hands on floor (3, 4). Stand up, bringing arms in to side, and repeat. Eight times. Finish with "elephant" exercise as follows:—

4. Drop forward and walk on all fours in elephant style—palms of hands on floor, starting right hand, right leg, keeping knee straight, 8 forward, 8 back, and repeat.

The object of these exercises is a free relaxation of shoulders, arms, waist, and head, which proves most exhilarating. If properly done you should be able to do the last "elephant" exercise in this sequence with ease.

Exercise 1.

Exercise 2.

Exercise 3.

Exercise 4.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

● Here she is once more all ready to help you with your housework. She says:

TO avoid getting peg-marks on jersey silk underwear, thread old stockings, pyjamas girdles, or anything else suitable, through the garments and tie the girdles to the clothes line.

❖ ❖ ❖

YOU can save money on sheet-buying by getting unbleached sheets and bleaching them yourself this way: Put 1½ tablespoons turpentine into a copperful of water and boil the sheets. Rinse and dry in usual way, when the dressing and cream tone will have disappeared.

❖ ❖ ❖

NEXT time you use a tube of liquid glue, instead of inserting an ordinary pin in the top use a drawing-pin. Being shorter it never pierces the tube, and the flat top makes it much easier to remove next time you want to use the glue.

❖ ❖ ❖

PIGSKIN gloves are best washed first in warm, soapy water, then rinsed in clear tepid water. They should be dried off with a towel, and then left on another clean towel to dry thoroughly.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHEN making sponges beat the bicarbonate of soda with the eggs till frothy, then add and beat as usual. This makes them beautifully light.

❖ ❖ ❖

WHEN sticking down preserves always mix a little mustard and cayenne pepper with the paste. This keeps ants and mice away.

* * *

YOU can grow parsley in the kitchen this way: Soak a sponge in cold water for a couple of hours, remove and sprinkle with parsley seed. Hang up near the kitchen window, moisten each day, and soon it will be covered in green parsley, and always ready for use.

❖ ❖ ❖

CELLULOID knitting needles often become bent, and are difficult to use. When this occurs, pour hot water over them, or hold them in the steam of a kettle, and straighten with the fingers. Then plunge them into cold water to harden them.

❖ ❖ ❖

SPRINKLE the top of boiled starch with water as soon as it is made. This prevents a thick film forming on the top.

❖ ❖ ❖

TO freshen a raincoat and remove dirt and grease, rub all over with hot salt applied with a coarse piece of flannel.

❖ ❖ ❖

FOR cocoa stains, sponge at once with cold water; do not use hot water.

BEFORE using a mincing machine soak it for a few minutes in hot water. There will be no waste of food, and the machine will be much easier to clean.

❖ ❖ ❖

BOOTS and shoes, however damp, will polish in a few minutes if a little paraffin oil is added to the blacking. Also, it prevents the leather from cracking.

❖ ❖ ❖

TO clean windows quickly, rub with cloth moistened with equal parts of methylated spirit and kerosene previously shaken together in a bottle. This will clean and polish in one operation.

❖ ❖ ❖

IF your cooking salt-box is lined with white blotting-paper the salt will keep dry.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The LARGEST JAR.. The WHITEST CLEANER "NUGGET" CLEANS Every WHITE SHOE

You pay LESS for this LARGER jar of Nugget White—the finest cleaner for White Kid, Nu-Buck and Canvas.

wm3

BE SLIM AND ENERGETIC

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obesity cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot derange the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len O. Siggs, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collie, W.A., who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tabs at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed slimming Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 6 pkts., post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.***

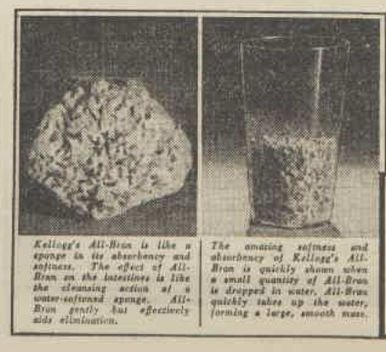
ARE YOU AGEING FASTER THAN YOUR HUSBAND?

HARSH LAXATIVES ruin your LOOKS... make you an old woman:

Struggling day after day against the overwhelming odds of a sluggish run-down system. Looking years older than you are—*and feeling older, too!* Harsh laxatives are at last taking their toll of your youth and beauty.

Here's the truth about constipation.

Harsh laxatives shock your system into action. Their day after day use ruins the natural peristaltic action of the bowels. Bowels become weak, flabby, and tired. Constipation is caused by lack of sufficient "bulk" in the diet. Kellogg's All-Bran is a generous source of this natural "bulk". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination. Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran daily, eaten as breakfast cereal with milk and sugar are usually sufficient. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.



Kellogg's All-Bran is like a sponge in its absorbency and softness. The effect of All-Bran on the intestines is like the cleansing action of a water-softened sponge. All-Bran gently but effectively aids elimination.

The amazing softness and absorbency of Kellogg's All-Bran is quickly shown when a small quantity of All-Bran is dropped in water. All-Bran quickly takes up the water, forming a large, smooth mass.

Kellogg's All-Bran

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625653

LONDON PRIDE (Saxifraga androsace) which makes a bright show in the window-box for months of the year. It can be grown with other flowering plants like sweet-alyssum, periwinkle, marigolds, and candytufts.

BOXES GROWN under awnings may be filled with succulents, such as the shorter types of cotyledons, a variety of which is pictured above; also the lovely red-flowering crassula cossinea and the dwarf kalanchoes.

COLEUS, like the variety pictured here, are popular for window-box gardening. There are quite a few types of coleus for window-boxes, their colorful foliage making an attractive disply for many months.

Little gardens in WINDOW-BOXES

ANYBODY who has a casement window, a sleep-out verandah, a wide sill or window shelf, can grow flowers of some kind in a flat or upstairs home.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER

FOR some reason or other, even a bit of greenery round a window seems to take off the coldness of the bare brick or stone walls, and gives an impression of comfort and well-being.

Nurserymen to-day are specialising in modern window-box making, and usually supply the fittings, such as wire, hooks, dowels and other gadgets for their safety.

Many of them, too, supply rich soil, and all will tell you what to plant, and when and how.

Good drainage is essential in window-boxes, for very few plants like soggy soil, and without drainage they soon die.

Having obtained a box, trough or pots filled with the necessary soil, one naturally asks what to plant.

Petunias are first favorites with some people, while others like phlox drummondii, cinerarias, lobelia and poppies.

Personally I prefer trailers to cover the front of the box, and in this respect I give first place to the red-flowering lotus.

Silver and red

THE foliage is silver and the red, tongue-like blooms last a long time.

Mesembryanthemums, particularly m. violacea and m. chamberlainii, provide great masses of bright color for months of the year on the sunny side of the house.

For big window-boxes of the more pretentious type, nertera depressa, which is profusely covered with yellow berries in summer, is suitable for a spot on the shady side.

Window-box gardeners who want variety can plant gazanias in the front row, with the blue-flowered stokesia just behind.

They can also try scabiosa columbaria as a background to gazanias, or plant silene martima rosea in front, or nierembergia rivularia, to drape the box, with pink heuchera or campanula pusilla (blue) at the back.

Cerastium is another trailer that can be used to cover the box.

For windows that see only the morning or late afternoon sun, the lovely scutellaria indica is a good draping plant, and dwarf red begonias make a good background.

I saw a lovely window-box recently on a sunny verandah, filled entirely with nepeta (catmint). This produces fragrant foliage and lavender colored flowers in profusion.

Cacti of many sorts can be grown in hot positions on the window, and mostly require poor sandy soil.

Dwarf or Tom Thumb azaleas make ideal pot or window-box plants, and if provided with plenty of moisture and shade during the heat of the summer will last for years.

For partially-shaded positions fuchsias, particularly the variety known as Tom Thumb, make a fine display for months.

Ivy-leafed geraniums are always popular for boxes and big pots, but they get very straggly after a year or two and need cutting back.

Learn This NEW Method of Plant Culture!

GROW TOMATOES, CAULIFLOWERS, BEANS, FLOWERS, ETC. *without SOIL!*

In actual illustration showing the increased yield obtainable from tomato plants treated with Terex Liquid Earth.

"Terex gave me a record-breaking crop last season," writes one professional gardener.

In America, England—in practically every country of the world—gardeners and garden-lovers are learning to grow tomatoes, beans, peas, lettuce, vegetables and flowers the NEW way—*without soil!*

No hard work, sturdier, healthier plants, heavier crops are some of the advantages of this amazing new *scientific method* of plant culture. LEARN ALL ABOUT IT by writing *to-day for your* copy of the wonderful free book written by an authority and describing this modern method of gardening. Costs you nothing. Leaves nothing out.

Tells you, too, all about Terex Liquid Earth, the remarkable new mineral fertiliser that is the first CORRECTLY BALANCED PLANT FOOD ever developed! Proven ideal for water culture and the most effective aid to rapid plant growth in lawns, flower beds, vegetable gardens, orchards, hothouses and rockeries, available at the present time. Sold by all seed merchants and nurserymen in 1 gallon jars, at 14/6 per gallon, each gallon making over 100 gallons of FERTILISING FLUID.

Free— *The first edition of the Terex handbook on Hydroponics (the science of water culture) has been limited to 5,000 copies. To get yours you MUST POST THE COUPON BELOW AT ONCE and mention the name of this paper.*

Terex LIQUID EARTH

A Perfectly Balanced PLANT FOOD

Terex Mineral Fertiliser Co.,
65 Bourke Street,
Waterloo.

I am interested in gardening subjects. Send me *free* your booklet on Hydroponics. Thank you.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Name of paper .....

T1—1118

Are Baby's pains due to a DELICATE STOMACH?

Every infant's stomach is easily upset. The finest soothing agent any mother can give her baby is Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia. When there is a tendency to acidity, or an attack of wind or colic, give Baby a teaspoonful or so of Dinneford's. In addition to its soothing effect it keeps the child regular. Get Dinneford's today. *Insist* on Dinneford's pure fluid Magnesia.

Be sure to give

DINNEFORD'S pure fluid MAGNESIA

Bland : Safe : Effective

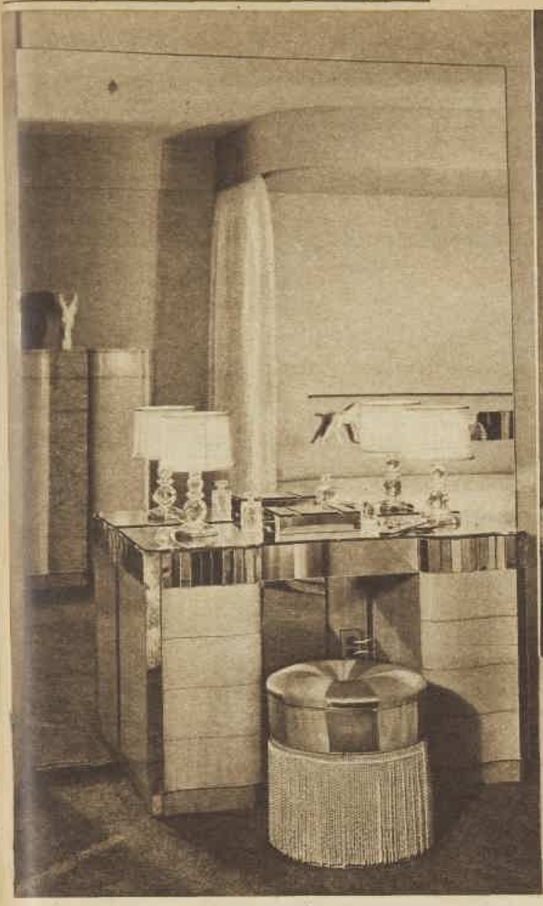
Do You Feel Bloated, Fat?

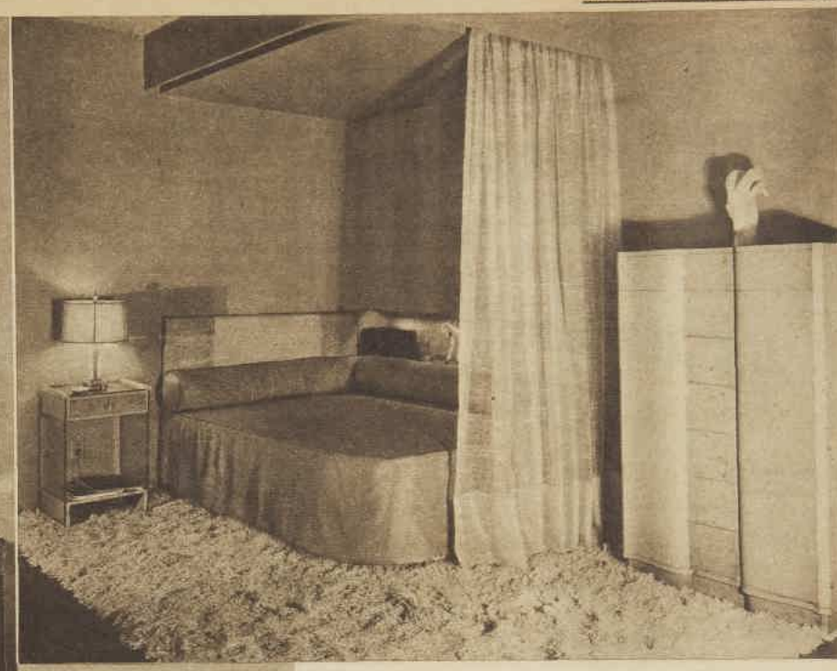
LOOK SALLOW AND BREATH BAD?

It is possible that you are constipated, and the digestive wastes are accumulating, and your system is absorbing them. That is why you are feeling depressed and gaining unhealthy fat; why you now suffer sick headaches, bilious attacks, bad breath, and blemishes on your complexion.

Disperse constipation by taking Pinkettes and regain freshness, lose that bloated appearance, feel alert and happy. Pinkettes are ideal for men and women suffering the unhealthy symptoms of congested food tract and liver. These little pills painlessly exercise and strengthen the bowels, do not gripe or purge, and are perfectly harmless. Get a bottle to-day and keep free from constipation, listlessness, and unhealthy fat. At chemists and stores. 1/3 bottle.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625654





ABOVE: This modern bedroom shown at a New York exhibition features a bed built in the curved corner, beneath an architectural plaster canopy.

LEFT: The dressing-table is mirror-topped, and backed by a large expanse of mirrored wall, giving additional light and effect of space to the room.

So you want an

ULTRA-MODERN BEDROOM!

● Then perhaps you would like the exhibition room pictured here in a color scheme of deep wood rose, ashes of roses, and egg-shell blue.

MODERN simplicity is not only a matter of straight lines and starkness. That "hospital" look in decorating is no longer favored. Nowadays decorators retain the best features of the "back to essentials" movement in furnishing, but incorporate beauty at the same time.

The room pictured here was shown at a recent New York exhibition and was designed by Virginia Conner, noted American decorator.

She worked on the idea of a room with a curved corner instead of the traditional right angle, and the lines of the bed, carpet and sofa follow the arc of the corner.

The color scheme is deep wood rose, ashes of roses, and egg-shell blue, and these are used in the walls, curtains, draperies and floor.

Wood rose is the shade of the luxurious broadloom carpet, and the curved furred rug on which the bed stands is in the paler shade.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

The bed, placed in the corner, stands beneath an architectural plaster canopy built into the ceiling.

Directly above the bed is an illuminated corner niche for books and ornaments.

Lighting in the room (except the bedside lamp) is indirect, and comes from a perpendicular column (the edge of which can be glimpsed at left of the dressing-table), and niches in the walls.

A large expanse of mirrored wall is placed behind the mirror-topped dressing table, giving an effect of luxurious simplicity. The mirror makes the room seem even larger and lighter than it is. In front of the table is a fringed satin hassock in two shades of rose.

Diagonally opposite the bed (but not shown in the illustrations) is a chaise longue, built on gracefully curved lines, and with a glass-topped coffee table arranged before it.

SOLPAH that BATHROOM FLOOR!

Splash-Proof! Wears Like Iron!

A quick coat of Solpah and you've got a bathroom floor that's always shining! Solpah is absolutely waterproof. Choose from fifteen lovely colors to match any bathroom scheme

Every shop that sells paint sells **SOLPAH**

FREE Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney.

Please send me your NEW BOOK ON KITCHENS—packed with color schemes for everything from kitchen walls and doors to canisters and chairs. I enclose 2d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name .....

Address .....

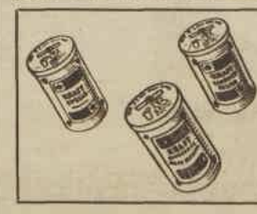
A.19.

LOOK! GAY NEW DESIGNS IN KRAFT RE-USABLE Swanky-Swig GLASSES

YOU SERVE FROM THEM — **YOU CAN DRINK FROM THEM**

♥♦♣♠ You know how delicious and convenient Kraft spreads are for sandwiches, savouries and salads—there's Kraft Cheese Spread, rich flavoured and golden — Kraft Sandwich Relish, deliciously zestful and different — mellow-mixed Kraft Mayonnaise to make the simplest salad taste exciting.

And now you get all three of these Kraft delicacies in brand new Swanky-Swig glasses, patterned with diamonds, hearts, spades or clubs. Start on your collection right away . . . the spreads are so tasty, the glasses are so smart. When empty you'll find dozens of household uses for them!



Kraft Cheese Spread and **Kraft Sandwich Relish** in 5 oz. Swanky-Swig glasses. **Kraft Mayonnaise** in 5 and 8 oz. Swanky-Swig glasses. Each glass has a pattern of red hearts or diamonds, black spades or clubs. And when empty, you can use them again and again. See them at your grocers now.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625655

"YOU HAVE A GOOD LINE DARLING, BUT YOUR JANTZEN LINES ARE BETTER"

Her loveliness is enhanced by Jantzen's Slimliner (Style 45), of exquisite Velva-Sheen tailored with vertical lines for extra figure flattery. A shirred brassiere! A "V" neckline! A quarter skirt! 32/6.

That's Suede-Sheen in his Jantzen Half-Skirt trunks (Style 20). It's a super de luxe trunk that any he-man can wear without blushing. Not satiny, but there's a quiet gleam to it. There's Lastex yarn in the weave to provide 2-way stretch. 25/-.

Rich as velvet
Sleek as satin
Light as nothing at all

Jantzen's new wrinkle free fabric VELVA-SHEEN

CAN you imagine a soft, superfine, silky chenille knitted with Lastex yarn? Then that's Velva-Sheen — the exquisite fabric that wraps you in Jantzen's supreme glamour. Only Jantzen has it — and Jantzen gives it to you in suits of telling simplicity. Figure control. Uplift. Wrinkle-free, shimmering smoothness. Every line at its youthful best. Slip into the glamour of Jantzen's Velva-Sheen at all smart stores. In gorgeous, sun-loving colours at 32/6 and 35/-. See them to-day!

MORE GLAMOUR. Also see Jantzen's classic knits. Flattering new fabrics to choose from. 21/- to 27/6. And Jantzen's exciting "Knit-in" designs combining acetate rayon, Lastex yarn and Jantzen's famous knit that gives you perfect, permanent fit. 25/- and 27/6.

Jantzen

(Australia) Limited, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625656

To be completed in two issues.

MURDER IN SWITZERLAND

PUBLIC LIBRARY
15 NOV 1939
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

PART 1

By Edmund Snell ★

SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Australian Women's Weekly NOVEL, November 18, 1939.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625657

Murder in Switzerland

PART 1

By EDMUND SNELL

"HULLO! Moving?"

The pretty, rather painted girl in the doorway stared open-mouthed from the lean, athletic figure of James Janyon in shirt-sleeves to the wreck of what had once been the last word in chic bachelor apartments. Costly carpets, once the envy of Janyon's light-hearted friends and acquaintances, now lay neatly rolled and fastened with cord. The black-and-chromium furniture had been heaped centrally. Some of this, too, was corded. In a corner a lonely relic in a vast ocean of polished parquet, an eighty-guinea radiogram played softly the "Valse Macabre."

"Behold," said Janyon, sliding forward a chair, "the end of an idle dream. This afternoon rude fellows in baize aprons will remove from Maddison Gardens all the glory that was once James Janyon's. Jolly glad to see you, all the same. Sit down and have a cocktail—and a cigarette."

Pam Holton sat down, helped herself from the gold case Janyon held out, and held the cigarette in the pallid flame of his lighter. Her dyed fingernails steadied themselves against his. "You're either drunk or mad," she declared presently.

"Neither," Janyon retorted. "Broke."

"My dear, you can't mean that."

Across the room the automatic stop of the radio functioned, followed by a startling silence. Janyon closed a door of the cocktail cabinet with his knee, carried a glass to where Pam was sitting, and sighed. "The halls where Janyon gloried and drank deep! Here's looking at you, Pam. It's definitely the last, so make the most of it. Frankly, I'm not sorry. I've been going to the dogs for months, and now the old boy has got on his hind legs and sent his ultimatum. It's here somewhere," he pursued, fumbling in a pocket. "Handle it very carefully because I intend to frame it—when I can afford a frame."

"My dear James" (she read aloud),

"Reports of your conduct have reached my ears, even out here——"

"Waziristan," Janyon interposed informatively. "The old boy's busy suppressing the Fakir of something-or-other. Sixty-three, and still fighting!"

"We'll talk about that later," said Pam firmly. "Here, we read on:

"I can hardly say you have been a credit to me. Far from it. I am prepared to admit it has been partly my fault. I was reared in a hard school, and hoped, in your case, such a thing would prove unnecessary. Experience has shown that I was wrong. Either you are a fool or determined not to try. I leave that for you to decide. Your allowance will continue for precisely a month from the time this letter reaches you. After that time it ceases altogether. You must work out your own salvation. I enclose some letters of introduction which I trust may help.

"Your affectionate father,
"JOHN JANYON."

"Brief, but to the point," said Janyon.

"My dear, how absolutely hateful!"

"Not at all." He replaced the letter in its envelope and returned it to his pocket. "The old boy's perfectly right. I'm a washout, a man gifted with health and strength and an expensive education drifting slowly but surely into the lounge-lizard class."

"Lounge-lizards don't play Rugger," objected Pamela.

"My one saving grace!"

Pam walked to the window and remained there, looking down into the street. "Wonder who the interfering busybody was that wrote to him?"

"You think somebody did?"

"Of course. My dear man, we live in a wonderful age, but telepathy hasn't been developed to quite that pitch. Take it from me, Jimmy, that information wasn't passed on through any charitable motives. Some nasty, unscrupulous female's at the bottom of it all. And now, of course, you're done for, and she's bubbling over with self-righteousness. I'd like to wring her neck!"

"Why not a man?" asked Janyon. "We know some pretty priceless outsiders."

"Have some intelligence. Men don't write letters—not that sort of letter, anyway." She came back towards him. "I'm frightfully sorry, Jimmy. Can't I help?"

"Afraid not."

"What are you going to do about it?" She paused in front of him—a neat, attractive little person, brown-haired, brown-eyed, and sympathetic. Her red lips pouted. "You might have let me know sooner. We only got back from Paris yesterday—for all I could get out of the crowd you might have been dead."

"The old Janyon is dead, buried—rotting, I hope, as he deserves. You needn't be sorry for him, Pam—I'm not." He put an arm round her shoulders. "That letter I showed you is three weeks old. I had a couple of days of livid hell, and then set about looking for something to do. First, I delivered those letters of introduction personally. Everybody tremendously friendly, particularly a bloke at the Foreign Office who'd known the old man in Burma. For his sake I was lunched and dined and generally made a fuss of; but as soon as I turned the conversation to a job everybody appeared to lose interest.

"Then I began running through advertisements in 'The Telegraph and Post.' I needn't bore you with details; but if you want to have a perfect realisation of your own shortcomings, that's the surest and the quickest way. Do I speak any languages? Yes—French, German, and Italian, all indifferently. Can I write them with any sort of efficiency? I can't even spell decently in English. What examinations have I passed? None, to speak of. Where was I last employed?"

Pam nodded gravely.

"So you drew a blank?"

"Not quite. I might yet have a cut at the Air Force or the police. On the other hand, without having the bugbear of examinations before me, two glittering opportunities already dangle before my eyes: (a) gent in uniform outside West End movie-house, and (b) door-to-door traveller with new vacuum-cleaner, on commission basis only."

"Jimmy!" Pam clung to his arm. "You couldn't possibly."

"Couldn't I? I washed dishes for a week in the basement of a particularly foul restaurant in Soho. I'd be there now, only the proper dishwasher recovered from flu and came back."

"My poor dear!"

"Don't sympathise too deeply or I shall burst into tears. I earned twenty-seven shillings and sixpence, with three-and-fourpence deducted for breakages. I used to crawl back here, sprawl out in all this tawdry splendor and just laugh my head off. One night, in a perfectly crazy mood, I went to the desk and wrote a note to Sir Geoffrey Greatham, the old man's pal at the F.O. 'Please don't bother any more. I've found my metier. If ever you are tempted to eat at the Piccolo Ponente, take my tip—and don't, I wash the plates there, and I know.'"

"You didn't?" Pam burst into a fit of laughter, hooked Janyon's case from his waistcoat and smoked again. "How perfectly priceless! Did you get a reply?"

He shook his head. "Not a syllable. I expect the dear old chap was peeved—"

"Hush!" said Pam suddenly. "What was that?"

Janyon listened.

"Sounds like the telephone in the other room. That's odd. It was cut off on Thursday."

The bell rang again—a continuous, imperative summons.

"Go on." Pam pushed him violently towards the door. "Answer it. See who it is. If it's a creditor, alter your voice and regret that Mr. James Janyon is temporarily out of town. It may be a job. One never knows."

He shook his head.

"There's a catch in it somewhere."

"All right. If you won't, I will." In a flash she had left the room, leaving the intervening door wide open. Janyon followed, hands in pockets, jingling small

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625658

MURDER IN SWITZERLAND

change. He paused abruptly. Pamela was signalling violently for a pencil. He dropped one and a used envelope by the machine.

"Yes . . .? Mr. Janyon is in now . . . his —er—secretary speaking . . . Shall I call him to the phone . . . ? Very well." Pam had picked up the pencil and was scribbling swiftly. "Keep to-night open . . . Yes . . . Expect important packet by messenger about five o'clock . . . Please follow instructions to the letter . . . I've got all that. Who is it please?" . . . She shook the receiver and listened again. "They've rung off." She wrinkled her forehead at Janyon.

"Of course."

"Why, of course? It doesn't make sense."

"In other words, it's a hoax."

Pam flushed, which under her make-up showed just a pallid pink. "Jimmie, pull yourself together. You know what's the trouble with you? Working in that foul kitchen has given you an inferiority complex. Who in the world is going to hoax you over a telephone that was cut off last Thursday? No, my poor deluded youth, it was somebody from your Foreign Office pal."

"Greatham?"

"Who else, do you suppose? You wrote that note to him on your headed paper?"

"Naturally."

"Then that explains everything." She went over to the radiogram, fell on her knees before the container, and began running through records. "Now listen here, Jimmy—you've got to pull yourself together and listen to reason. When I blew in just now you were cheerfully resigned to the worst, and that's hopeless." Rising suddenly, she took the "Valse Macabre" disc to the window, opened the casement, and deliberately threw it out. "You're lunching with me at one, at Ciro's; the furniture people have got to be stalled for another day, and I'm going to be here to see you wait in for that messenger."

"I say!" Janyon, in an effort to save the record, shot forward ten seconds too late. "Well, of all the destructive——"

She caught his arm.

"Don't look. It's hit somebody." She drew back sharply, trying to remember something about higher mathematics. "Jimmy, if you drop a penny from the Eiffel Tower—— No, it's all right. Only his hat. A little, square, bearded man. Might be Polish. He seemed to be waiting on the steps."

"Dun," said Janyon gloomily. "We'll have to go out by the fire-stairs. Bit airy, but frightfully exclusive."

Pamela clasped him excitedly.

"He's coming in!"

"What?"

Her head nodded confirmation.

Janyon peered out, but could see nothing except an errand-boy with a large basket and a permanent whistle who had stopped on the pavement and was examining some dark fragments by the steps.

And just at that moment the bell rang.

"MR.—JAMES—JANYON?"

The visitor peered at the visiting-card in the brass frame outside to make sure.

"His man, sir," Janyon returned, bowing stiffly. "Mr. Janyon is out, I'm afraid. This young lady is also waiting to see him. Was it—er—anything very urgent?"

The stranger stared at Janyon suspiciously, drew in a deep breath which seemed to shake his whole body, and came a few steps into the room.

He was rather taller than Pamela had implied. The breadth of his shoulders was immense, supporting an enormous head, bronzed and wearing a luxurious growth of wild black hair. He wore a brown suit of distinctly foreign cut, and a heavy overcoat with the sleeves dangling rested loosely on his shoulders. In one of his gloved hands he carried the wide-brimmed black felt hat of an artist with a noticeable hiatus between the brim and the crown; in the other a portion of gramophone record.

Pam glanced up demurely.

"Quite a nice morning, don't you think?"

The large head turned slowly; equally slowly a deep, guttural voice boomed in the dismantled room.

"Who is that woman?" demanded the large man aggressively.

"A friend of Mr. Janyon's, sir."

"And why is this room like this?"

"Er—a slight eccentricity on the part of Mr. Janyon, sir. On odd days we have the carpets down, on even days we have them rolled." Catching sight of the agonised features of Pamela partly screened by a handkerchief, Janyon bit his lip to keep from laughing. A large felt hat suddenly pitched on the floor at his feet brought him to his senses with a jerk.

"Do you think I shall wear that again?"

"I really couldn't say, sir."

"We might stitch it for you," Pam suggested from a distance. "If you'd care to sit down a minute . . ."

The stranger bowed with exaggerated politeness. "Madam, I am not in the habit of wearing stitched hats, although no doubt it is very charming of you to suggest it. In any case, I am accustomed to dealing with principals and not with servants." He turned to Janyon. "You will please to give your master that hat and also this." The fragment of disc joined the hat at Janyon's feet. The stranger produced a card, scribbled something and held it out. "You will please to explain to your master how and why I have narrowly escaped injury and instruct him to ring up that number I have written. Good morning."

The door-handle was wrenched from Janyon's hand in his visitor's haste to depart.

"We'd much rather pay now," Pam called, running forward. "It was purely an accident, and we're very sorry about it. You see——"

Before she could get there the door had slammed—and their extraordinary visitor had gone.

Janyon opened it again and picked up the hat, intending to send it spinning over the banisters after its owner. Pam snatched it and looked inside. "Aluminium initials," she cried. "O.L. . . . Oh, 'ell! I say, that's rather funny—or isn't it?"

"Oscar Leverson—City 0414." Janyon read from the card. "What was it—a Polish Jew? I shouldn't care to start a row with him on a dark night. And now what are we going to do? I shall have to ring up as my own master from some call-box and ask the damage. We can't have him blowing back here."

"Why worry? The address is bound to be in the telephone-book. Send a money order or something. Thirty shillings ought to cover it." She ran into the next room, returning a few minutes later, turning over pages. "Now, that's odd! He isn't in!"

"Quite a lot of people aren't. It saves being rung up by people you don't want."

"You may be right; but I feel it in my bones there's something queer about Mr. Oscar Leverson. And don't ask me why, because I just couldn't explain."

Janyon shrugged and picked up his hat. Oscar Leverson's loomed rather prominently where Pamela had placed it—on the top of a roll of Wilton carpet, giving the ensemble the appearance of an emaciated Guy Fawkes. There was no sign of Leverson as they went out into the street. The sun was bright and the air still keen with the memory of winter. Janyon buttoned his jacket; conscious of Pamela tripping along beside him, he was thankful he still possessed one decent suit. People living at the rate he had lived didn't submerge all of a sudden.

During lunch Pamela was in great form. They were back again in the old swim, and he felt she wanted him to think he had never been away.

They passed a couple of hours in St. James' Park, looking at waterfowl and daffodils. But when they returned to the flat at 4.45 something very curious had happened. The sitting-room was precisely as they had left it, so far at least as property was concerned. The lock apparently had not been tampered with. The windows of that select third-floor apartment offered little opportunity to a daylight cat-burglar. Something, however, was missing, something which could not have been removed by any other than human means.

It was Pam who noticed it first.

"The hat's gone!" she announced in an awed whisper.

"Nonsense! It must have fallen somewhere."

But it hadn't. Even though they crawled on hands and knees and peered in the most unlikely places, the missing headgear of Mr. Oscar Leverson obstinately declined to oblige. More than that, the fragment of record and the visiting-card Janyon had left carelessly on the cocktail cabinet had both completely disappeared.

THE bell rang with startling suddenness at 5 o'clock, bringing Janyon to his feet. He stood for some moments hesitant, thinking perhaps it wasn't the expected visitor at all, but Pam, having forgotten something and returning to look for it. The movements on the other side of the closed door didn't sound like hers. Janyon was aware of a restless fidgeting on his threshold, something like an overcoat brushing against wood, and a sharp, rasping cough.

He cast a final look about the room. Instinctively his hands shot to his tie, made a last movement over his smooth, very fair hair. There was a certain clamminess between his clothes and his skin, not attributable to nerves but to unwonted energy expended at Pam's suggestion. Between them they had unrolled a carpet and removed others out of sight. Most of the furniture was back in its original place. The flat had the air again of being lived in.

The bell rang for a second time as he turned the latch. Almost before he was aware, the visitor was in the room beside him—a strange, spare, medium-sized fellow, with canary-colored hair and moustache, a pallid, unhealthy complexion, and a large fleshy nose turned sideways, as if it had been broken at some time and indifferently set. The eyes were pale, almost colorless, and oddly magnified by enormous spectacles with grey-tinted rims. He wore a close-fitting grey suit and spats; the hard hat in his left hand looked new, as did the neatly folded raincoat over his arm.

"Lawyer," thought Janyon suddenly, and wondered for a moment if his mysterious caller's reticence on the telephone had an-

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625659

other and unexpected reason—in short, whether the troops in Waziristan had had a reverse and his father's name was prominent in the casualty list.

"Mr. James Janyon?"

"Yes."

"You have been expecting me." The stranger closed the door himself, pushed over the night-latch and deposited hat, coat and dispatch-case on the nearest chair. "Nobody here but yourself, of course?"

"Not a soul." Janyon suppressed a smile. The man's voice was throaty, almost a croak, his manner dry, businesslike to a degree. Still standing by the door, he watched the other vanish into his bedroom and guessed from the length of his absence that he had satisfied himself there were no eavesdroppers in the second bedroom, the bathroom or the kitchen. "Good!" He reappeared as suddenly as he had gone, came back to the dispatch-case, unlocked it, and began spreading miscellaneous articles on a table. "No—er—secretary, Mr. Janyon?"

"Secretary?" Janyon raised his eyebrows, remembered and burst out laughing. "Oh! the one who answered the telephone. Just a girl-friend, and I don't want you to draw any wrong conclusions from that. But for her I can assure you I should have regarded the whole affair as a hoax and not been fiers to receive you, Mr——?"

"Raggett's my name." The visitor blew his nose violently, and Janyon noticed suddenly the middle finger of his left hand was permanently bent over at the first joint. He had drawn up a chair to the table, and already the room had become transformed into an office, with the extraordinary Mr. Raggett as the managing director and Janyon a very junior and inexperienced clerk.

"A good memory, Mr. Janyon?"

"Fair, I think."

"H'm! It'll have to be better than that. There's a code here you'll have to memorise and destroy. Don't carry it about with you. Leave it in some place of safety. This cardboard box contains an automatic pistol, unloaded as yet. The cartridges you will find in the larger box. You have used one of these?"

"I can shoot, if that's what you mean?"

"Sit down," commanded Mr. Raggett abruptly, pointing to one of Janyon's chromium chairs.

Janyon sat. Again Mr. Raggett blew his nose with a sort of flourish and tucked the spotless handkerchief into his jacket. Again Janyon noticed a peculiarity. Raggett carried his neat gold wrist-watch on the inside of his wrist.

"A friend of your father's, who shall remain nameless, has made it his business to have your movements closely watched." For the first time since his arrival Mr. Raggett smiled. "You will have known nothing about this. We have our methods. However, you will understand more of this later on. Suffice it to say that our mutual acquaintance—suppose we call him Mr. X?—is satisfied we can employ you."

Raggett's large nose had dropped. He was turning papers again, apparently unconscious of Janyon's flushed face and the expression of utter incredulity for which this last statement had been responsible.

"Your normal scale of remuneration will be that," he announced, underlining a typewritten figure with pencil. "It will be paid into your bank monthly. Which is your bank?"

Janyon told him. He was still treading on clouds.

"Good!" Raggett was writing in his queer, crabbed hand. "You will incur expenses. Those accounts you will send to the address you see written here. You do not apply in person. Such information as you may have to impart also goes to that address, in code, directed to 'T. Ambrose, Esq.,' as you see here, and signed 'Twenty-two.' That, I think, is quite clear." The speaker sat back, stretching his legs. "You are an uncommonly lucky man, Mr. Janyon. If your application had arrived at any other moment, if indeed your antecedents had been unknown to Mr. X . . ." Mr. Raggett waved an eloquent hand.

"I hope you will express my gratitude to Mr. X.," Janyon said eagerly, "and assure him I'll do my best not to let him down."

Raggett apparently had not been listening. His queer, almost expressionless face was tilted towards the ceiling. "We were precisely one man short, Mr. Janyon. He died mysteriously, from supposed heart-failure, in Switzerland just a week ago today."

"Supposed heart-failure?" Janyon frowned.

"I understand the Swiss doctors diagnosed it as that. He died, poor fellow, on a funicular, some fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above sea-level." Raggett's pencil drummed on the table. "Your heart's all right, I suppose, Mr. Janyon?"

"Sound as a drum, thanks. You mean that heart business was a fake? He was bumped off?"

Raggett's eyes left the ceiling. "Never accept cigarettes or drinks from strangers," he asserted with sudden emphasis. "You won't find that advice so easy to follow as it sounds. Distrust sometimes even your best friends, yet always appear to them easy, natural, a man of the world. Above all, remember that exceedingly neat automatic over there on the table is to be regarded as the soldier regards his emergency ration."

"Iron ration," Janyon corrected, smiling faintly. Under that name the simile was perfect. Almost imperceptibly Raggett's mood had changed. He had become less abrupt, one would almost have said "fatherly." And yet they did not seem to Janyon to be getting much for'arder. Greatham was employing him. He was to be well remunerated; within limits apparently he was trusted not to swindle his employer in the matter of expenses.

He was replacing soome poor devil who had been taken off his guard. By whom?

Raggett hadn't yet said. He had drawn a small round object from a pocket, the size of a sixpence, black in color and curiously perforated. In the near distance it looked flat—a black scarab with a thin bright line scratched round the rim. Janyon drew his chair closer and at that moment the other let the thing fall on to his pile of documents.

It spun for some seconds like a small top. He reached over and touched it, and instinctively drew his fingers away. It was not a beetle, nor was it flat. Either it was cunningly carved or produced on a machine by the thousand. It was difficult to tell. Whichever way it was, it was a black spider, slightly convex above and below, so that whichever way it fell it rocked.

Raggett stirred it again. It appeared to amuse him.

"Among other things, we must know the meaning of this," he said. "It was found clasped in the hand of the man who died on the funicular. You notice a couple of links of extraordinarily fine chain—too fine, I think, to have been worn by a man."

Janyon started. "You mean you think a woman murdered him?"

Raggett made a clicking noise with his tongue against his teeth. "That is a term, my young friend, our department never employs. We are playing a very complicated game, with many curious pieces. We take, we checkmate; but we do not—murder." Once more he was back in the old brusque, businesslike mood. The spider had returned to his pocket. He glanced covertly at the watch on the inside of his wrist. If Janyon's attention had not been focused on the bent finger he would never have noticed that glance.

"Well, Janyon, to business. Already you have seen the sign of the spider. Perhaps, who knows, you may help us find him. He has many aliases, as many as he has passports. Or it may be a 'she' . . ." Raggett drew a newspaper from beneath the heap—a small weekly periodical Janyon remembered having seen on bookstalls. It was headed in large letters the "Static." "You know this, of course? You will also have heard of Lady Blanche Coldwaltham, its wealthy and, so many say, eccentric sponsor." He drew Janyon's attention to a paragraph outlined in blue pencil.

FOG TO ORDER!

Immense Value in Time of War.
British Government Cold-shoulders Swiss Scientist.

The letterpress below was hardly enlightening, being merely a tirade against the Prime Minister and his honorable colleagues. There was, however, one significant phrase at the bottom: "The 'Static' steps in."

"Into what?" Janyon looked into the pale, magnified eyes of Raggett for enlightenment.

The latter now had two squares of pasteboard between his fingers and was drawing them to and fro across his knuckles. "Lady Coldwaltham has invited you, Mr. Janyon, and friend to a reception and dance at Coldwaltham House to-night. When you and your friend arrive you will be handed gas-masks——"

"Gas-masks?"

Raggett inclined his head. "You needn't be alarmed. The "Static" and Lady Coldwaltham, are anxious for the public to become gas-conscious—as distinct from gas-unconscious . . ."

Janyon was aware of something like a shock. Raggett, this extraordinary canary, had made a joke!

"We have to discover what the 'Static's' stepping-in implies, and where exactly it is going to lead. The masks, we have reason to believe, are purely imitations, modelled on the lines of the type to be supplied to the general public. They will be worn by everybody present, and at times to be given out when you arrive." Raggett produced a notebook in which photographs had been neatly pasted. "You may notice this man there—he is working with us. This other is Professor Dutoit, a Swiss, the inventor referred to in that article. I myself will be there, and will sign to you if I want you." Raggett closed the book and began packing documents back in the dispatch-case. As he came to his feet, unseen at that moment either by himself or Janyon, a small white square fluttered to the carpet, where it remained, hidden by the table.

Janyon rose too.

"What exactly are you afraid of?" he demanded.

Raggett swallowed, picked up his hat and coat and prepared to depart. "Professor Etienne Dutoit may be there: he may even have been persuaded to try out his invention. If that is so, the Spider may be there. . . . All sorts of extraordinary things may

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625660

happen. That, Janyon, is what comes of living in a free country." His eyes lit up suddenly with a strange light. "In some countries we know, Janyon, this jamboree would not take place. Lady Blanche Coldwaltham, with all her millions, would be made to disappear. Good afternoon."

The door opened and closed again. The mysterious Mr. Raggett, his immaculate hard hat, his spats, were all gone. Footsteps echoed outside and were gone too. Watching from the window Janyon saw his visitor enter a closed saloon, as sleek and respectable as himself. It moved away with a barely audible throbbing of pistons, as if even their functions formed some deep secret.

Janyon went back to the table, to the gun in its cardboard package, the cartridges, passport, the documents Raggett had left behind, to be memorized and destroyed. All marked "Very Secret." He glanced through them and presently locked them in a drawer. His brain was too much in a whirl to begin studying.

He picked up the tickets. One was addressed to him by name; in the blank space on the other he filled in "Miss Pamela Holton."

His fountain-pen swept across the polished surface by his sleeve, disappeared over the edge. He dived to recover it, and almost stunned himself with the force in which his head came back against the table.

A small photograph, such as he had seen in Raggett's notebook, lay face uppermost on the carpet; but it was not the portrait of Professor Dutoit, nor the colleague he was to look for at Lady Coldwaltham's reception. He carried it to the window, thinking there must be some mistake.

Mistake there was none; food for thought, enough and to spare—for the portrait that stared at him from that oblong of paper was that of Oscar Leverson, his strange caller of the morning!

And Pam had noticed him loitering in the entrance a long while before the incident of the record. Why? And for what purpose? Not one of Raggett's very discreet spies, surely? But Raggett must have brought the photograph with him: it had not been there when Pam and he had moved the furniture. On which side, then, was Oscar Leverson? And why, if it came to that, had Raggett omitted to draw attention to him?

JANYON stopped the taxi before arriving at Cadogan Square. With Pamela chattering brightly beside him he completed the distance to Coldwaltham House on foot.

The scene that met his eyes was amazing. A canopy had been erected outside and a red carpet stretched across the pavement for the convenience of guests, whose cars moved at barely walking pace, hampered at intervals by crowds of eager sightseers drawn to the spot by recently published articles in the "Static."

Police reinforcements were at that moment pouring up, to assist those already on the scene in coping with an unlooked-for emergency. The task of sorting genuine ticket-holders from mere lookers-on was already in progress. With just that degree of tact and easy tolerance peculiar to their race and calling they were gently but firmly easing the pressure from the front entrance on either side of which enormous posters had been erected, bearing the legend:

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!
NO NEED FOR WAR!
READ TO-MORROW'S "STATIC."

Janyon's lips framed an ironic smile. As Raggett had said, such a thing was only possible in a free country.

"Don't let's go in yet," Pam suggested. "Let's stop here and watch the fun."

He put an arm round her and drew back against the railings. "You're not going to queer my first job, are you?"

"I'm not queering anything. What exactly are you—are we supposed to do?"

"Keep our mouths shut and our eyes wide open."

"What for, exactly?"

"I don't know quite."

Pam subsided, content apparently with watching at first hand something the papers would be full of in the morning. Janyon was equally silent and conscious of having voiced a plain and incontestable statement of fact. He had only the vaguest notion of why he was there at all. He had thought it out while scrambling into evening dress and come to the final conclusion this was a try-out, with Raggett and the agent whose picture he had been shown a sort of select selection committee.

Mounted constables were appearing in the square, and the crowd was being dispersed in earnest. They were alone by the railings now. It was dark at last—it had crept upon them almost unnoticed. The line of cars, too, had thinned appreciably.

Pam jumped at the pressure of his fingers on her arm.

"I was looking at that extraordinary creature going up the steps. Did you notice? Just in front of that woman in that ghastly tiara. Fancy wearing a gas-mask and a tiara! An extraordinary little man, like a slug, one of those large yellow slugs . . ."

"Better be going in now," Janyon suggested, preparing to cross. He had recognised the man long before Pam had pointed him out. It was Raggett, immaculate as ever, defiantly carrying off that ridiculous canary moustache.

"Who do you think he is?" she inquired. "A reporter?"

"Never 'eard of im," laughed Janyon untruthfully. "Come on."

"Look out!" shrilled Pamela suddenly, and caught his arm.

A large, hired saloon had just passed them at a shade above the legal thirty. Before they could gain the pavement a second saloon, all streamline and stagger, bore down on them in a blur of chromium and lights.

With a faint scream Pamela tripped and fell.

Janyon caught her in time, lurched to avoid the slowly approaching bumper, and somehow deposited her safely on the pavement. Swinging round to remonstrate with the driver for his carelessness, he caught the blurred vision of a face grinning at him through the windscreen.

The grin annoyed him more perhaps than was necessary. The sight of Pamela ruefully examining a torn frock annoyed him more. Acting on the impulse of the moment, he shot to the open window and smashed a straight right into the upturned collar of an overcoat.

His fist met a hairy chin more effectively than he would ever have believed. The driver collapsed with a grunt over the wheel, and somewhere inside the car a woman uttered a squeal of indignation and horror—not so much at Janyon apparently, but at the fact they were still in gear, and the accelerator pedal, suddenly and unintentionally depressed, had sent the car leaping forward into the back of the hired saloon.

Pam had gripped Janyon's arm and was holding it tightly. "Now you've done it, my lad!" she whispered. "This is where we run!"

Janyon knew better.

"Keep still," he muttered. "Try to look unconcerned."

"What? With that?" Her voice rose to a scream.

The crash had happened. Both cars, hopelessly interlocked, formed a blunt arrowhead, their contingent wheels on the pavement.

People were screaming, shouting . . . A powdered footman had run down the carpeted stairs to look . . . Policemen's helmets, crowds of them, approached in dark silhouette . . . A lump lifted slowly in Janyon's throat. Smoke was pouring from the foremost car. He thought for the moment it was on fire. And then, with a suddenness that seemed impossible, he found everything blotted out . . . the cars, the canopy, surrounding buildings, police . . .

"What on earth is it?" came Pam's voice feebly. She had managed to drag him backwards some few feet. They stood now under one of Lady Coldwaltham's notice-boards, recognisable only by the supporting post. People were still shouting, slamming doors, coughing . . . while all around Cadogan Square lay bathed in an ever-thickening purplish mantle of something impenetrable, clammily moist.

"It's—it's almost like fog," she announced presently, seeing Janyon made no comment. "It can't be, of course."

Still silent, his brain trying to keep pace with events, Janyon drew her firmly towards the red carpet.

Within the building, a long way away up more stairs, the tall bejewelled figure of Lady Blanche still waited to receive the few belated arrivals. A throaty voice, certainly not Raggett's, was calling names. Janyon had pulled himself together. He knew now the bearded face he had hammered in his wrath to be that of Mr. Oscar Leverson—and that Fate and a hasty temper between them had provided an unintentional demonstration of Professor Dutoit's synthetic fog.

"BIZARRE!" said a voice behind Janyon. He glanced behind him and found Raggett, beaming all over his extraordinary face. He clicked his heels and bowed stiffly from the waist.

"My dear Monsieur Janyon. You will not perhaps remember me. The Comte d'Isaac. At Deauville, was it not, last year? Allow me to present an old friend, Miss Fothergill."

"Charmed," muttered Janyon.

The dance band at the far end of the ballroom struck up. Before Janyon had gathered his wits Raggett and Pam had danced away from him, leaving him in the company of Miss Fothergill.

"Twenty-two," she said quietly.

"Not more, certainly," Janyon agreed, imagining she referred to Pam who, a moment before, had flashed him a wicked smile over the shoulder of the "Comte d'Isaac." "Would you care to dance?"

"Not at the moment, perhaps." Her arm slipped through his. "It is extraordinary you should have met the Comte before. Twenty-two. Quite an unexpected meeting, I believe. He has so few friends on this side of the Channel."

Janyon stared at her in amazement. She was tall, fair, and slight. Her frock was black and cut low at the back, accentuating the graceful line of the shoulders. A distinguished, well-turned-out personality altogether. "Thirty—thirty-five," Janyon thought. He looked at her face and found the problem less easy. It was like a white

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625661

mask, vaguely attractive, intriguing definitely, and she, too, was in that extraordinary game played by Raggett and himself and that other agent he had yet to meet.

There were no chairs anywhere. With the amazing Miss Fothergill still on his arm Janyon leaned against the pavilion music-hall, complete witht painted commissionaire, posters, names of stars picked out in tiny electric bulbs, and wondered if he should talk about Leverson, the collision and the strange purple pail which, so far as he knew, still hung over Cadogan Square.

The thought prompted him to lick a grazed knuckle. Twice already twinges of conscience had taken him down those carpeted stairs to the pavement. On the first occasion he had found the cars still there, some mechanics working feverishly and a couple of policemen patrolling in the gloom. On his second visit both cars had gone. He had spoken to one of the constables. Apparently Leverson had been the only casualty. The view seemed to be that he had been stunned, probably by impact with the windscreen. Janyon learnt he had been carried into the house.

"Professor Dutoit," whispered Miss Fothergill suddenly.

Following the direction of her gaze, he saw a lean, very tall man with a trim, pointed beard. Beside him walked their hostess, looking a little flushed and agitated. Behind, hanging on the arm of another foreigner, a little, insignificant, clean-shaven man in glasses, came a girl in a white frock.

"Paschoud, Dutoit's assistant," murmured Miss Fothergill again, "and Mademoiselle Francoise Dutoit, his daughter. Rather charming don't you think?"

"Definitely." Janyon watched her as she passed—a brunette, French-Swiss, and indisputably beautiful.

The group threaded its way through the dancers and presently disappeared. The music stopped. People were clapping. Clapping perfunctorily himself, Janyon saw Pamela and Raggett coming towards them.

"A thousand thanks, mademoiselle. I don't know when I have so much enjoyed myself. A beautiful dancer, your charming Miss Holton, mon ami. Now, if the ladies will excuse us for perhaps ten minutes . . ." With a definitely Latin shrug Raggett, of the Secret Service, took Janyon's arm and led him away. "Enjoying yourself?" he suggested in an undertone.

It was Janyon's turn to shrug.

"I find the whole business amusing, if that's what you mean. I'd be happier if I knew exactly where I fitted in."

"Patience, mon ami." At the sight of Lady Goldwaltham sailing past them alone Raggett remembered his French accent. It vanished as soon as she was gone. "A perfectly astounding woman. One never knows what to make of her. A borderline case is possibly an apt description." His voice dropped lower still. "Things are becoming interesting. There are several gate-crashers—people who've no right to be here at all. Some of them we've had our eyes on for some time. You've seen Dutoit?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's one job to try your hand at. Find him and keep an eye on him. Not now, because I want to talk to you. Later——"

"Just one word to you." Janyon drew Raggett up against some scenery. "Listen. Dutoit's stuff works."

The other looked up sharply.

"Works? How do you know?"

"There was a car-crash outside. I'll tell you about it presently. The square's full of fog, tinted stuff. It came from one of the cars."

"You're sure of this?"

"Absolutely. I was there."

A curious expression had spread over Raggett's face. All his muscles seemed to be twitching at once. "Wait there a minute. I must look into this."

Actuated by a sudden thought, Janyon gripped his arm, detaining him. "Oscar Leverson was in the second car," he said quietly. "He was hurt."

"Oscar Leverson!" The muscles were still twitching.

Janyon nodded slowly, driving his point home.

"Oscar Leverson," he repeated. "The man whose photograph you left at my flat this afternoon."

But just then an interruption came.

"Raiders over! Gas alert!"

The strident, metallic voice filled the whole ballroom. Everywhere lights were dimming. The band still played, but the dancers had stopped, talking together excitedly, laughing. Young men with an official bearing moved to and fro, showing people what to do. Everywhere there was an air of curious expectancy.

Smiling grimly, Janyon ripped open his case and fastened it in the "alert" position. It was just as well to appear to be in the game. Raggett favored him with an expression almost of suspicion and made his way off towards the door leading to the stairs. Janyon was just beginning to enjoy himself. Up to now it was Raggett who had been doing all the telling; now he had launched a mild thunderbolt himself, and Raggett hadn't looked particularly pleased about it.

The fun was definitely beginning.

Out of curiosity Janyon tried on his mask. Its form had been distinctly modified. It was too light for the real thing, and one could breathe easily.

Things like small mortars were going off with loud popping sounds, producing nothing at first, then little puffs of vapor by the ceiling, curiously tinted puffs that merged and spread until the entire ceiling was blotted out. The band became suddenly silent; the noises of the raiders died gradually away.

"It is difficult to demonstrate here, even with the unique system of ventilation in the hall"—Janyon recognised Lady Goldwaltham's voice, evidently speaking through the medium of a microphone. "That which you all see is not smoke. It is not gas. It is purely an atmospheric condition that may be produced anywhere and at any time, except, of course, in an exceptionally high wind. Presently, however, when you go home, you may still see the result of an accidental escape of Professor Dutoit's fog-inducing medium from one of the cylinders. Great Britain must have this wonderful invention. Aeroplanes, unable to approach their objective because of fog——"

But here Raggett, reappearing unexpectedly at Janyon's elbow, urged him through a doorway into a lighted corridor.

"The woman's a menace," he declared irritably.

Turning a handle he pushed Janyon into a small ante-room, closing the door after them. The furniture was Empire, ornate and uncomfortably dignified.

"Dutoit strikes me as over-optimistic in the claims he makes for his invention," he said, sitting down at a table. "As far as I can see it's a fog with a difference—the difference being imperviousness to the infra-red ray. If he could convince our people of that——"

He came slowly to his feet.

Heralded by the faintest tap, which just finger-nails might have made on wood, a tall man in a gas-mask slid into the room, gave a slight and airy salute to Raggett, shut the door and collapsed on a chair just inside. The mask came off, revealing some ruffled sandy hair, a freckled, youthful face bathed in perspiration, and a pleasant disarming smile.

"Phew!" The newcomer dabbed his face with a handkerchief. "Did you ever see such a stunt? I'm hot, and Blanche is just cuckoo!"

Raggett opened the door softly and closed it again.

"Reginald Faulkner—James Janyon," he announced briefly.

"How do?" inquired Reggie languidly, waving a hand. "Welcome to the most boring and monotonous game in the world, excluding ludo. A word in your ear, Count Isaac——"

"D'Isaac," corrected Raggett grimly.

The two men converged over the table. Janyon tapped and lit a cigarette. He had recognised Reggie Faulkner as the man whose picture Raggett had shown him—the agent with whom in future he might have to work. What was the vast secret now under discussion Janyon hadn't the faintest idea. He recognised that at least Faulkner was human. As matters stood with him at the moment that meant a good deal.

The brief conference concluded. With a sign to Janyon to follow, Faulkner opened the door again and stepped out into the passage.

"Dutoit," he said briefly.

As the door closed Janyon had a last fleeting glimpse of Raggett sprawled on two chairs, clipping the end from a cigar.

Neither man spoke. Finding his way with an assurance that set Janyon wondering, Reggie found another door taking them behind the scenes to the back of the vast erection of battens and stretched canvas.

Carpenters and electricians, occupied with their various duties, surveyed them vaguely as they passed, assuming no doubt they acted under Lady Coldwaltham's orders. The search led up crazy flights of steps, up ladders and across planks, and down again into a dark recess where a man Janyon recognised presently as Paschoud was busily engaged in packing pieces of apparatus into a case.

Reggie tapped him on the shoulder.

"Professor Dutoit?"

"Non, monsieur. Paschoud, his—how do you say?—assistant." He pointed across the ballroom, once more ablaze with light. Masks had been set aside. Everywhere, pressed together almost to the point of discomfort, people danced. "He may be in that corner. If not, I really cannot say."

"Thank you very much." The freckled youth was off again, still keeping behind scenery. It struck Janyon that splitting up would have solved the problem better, but his opinion was not asked, and he said nothing. They had found the other corner empty and were seeking a way into the room itself when he noticed something had gone wrong. Dancing near the main doorway had come to a standstill. A lane was being made, not without difficulty, and down it a small group of men, still in their masks, were carrying somebody out.

its of telling simplicity. Figure control. Uplift.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625662

"Queer!" Faulkner muttered. With Janyon close behind he began elbowing his way through. The group had reached the stairs before they could get near enough to see clearly. Pam loomed up in the foreground, saw Janyon and squeezed up to him.

"It's Professor somebody-or-other," she said. "He seems to have been overcome by the heat. It is hot."

"Dutoit?" Faulkner had overheard. He glanced round at Janyon. "Queerer than I thought. Those masks mean something. Nip back and tell Raggett." He was gone, squirming his way like some extraordinary kind of eel. By the doorway a girl screamed in broken English that somebody was holding her and she must go. It was Francoise Dutoit, looking for her father.

"I'm off." Janyon smiled at Pam. "See you later."

"What's it all about?"

He shook his head and pressed on, deciding on the back-stage route in preference to fighting his way through the ballroom.

He felt in a better mood. Things were sorting themselves out at last. Foul play was in evidence. He was inclined to suspect the sinister influence of Mr. Oscar Leverson. Possibly a scheme had been afoot to kidnap Dutoit as he was entering the building, and been unintentionally frustrated by Janyon's rough handling of the instigator. The prevalence of gas-masks had given Leverson's colleagues an opportunity of staging a second attempt.

Faulkner's project of tackling them single-handed struck Janyon as pretty hopeless. He realised the importance therefore of finding Raggett at once, and getting back to the stairs. Raggett might know another and simpler route to the road. He seemed to know most things.

And here a further difficulty arose. He had approached from a different direction—all the doors he encountered looked much the same. He moved swiftly, cautiously, keeping an eye open for familiar landmarks. His eyes brightened. He had it whittled down to one of two doors. At the first he recoiled from the indignant glances of a contract party; at the second from something utterly beyond his calculations.

He trod on Pamela's toe and she gave a squeal. In another ten seconds he had gripped her and lifted her bodily aside.

"For goodness sake get out, get away from here!"

She looked at him half reproachfully, half horrified.

"Jimmy, it's no use. I saw . . ."

Janyon had seen too.

Raggett's left arm, the one with the watch and the bent finger, was twisted under him, and the room was in chaos. A curtain had been torn from the window and now lay across his face. The long knife, driven in between the shoulders, projected slightly through the shirt-front. And on the shirt-front was a wide, irregular stain . . .

"Raggett!" As he made a movement forward the door was slammed violently in his face, hurling him backwards against the far wall. The key turned sharply. There was a pause and then the harsh splintering of glass.

The murderer had been there all the time!

Pam clung to him, moaning softly.

"Let's go. We mustn't be found here."

Janyon dabbed his forehead. She was right.

Fifteen feet along the corridor he chanced another door, pulled Pam in after him and closed it far enough to screen them. A waiter passed, carrying a tray. He didn't think he had seen them. They shot out again and back towards the ballroom.

The stairs were deserted when they got there, except for Reggie, mopping a bleeding mouth with a handkerchief, and Miss Fothergill, looking as serene and unruffled as ever.

Faulkner's clothes were stained with mud.

"They pulled it off," he announced gloomily. "Dutoit's own fog helped them. Two cars left the entrance at the same time, and in opposite directions. That was clever. The one I fell off happened to be empty. It's a police job now, thank the Lord. The Francoise woman went into hysterics; Blanche is ministering to her somewhere now. And, of course, we're ditched. I told you it was a monotonous game. Where's his Nibs?"

Janyon told him.

Miss Fothergill heard the news with scarcely a tremor. Janyon might have been telling her of something he had read in a paper. Reggie whistled softly and rubbed the back of his sandy head. "So they bumped off poor old Raggie," he commented softly. "I wonder why?"

There was a long pause.

"Leverson," said Janyon suddenly. "It needed a powerful man to drive that thing right through. There's only one snag. I knocked him out only a couple of hours ago."

"You knocked out Oscar Leverson?" Reggie's sandy eyebrows reached their extreme upward limit. "My dear old idiot, you're talking nonsense. We've grown to look upon him as a myth. We don't even know what he looks like . . ."

IT was after two when Janyon returned to his flat.

Since imparting the news of Raggett's death to Reggie Faulkner that incident had been almost forgotten, temporarily pushed out of sight by other and more pressing business—the soothing of Pam and pushing her with Miss Fothergill into a taxi; waiting outside a call-box while Reggie telephoned; accompanying that active and extraordinarily self-possessed young man to some very dubious dwelling-houses in the heart of Soho in an effort to glean some clue that might lead them to the whereabouts of the missing Dutoit.

Janyon turned the key in the latch, paused and went in. His hand found the switch, depressing it. Light flooded the room, the scene that Pam and he had reset expressly for Raggett's visit—only they hadn't expected anything quite like Raggett. The chromium table with its black polished top, the chairs where he and Raggett had sat, were all there just as he had last seen them—old friends he had almost seen the last of, and Pam's common sense and a call to the dealers had unexpectedly reprieved. The square of carpet, stained here and there with the excesses of wild evenings, the cocktail cabinet, depressingly empty, the radiogram——

At this point Janyon's heart stopped and seemed to turn right over. His mouth went dry.

The lid of the radiogram was open and the large dial with the station names in black and red illuminated. As he stared, his forehead starting little beads of sweat, his scalp tingling, morse came through strongly . . .

He closed the door without taking his eyes from the phenomenon. He hadn't left the thing on—that he was prepared to swear. It hadn't been switched to the radio side all day by him . . .

Still fumbling behind him, he dropped the night-latch and sniffed. The smell of cigar hung in the room. That was new. It was all on a par with the mysterious disappearance of Oscar Leverson's hat and card. Somebody had been in the room since he had left to collect Pam—somebody who had waited there—and smoked to while away the time. But who? . . . Why? . . . Not a friend, certainly. The building didn't run to a night-porter with a master-key. And why give warning of his presence by turning on the wireless?

Confronted with something tangible, Janyon began to feel better. Keeping one eye on the only other door, the room where the telephone was, he approached the radiogram and saw it was set for Droitwich. There was a clue there. A man lurking for some sinister purpose might smoke; he would never listen to music. To what, then?

Janyon snapped his fingers. He had it. The late news! Lady Coldwaltham's reception had been timed for nine. Somewhere around that hour the kidnapping of Professor Dutoit had been arranged to take place.

The rest of the flat was empty. He searched it thoroughly and came back. As he reached his bedroom again something made him glance at the telephone. He bent over it and presently straightened, bringing with him a loose length of flex. The wire had been cut!—merely corroborative evidence that a crime had been planned, which for some mysterious reason had been abandoned.

He reasoned it out as he undressed, and presently hit upon the probable answer. The other side—presumably Oscar Leverson and Co.—were organised up to the last minute. Incidentally, it was obvious they were singularly well informed. It was the game of "moving" and "taking" Raggett had talked about.

A man had been posted at the flat in the unlikely event of his coming back. Faulkner, quite likely, had had a similar visitor; possibly even Miss Fothergill . . . When there had been no mention of the projected outrage in the late news the intruder would have concluded the coup had failed and decided to return to base.

There was the risk he might come back. Janyon felt he must legislate for that. Well, he would bolt the door, attend to the window-fastenings and lock himself in. In any case, he was a light sleeper.

Moving in dressing-gown and slippers into the sitting-room, he went first to the wireless, intending to turn it off. His slippers touched something small and solid that rolled away over the parquet and under the set, out of sight.

Janyon dropped on his knees and groped. At last his fingers closed on something, almost embedded in dust and fluff. Some of the fluff came with it, and he blew it away. His eyes opened wider. For a minute some of his old fear returned.

He was looking at a replica of the small black spider-ornament Raggett had shown him—the thing that had been found on the man murdered on the funicular—only this time the fine links of chain he had pointed out were missing!

He came slowly to his feet, asking himself if it had been dropped there by accident—or if it was intended as a warning. It could only have been left as a warning by someone who knew he had already seen one before, and understood its significance.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625663

Opening the drawer where he had locked the secret documents he was mildly astonished to find they were still there, and to all appearances not tampered with. He dropped the ornament there with them and turned the key.

Within three minutes he was in bed.

As he reached up to switch out the light he asked himself drowsily why all this attention, why all this activity on his account? He was new to the game, so new that he had no idea what his next move would be. He dropped off with this question still unanswered, awakening towards nine to find the sun streaming in, throwing broad patterns of light across the carpet.

The outside bell was ringing. Probably that was what had wakened him. He leaped out and reached for his dressing-gown—and quite suddenly the answer came to him.

The other side were scared because of something he knew, or was supposed to know. But what was it? If he could hit on that he believed he would have the answer to the whole riddle.

THE early visitor proved to be Reggie Faulkner.

He entered languidly, bringing with him Janyon's milk-bottle in the one hand and his newspaper in the other. He handed over the milk, and sat down. "There's a slight agitation in the hen-roost," he remarked, "concerning that young lady who accompanied you last night. I say 'hen-roost' because the Fothergill started it. For some reason yet to be explained our Helen's word goes a long way in the Department."

"She won't talk, if that's what you mean," said Janyon.

The other laughed. "Between ourselves, it would be all the same if she did." He tapped Janyon's newspaper with his knuckles. "If your delightful Miss Pam Holton—it was Pam, wasn't it?—confides to her friends and relations she saw the illustrious Comte d'Issac lying dead with a knife in his back they'll merely trot her to a mental specialist. It won't be in here, you know. Dutoit's disappearance isn't mentioned either. More than that, some poor gink has been sitting up all night composing, with the assistance of the leading meteorologists, a perfectly logical explanation of that fog in Cadogan Square. And that's only the beginning. Look at this." Drawing a folded paper from his pocket he tossed it over to Janyon.

"To-day's 'Static'."

"Precisely."

Janyon whistled.

On the foremost page, printed in heavy type, he read:

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AT SOCIETY FUNCTION!

Lady Blanche Coldwaltham Victim of Amazing Hoax!

Foreign Scientist Decamps!

No Truth in Fog Claims!

His brain reeled.

"Good lord, man! But we saw it."

Reggie nodded complacently.

"And, before I forget, let me mention a small fact which may astound you. Raggett's body wasn't found when they broke into that room. The curtain was back in its place, the furniture in order, and nothing left to arouse suspicion but a broken square of glass and a faint stain on the carpet. Pretty sound staff-work, what?"

"Amazing," Janyon agreed. He was still holding the milk-bottle, clinging to it desperately as one might cling to a life-line in a troubled sea. At least it was real, tangible, matter-of-fact . . .

"And Dutoit?" he demanded presently.

"They've still got him, but he won't remember the formula. It's too complicated. There's a copy in a strong-room at Vevey."

"His bank?"

"Yes. Dutoit himself carries a third of the process in a notebook, written in some sort of cipher—Paschoud has another third, and Mademoiselle Francoise the remainder. So, you see, we're not dished yet. The copy at the Swiss bank obviously can't be looked at without Dutoit's written authority. And that, my friend, is where the fly creeps into the ointment. Dutoit's got to be found and released before the other side compels him to cough up that paper."

"You mean they'll—torture him?"

Reggie nodded cheerfully. "Almost certain to. There's one consolation—they won't kill him until they've wormed the secret out of him somehow."

Janyon carried the bottle out to the refrigerator, shuffled back to his room and dressed. Timing his arrival with uncanny accuracy, Reggie appeared in the doorway as he pulled on his jacket.

"Travelling in that suit?" he asked casually.

"Travelling where?" Janyon gave a finishing touch to his tie and turned.

"Just anywhere." Leaning in the opening, Faulkner ran a small mouth-organ across his lips. "Paschoud's got the wind up about the laboratory. Mademoiselle Dutoit's liable to do almost anything at any moment. Unless he's changed his mind he'll be leaving Victoria by the afternoon boat train, Folkestone-Bologne route. You're on the telephone. We've seen to that. If there's any change in arrangements we'll be called here."

Janyon pointed to the broken flex, which Reggie hastened to repair temporarily before inquiring further. He listened gravely to Janyon's description of recent events, beginning with the incident of the "Valse Macabre," and omitting nothing between that and the final discovery of the Black Spider. Some he had heard already, and on these points Janyon touched only briefly. For fully five minutes after the narrative was finished Reggie remained silent and thoughtful.

"Now, a few words of wisdom from Uncle Reggie," he said at length. "Raggett, by some means we shall never know, came into possession yesterday of a photograph of the one and only Oscar Leverson—and the loss was known almost immediately. For that and possibly other reasons he was bumped off last night. Later somebody came here, still on the trail of the photo, and knowing Raggett had been here with it in his possession. Fairly logical up to now?"

Janyon smiled.

"Fairly, but it doesn't quite fit into my timetable."

"Right. Your timetable may be wrong. You never know in this game. My view of it is that if you'd been here when that visitor called, our Swiss holiday together would have been entirely messed up. You weren't, so you're here to shave this morning——"

The telephone rang suddenly.

"Now, sir," grinned Reggie, covering the mouthpiece, "you've seen there's nothing up my sleeve. Have a good look round and see if you can find Oscar's photo." He spoke into the instrument. "Yes? You're quite right. Forty-five at twenty-two. I'll buy two hundred . . ."

Janyon walked thoughtfully from the room. As he took out his keys and bent over the table, Reggie's voice drifted in from the other room. He appeared to be talking with his broker, and the deal he was attempting to negotiate extraordinarily complicated. Sometimes the figures Janyon overheard ran into many thousands.

He opened the drawer where he remembered placing the photograph, and it struck him suddenly he had omitted to look for it before going to bed. Not that that was at all surprising. He had been more anxious then concerning the safety of the code he had been instructed to memorise and afterwards destroy.

The picture was certainly not on top. He began removing papers, sheet by sheet, still with no success. Presently he withdrew the drawer bodily from its slides and reversed it over the table.

Reggie was right. There was no photograph. He examined the one other drawer, thinking perhaps in the excitement of everything he might have put it there. That drawer proved to be completely empty.

JANYON left the tube at Moorgate Street.

A short hundred yards brought him to the place he was seeking—a dilapidated, unsavory-looking newsagent's shop, with foreign and English newspapers and periodicals jostling one another in wire racks outside and the window devoted to dirty tobacco cartons, sheets of foreign stamps, packets of stationery, and dubious picture-postcards. The name over the door was "I. Salmon."

He hazarded a look in.

A customer was in the shop, engaged in earnest conversation with an oily Jew in shirt-sleeves, whose lower half was hidden by the counter. The former was of the nondescript type to be found lounging at street corners at any hour of the day—short, thick-set, and with no pretentions to smartness. A rough tweed cap was pulled down over widely set ears, allowing a margin of close-cropped hair between this and a wool muffler. He sprawled half over the counter, accompanying his remarks with eloquent gestures of a grimy thumb.

Janyon walked up and down, waiting for him to conclude his business and come out. He had definite reasons for interviewing Mr. I. Salmon alone.

It was the day following Reggie's morning visit to the flat. Paschoud had left for Switzerland according to plan; also according to plan Reggie had departed by the same train, leaving Janyon with instructions from headquarters to wait until he heard further. Janyon, in effect, was still waiting.

There were definite times during which he was expected to remain indoors, in case of a telephone call—otherwise he was free to do as he chose. It was in one of these free periods that he had embarked on this journey to the city. Meantime he had memorised the code, carefully perused the documents the defunct Raggett had left behind, and finally burnt the lot.

The documents provided him with a number to be rung up whenever he was in need of information or had any special news to impart. Through this channel he now had traced the subscriber to City 0414, scribbled in pencil on Oscar Leverson's card, and fortunately not forgotten. He was still clinging to the belief that Leverson's visit to himself had been a mistake, and would possibly provide a valuable clue not only to Leverson's movements but to the present whereabouts of Professor Dutoit.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625664

MURDER IN SWITZERLAND

The man in the muffler came out, threw Janyon a suspicious glance, and slouched off. At a studded pedestrian crossing, flanked by yellow beacons, he turned and looked back again.

Janyon watched him out of sight before going in. There seemed no earthly reason why his business and that of the other should overlap, but he was learning caution. Not so many hours ago somebody acting for Oscar Leverson had driven a long knife through the back of a secret agent—and this was the only address through which the ringleader might be traced.

"Yes?" The dark eyes of Mr. Salmon peered at Janyon over the counter.

The latter asked for cigarettes, threw down his shilling and took his time. Presently he asked for a box of matches. Mr. Salmon bobbed down out of sight and reappeared with the article in question. Janyon smoked, glanced at some postcards, and took general stock of his surroundings.

For no reason in particular, except perhaps a desire to appear entirely at his ease, he asked for "Le Petit Parisien." Mr. Salmon muttered something and began sorting through piles of papers. Presently he shuffled outside and came back, bringing the publication with him.

Janyon dived a hand into the pocket where he kept his small change. He was very calm now, almost unnecessarily self-possessed—and yet, in the brief minute while the shopkeeper had been absent, he had experienced a shock. His attention had been drawn to a life-size cardboard figure of a sailor advertising some brand of tobacco.

It stood to the right of the counter in the darkest portion of the shop. The eyes of the figure had been carefully cut out, and through these orifices Janyon had observed human eyes watching him . . .

When he next looked they were gone, and only the holes in evidence.

"Anything more?" demanded the Jew, evidently having had enough of Janyon for one morning.

"Only just this." Janyon lowered his voice. "I happened to hear a friend of mine was over here from abroad. He used to use this place, I believe, for his letters. A Mr. Leverson."

His gaze was firmly fixed on Salmon's face, hoping to glean something from his expression. The Jew received the inquiry concerning possibly the most dangerous professional spy in the world without the flicker of an eyelid.

"Vat name did you say? Leverson?"

"That's it. Oscar Leverson."

"A great friend of yours, you say?"

Janyon shrugged.

"A valued business acquaintance. Shall we put it like that?"

Mr. Salmon began waving his hands.

"It is no interest to me how you put it. I don't know anything. I don't talk about my customers' piz'ness. Perhaps he was here, perhaps he vasn't. I don't know. I keep my mouth shut, anyvay . . ."

"Of course. Very right too." Janyon pretended to search in an inside pocket. "To be perfectly frank, Leverson and I were working together on a certain project up till a couple of days ago. Since then, curiously enough, I haven't heard a word from him. I thought if I were to write a short note and leave it with you——"

Mr. Salmon folded his arms.

"It vouldn't be no use," he announced quietly, at the same time closing one eye. "He's gone abroad again, in a hurry." Mr. Salmon prodded Janyon with a crooked forefinger and chuckled. "He's just heard somebody vas very, very ill."

"A foggy crossing?" Janyon asked, with a flash of genius.

Mr. Salmon chuckled again.

"It ain't so foggy in the mountains," he returned, shuffling behind his counter.

"Er—good morning!" called Janyon, and went.

He had said nothing about the hat. Quite obviously that would have been a mistake, as much so, in fact, as to question Mr. Salmon too closely as to Leverson's precise destination. In spite of that worthy's confidential manner towards the final stages of their interview it was now evident he was troubled with afterthoughts. Janyon glanced behind him before entering the station to see the little Jew and a lean stooping man who might have been Italian gazing after him from the shop doorway. It struck him the Italian could have been the possessor of the dark eyes that had stared at him through the cardboard figure.

A suspicion he had been summoned from the back to follow him was allayed by the sudden return of both men through the doorway.

Satisfied he had done a good morning's work, Janyon bought a ticket and embarked on his return journey to the flat. Dutoit had been smuggled out of the country and presumably taken to Switzerland—which meant the centre of activity had been shifted some seven hundred miles southward. It might also imply the professor had been prevailed upon to put his captors in possession of his secret.

Janyon went straight to the flat and called the number he had been given.

A woman's voice answered him over the wire. "Yes? Quite . . . Speak more slowly, please . . ." Inwardly Janyon consigned her to the devil. The complicated rigmarole employed compelled him to speak slowly in any case. "I have it . . . Thank you . . ." He was aware she had hung up.

All the afternoon he cooled his heels, momentarily expecting instructions. Pam came in towards four and they had tea together. She had been gone barely ten minutes when the bell rang. Janyon sprang to his feet. A boy was outside with a telegram. He tore it open.

Dine Park Mansions to-night eight o'clock dinner jacket Greatham.

Janyon rubbed his chin. A summons from the fountain-head! It sounded very important indeed.

The boy was still waiting.

Janyon gave him sixpence.

"Thanks. There'll be no reply." He went in slowly, closing the door. "Switzerland!" he muttered to himself and crossed to the radiogram to find a suitable record.

A WOMAN wearing dark furs stepped from a taxi as Janyon approached Park Mansions on foot. Her face, as she paid the driver, was heavily in shadow. It was only when she joined him in the elevator on the way up to Greatham's flat that he realised it was Francoise Dutoit. She looked worried and ill, as undoubtedly she was. Surmising correctly they would be introduced later, Janyon betrayed no sign of recognition.

He allowed her to get out first, following leisurely some moments later. She passed out of sight and somewhere along the brightly illuminated corridor a door opened and closed again. By the time Janyon had arrived and been admitted by Greatham's manservant, the hall inside was empty.

The man escorted him to a tiled lobby, with a basin and brushes. Emerging some five minutes later, he found the tall, aristocratic figure of his father's old friend waiting for him in a lighted doorway.

"Ah, there you are! So nice to see you. I hope we haven't dragged you away from anything very important—Miss Holton, for example?"

Janyon shook his head. The whole business had its amusing side, Sir Geoffrey's invitation, for example, was to all intents and purposes a command.

His host opened another door, revealing a small but amazingly equipped library where invisible electric tubes shed a soft glow on dark panelling and red morocco. An electric radiator gleamed centrally, to the right of it an octagonal table supported drinks and smokes.

Greatham hovered over the former.

"Sit down, Janyon. I was hearing about your father this morning. Seems to be making a good job of that Waziristan business. Which would you prefer—sherry or gin and Italian? Personally, I recommend the sherry."

"Sherry, thanks."

Janyon sat down.

Greatham remained with his back to the radiator, rocking gently to and fro. He had an extraordinary hatchet-shaped face, sometimes referred to by the irrepressible Reggie Faulkner as "streamlined." He affected a monocle and stooped a little.

"Well, how's the new job going?" he queried so suddenly that some of the sherry spilled on to Janyon's thumb. "Finding it suits you?"

"The job's all right, thanks. I'd like it better if I had a bit more to do."

Greatham laughed.

"Well, don't be too impatient. Waziristan's a waiting game sometimes, you know. It isn't all up and over the top. I've an idea you may get moving very soon now—sooner, perhaps, than you expect. You'll be meeting a very charming young lady at dinner, by the way. I fancy you may have seen her before."

"Mademoiselle Dutoit? We came up in the lift together, and of course I saw her at that function the other night. We hadn't met, so naturally nothing was said."

Greatham nodded gravely.

"That girl's going to be a bit of a problem," he admitted. "Most women are, for that matter; only the Latins are a shade more difficult to reason with. Very naturally, she's anxious about her father. So, for that matter, are we. Scotland Yard has every available man out—at least, they were out until that singularly interesting bit of information of yours came through. A stroke of genius, that. It beats me how you managed to knock across it."

Janyon flushed.

"It was extraordinarily simple, really." He ran swiftly over the train of events leading up to his visit to Salmon's shop. "The only lucky bit actually," he concluded, "was Miss Holton and myself, between us, remembering the telephone number."

Greatham smiled appreciation.

"Well, it was a lucky shot, anyway, and you are to be congratulated on following it up so promptly. Off your own bat, too. That's what I like to see. Young men with initiative are only too rare nowadays. To return to Mademoiselle Dutoit. We want her to stop over here, for a week or two at any rate, until definite news of her father comes through. Our view was, and still is, it would be the safer thing. Francoise does not share that view.

"She saw her father kidnapped the other

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625665

night—which, by the way, was definitely not a feather in our cap. Raggett, poor devil, let us down badly there. Faulkner was acting on his instructions, and you were only supposed to be holding a watching brief." He paused and drained his glass. "Well, there it is. If, between us somehow, we can prevail upon Mademoiselle Francoise to change her mind, so much the better! If she goes—there, my young friend, go you also—and no monkey tricks!"

Janyon laughed.

"Very good, sir; I'll remember."

"Well, now that's off my chest; how about a bit of dinner?"

He crossed to the door and threw it open.

"So much for that!" thought Janyon as he went out. No direct reference to Oscar Leverson, and nothing about the Spider.

They migrated to the drawing-room. The first person he noticed on entering, however, was not Mlle. Dutoit, but Miss Fothergill, wearing a frock that fitted her like a silver sheath, with an extraordinary black cape that gave her the appearance of a female Dracula. Her tall and certainly imposing figure dominated the room. Evidently it had been planned beforehand that Greatham should take Francoise in to dinner. Consequently Janyon was left to follow with Miss Fothergill.

So far as Francoise was concerned, Greatham had murmured something in introduction, and Janyon had bowed. He had received, he thought, a rather frigid acknowledgment in return, and wondered vaguely if she had seen Faulkner and himself among the dancers at the time of her father's disappearance, and somehow connected him with the outrage.

At dinner their host went to great pains to put his guests at their ease.

"Mr. Janyon is the son of a very old friend of mine," he explained in faultless French. "His father is actually fighting for us now in India. I expect you've read about it in your papers. This Mr. Janyon hopes to make his name some day in the diplomatic service. We are thinking of sending him abroad to brush up his languages."

Francoise smiled and looked at Janyon. The ice seemed to be broken at last. The amazing Helen came into sudden prominence with an accent that almost outshone Sir Geoffrey's. Janyon's halting attempts to join in quite bore out the statement about "brushing up."

Generally it was a pleasant evening without any very definite issue—at least, so far as Janyon could see. It was over and done with before eleven. Helen and himself accompanied Francoise in Greatham's car to her hotel—the Regent Palace. The chauffeur, acting presumably on instructions, dumped Janyon next, and purred away with the female Dracula in sole possession of the back seat.

As he felt for his key Janyon became aware of the presence of something bulky in his overcoat, something certainly which had not been there when he had shaken hands with Greatham at his door. Investigating further, his fingers brought out a sealed buff envelope, almost square and unaccountably solid.

His fingers broke the flap. Standing by the black-and-chromium table that had figured so prominently in recent events, he tipped out more folded papers, a timetable, and some labels, and finally a book of tickets in a Cook's cover. Pinned to one of the folded sheets was some foreign money—French hundred-and-fifty franc notes and similar values in Swiss money.

The top sheet of the book was perforated with to-morrow's date, which was repeated at the head of the typed timetable. He had not to burrow very deeply into the papers to discover he was leaving for Switzerland in the morning.

THE sun was shining when Janyon paid his taximan and followed the porter with his suitcase across Victoria Station to No. 15 Platform, Brighton side.

The instructions enclosed with the tickets were very precise. Contact with Mlle. Dutoit at Victoria was if possible to be avoided. If they met, as they were almost bound to meet, on the boat-train, the boat, or at any subsequent time prior to arrival in the French capital, he was to remain strictly aloof. In Paris he was to secure a taxi and pay the driver in advance to keep her taxi in sight. From this time onwards he was expected to shadow her discreetly until finally assured she had either been met at her destination by friends or had arrived at her home without molestation. Thereafter he was to proceed to a certain named hotel, register there as a tourist spending a few days in Switzerland, and await further orders.

He noted as he paused at the barrier he had a full quarter of an hour before the train was scheduled to depart. Few people seemed to be travelling. The porter placed his case in the rack of an empty smoker, accepted his tip, and disappeared in search of more clients. Janyon left his hat on the seat, turned up the collar of his raincoat against recognition, and sauntered in search of papers.

Close to the barrier again he almost ran into Mlle. Francoise, in small hat and light mackintosh, and carrying a fur coat over her arm. A porter preceded her with two yellow valises and a hat-box. She looked radiant and in exceptionally good spirits. Side-stepping adroitly behind a trolley piled with heavy luggage, Janyon mused over this sudden change of front. And then, quite suddenly, he noticed she was carrying a couple of opened letters and a telegram.

He turned and followed her with his eyes, and still that proud, self-confident air intrigued him. The tinted envelope, half concealed by her fingers, was definitely a wire. She had only just received it, or she would not be carrying it openly like that. He showed his ticket and continued on his way to the bookstall, still turning over the problem in his mind, so preoccupied, in fact, with this fresh problem that he hardly noticed a little, greasy individual who pushed in front of him, grabbed a "Daily Mail," and shot off like an unclean rabbit towards the barrier.

The very fact that he ran brought Janyon to his senses. He awoke with a start and remained, with lips parted and eyes staring, hoping for a second glimpse of that profile among the straggling queue by the barrier.

His opportunity came. The little man looked back to check his watch with the station clock—and Janyon relaxed. He had no doubt by this time the nervous traveller to the Continent was none other than Mr. I. Salmon.

This was interesting.

Janyon bought his magazines and followed, taking his time. As far as could be seen, Mr. Salmon travelled alone and employed no porter. The cardboard suitcase that contained his belongings was as shabby and unsavory as himself.

Janyon slipped a hand in a pocket and brought out a flat cigarette-case — the packet, oddly enough, he had bought from Salmon only the previous day. Francoise had disappeared; there would be time later on to discover where she had installed herself. For the moment the movements of I. Salmon were well worth watching. The latter hurried with quick nervous steps along the whole length of the train without once attempting to climb in.

On the return journey he moved more slowly and appeared to be concentrating on windows.

Quite suddenly he stopped. A folded newspaper on the inside of the window above moved slowly to and fro, in semaphore fashion, and was withdrawn. Mr. Salmon, galvanised once more, scuttled in at the end of the coach, stumbled over his bag, recovered himself and promptly vanished.

Janyon went back to his seat.

The carriage was just as he had left it, empty except for his one case and hat. Taking down the case he opened it, and produced a cap. The whistle blew as he was fastening the locks. A faint jerk and the boat-train began drawing slowly out, leaving a few people waving handkerchiefs, a few just staring . . .

Allowing ten minutes to pass by his wrist-watch, Janyon rose and made for the corridor. Luck seemed to be with him. Mlle. Francoise was also in a carriage to herself at the end of his own coach. A weekly periodical was open on her knees, but her interest was focused on the telegraph-form superimposed. Two coaches along towards the tail of the train Janyon drew up sharply and went slowly back. He had hazarded a glimpse into Mr. Salmon's carriage. Two other men were in there with him, all three occupying corners, reading, each paying no attention to the other. Janyon felt reasonably certain he had seen those other two before—the man in the muffler and with the prominent ears, and the lean Italian-looking man who had accompanied Salmon from the shop.

The muffler was not in evidence, its wearer having discarded it and the rest of his yesterday's attire for a hard hat, a vivid red-and-blue tie, and a chocolate-colored suit in which he looked profoundly uncomfortable.

The proximity of these two and Mr. Salmon left little doubt as to their identities. Janyon regained his compartment and threw himself down to think it out. He was not there to legislate for coincidences. In any case, it was hardly likely these three were on the train through any good motive. Directly or indirectly Mr. Salmon's interests impinged on those of Oscar Leverson. He would not have been surprised to learn that all three had taken a hand in the kidnapping of Professor Dutoit. It needed no very great stretch of imagination to assume from this that a further scheme was afoot—the spiriting away at some time during her journey to Vevey of Dutoit's daughter.

He turned the affair over and over in his mind, and suddenly a ray of daylight filtered in. That telegram! Francoise's inexplicable, almost triumphant smile! Obviously from the way she was re-reading it when he last saw her it contained good news—exceptionally good news.

Supposing somebody had telegraphed that morning that her father was free—that he had escaped unscathed and was awaiting her in Paris?

A trick, of course, to lull her into an atmosphere of false security and decoy her to some place where Oscar Leverson's second plan was to be carried out—because Dutoit, despite ill-treatment, steadfastly refused to divulge his secret, and Leverson needed another lever!

Satisfied he had knocked the right nail well on the head, Janyon opened a paper.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625666

MURDER IN SWITZERLAND

More than ever, it seemed, his journey to the city had been of value. Without it he would never have recognised Mr. Salmon, and through Mr. Salmon, those other two. To render assurance doubly sure only one thing was necessary. Somehow or other he must see that telegram and read the contents for himself. Instructions would have to go by the board. He must tackle Francoise very soon now and learn the truth.

After all, he remembered, Greatham himself admitted that young men who acted on their own initiative were very rare indeed.

JANYON entered Francoise's compartment, sliding the door shut after him.

"Good morning," he began easily. "Mademoiselle Dutoit, isn't it? Thought I recognised you on the platform. Rather extraordinary we both should be on the same train."

The girl in the corner seat by the window raised her eyes slowly to meet his. Rather to his astonishment, they seemed to look right through him. The corners of her lips drooped in an ironic smile.

"It would be more extraordinary still if we had ever met before," she retorted in good English, with just that careful rendering born of better knowledge than practice. "But, you see, monsieur, I don't know you. Perhaps you will have the kindness to go away."

Janyon halted in the middle of the compartment, rebuffed. The train, choosing that moment to negotiate a curve at speed, pitched him on to the opposite seat.

"My name is Janyon," he began again, rather feebly. "James Janyon."

"I am not at all interested." She was looking out of the window. He thought she might be playing some joke on him, and that her lips were smiling.

He edged closer.

"You are Mademoiselle Dutoit." He put it to her, not in the form of a question, but as a fact. Her face was still turned away. The only response was embodied in an eloquent shrug. He bit his lip and went on. "Surely you won't have forgotten our meeting last night in Park Mansions?"

Still no answer. Mechanically he found a fresh cigarette and tapped it on the packet. A shadow appeared in the doorway and he looked up sharply, half expecting to see Mr. Salmon, the Italian-looking man, anybody. . . . It proved to be a polite-voiced gentleman interested in passports. There was the usual procedure of frowning over pages, examining dates and photographs, presenting little cards. . . .

Their visitor departed softly and there was a prolonged silence. Janyon fidgeted. He felt his position becoming untenable. Mlle. Francoise was definitely not amused. He had seen her face at last, and it contained not the slightest trace of humor. She breathed deeply as if under stress of great emotion. The whole process of opening her bag and restoring to it a passport that looked like somebody's washing-list was carried out in an atmosphere of brooding storm.

She turned now and faced him squarely.

"Monsieur, must I repeat that I do not know you, and do not wish to know you."

"But, mademoiselle, this is absurd——"

She swayed to her feet.

"Will you please go?" she insisted. "Oh, this is too much!" To his horror and amazement her fingers reached upwards towards the alarm-pull. Her eyes blazed. Never in his life had he beheld a woman so magnificently angry. One outstretched arm indicated the door to the corridor. "If you do not go at once," she added in a quieter voice," "I shall stop the train."

"Very well." Janyon was angry too. "You will pardon me, mademoiselle, if I say that some jokes can be carried a little too far. I came here for your own interests, not mine. I intended to warn you——"

"Warn me?" She laughed. "Fortunately, I too have been warned—against you. Good day!"

Janyon winced as if somebody had done him physical violence. He was beginning to see what had happened—glimmerings, at any rate. Something at least of the contents of the correspondence she had brought to the station was explained. He could almost see the handwriting of Oscar Leverson.

He threw in a parting shot, calculated to produce a clue.

"I am glad, at least, that your father is safe."

Francoise had turned away.

"You mean you know he is," she returned huskily; "not that you are glad. . . ."

A sadder and considerably wiser man than when he had set out, Janyon found his carriage.

At Newhaven he tried another move, with exactly the same futility. Lingering until Salmon and his friends were within view he drew the attention of an official whose main business appeared to be scanning the crowd for suspicious-looking travellers.

"My name's Janyon. I'm on special duty. Those three back there are bad hats, all of them."

The other shrugged and favored him with a rare smile.

"Hope it keeps fine for 'em!" he remarked dryly. "Thanks for the tip, all the same. We'll be looking for them when they come back."

Just so much and no more! Janyon grinned and moved onward towards the gangway. He had been treated to some sound logic. Just that and nothing else. He registered the hope that the crossing would be rough, and I. Salmon and his companions very sick indeed.

JANYON lunched on the boat.

From Newhaven to Dieppe he neither saw Mlle. Dutoit nor made any attempt to seek her out. The other three travelled third class, in another part of the ship. He saw the Italian once, having apparently invaded forbidden territory and being gently restored by a man in an official cap. He, for one, had no appearance of being seasick; and, with the exception of a choppy patch when they were some forty minutes out, the crossing was calm.

During the compulsory formalities of the French Douane at Dieppe he caught sight of all four—Francoise as self-possessed and confident as she had seemed at Victoria—a little more so, perhaps, now that she was on French soil and speaking was no longer a labor; Salmon and his colleagues discreetly separated, toning in with the romantic uncleanliness of the general surroundings.

Under the pretext of fumbling with the locks of his case Janyon contrived to reach the platform last; and even then the steward from the boat who acted as porter very nearly established him in the same compartment as Mlle. Dutoit. Steering him skilfully to the one next adjoining, Janyon disposed himself along with a sallow man of no very distinguishable nationality, who smoked black cigars and wore a dingy shawl over his shoulders despite the fact they were in a new grey air-conditioned coach.

The stranger's profile was interesting, aquiline and very sallow; his clothes had a foreign cut. Some bangles dangled at his left wrist. When he drew out his handkerchief a strong smell of perfume came with it, drowning even the odor of the cigar. There was a long wait. Janyon read the French names over grey, dingy shops, eyed steamers red and rotting at their moorings, squat, purposeful little trawlers preparing for their next trip out. Everything around him seemed in tune with the picture, except that marvellous grey train with its oval windows and silently closing doors.

Something reminded him he had forgotten to write to Pam. Pam seemed a long way off now, a part of that other life where he had played the fool, washed dishes, and assisted at a crazy party in a crazy house, where people had all worn gas-masks and a man had been foully murdered.

There was no jolt when this train moved off at last. Janyon looked at his watch. They were away to time—Mr. I. Salmon, those other two, Francoise, himself, and that extraordinary man who wore bangles and used scent. . . . Somewhere between now and five o'clock he must make up his mind what to do.

Francoise must be protected. So much was evident. But how?

A shadow lurching past the corridor window turned into the man with the prominent ears. Janyon slid open the door and watched. The man glanced once into Mlle. Dutoit's compartment and went right on. Two minutes later he reappeared and came back, without stopping. Janyon had withdrawn his head; once again he looked out to make sure the other was no longer there. Obviously Salmon & Co. had been anxious to discover exactly in which part of the train Francoise was.

A steward from the restaurant-car passed, ringing the bell for tea. The sallow man got up and went out. Once more Janyon was left alone.

He began debating with himself the advisability of braving Mlle. Dutoit's wrath and trying to bring her to reason. He crept out and looked through the window. She had placed a newspaper carefully on the opposite seat. Her shoes were on it and to all appearances she was fast asleep.

He remained out there smoking, hoping she might wake; but Francoise disobligingly slept on. And Janyon dared not go in. If she awoke and found him in the compartment she would probably scream. It was a thousand times easier for him to explain things to an English ticket inspector than to a French controleur. If she lodged a complaint he would probably be locked in an empty compartment and kept there until the rest of the passengers had disembarked.

People began drifting back from the restaurant-car. Finding himself in the way, he crawled back and settled himself to read. Chateaus swept past the windows, rows of poplars waving loftily, apple trees gloriously in bloom . . . Janyon became immersed in a chapter and forgot to look. When, long afterwards, he raised his eyes, they were crossing one of the Seine bridges.

He looked at his watch again, slipped the book back into his raincoat and emerged for another furtive glance into the next compartment. Francoise was awake and active—too occupied in taking things from the rack to notice him.

As the grey train steamed finally into the Gare St. Lazare Janyon grabbed his bag from the rack and made hurriedly for the corridor.

Loitering outside near one entrance to the coach, he saw Francoise presently

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625667

emerging at the other. Evidently she was still bent on avoiding him. A blue-bloused porter with a wealth of bristling moustaches scrambled out after her with the yellow valises and hat-box and began carrying them towards taxicabs drawn up in a long line outside. The cases were swiftly stowed beside the driver; the hat-box placed on the seat. As Mlle. Dutoit paused with her bag open in search of a suitable tip, Janyon moved forward swiftly.

All his senses were alert.

He had noticed that the sinister trio had separated from the crowd on the platform and were closing in on him, evidently bent on preventing him making contact with the girl—the man in the chocolate suit leading, then the Italian, with Mr. Salmon and his disreputable suitcase a bad third. A heavy hand dropped on Janyon's shoulder, jerking him round. Choosing his moment he drove an end of his case forcibly into his assailant's stomach, doubling him up in the roadway.

Somewhere a woman screamed; people began turning and talking excitedly; the porter with the moustaches made some extraordinary noise with his mouth and remained transfixed, with mouth wide open and bloodshot eyes staring at a long knife dangling handle downwards from the Italian's fingers!

As if instinctively realising the danger to Francoise of the knife missing him and passing on into the car, Janyon had backed against the window, screening it. He had just raised the suitcase as some sort of clumsy shield when the crowd parted suddenly to reveal the sallow stranger in the shawl, two stout police in uniform, and an agitated official.

Mr. Salmon had unaccountably disappeared.

Effectively circling the Italian with both arms, the stranger announced in good French: "These are the men, gentlemen. One of them has my wallet." At Janyon he rasped, in still sounder English: "Get her away, you fool; Boulevard Diderot one-three-three!"

Still mystified, Janyon wrenched open the door and leaped in.

As the taxi shot from the station approach in a reek of exhaust he had the exquisite pleasure of knocking Mr. I. Salmon clean from the running-board into the arms of another policeman.

"MONSIEUR! Am I to carry this all the way?"

"A thousand pardons, mademoiselle!"

Drawing head and shoulder in through the taxi window Janyon saw he had dumped his case on to the girl's knees.

He rectified the error hastily and sat down. He had changed the destination to the address in the Boulevard Diderot; the crisis was passed, thanks largely to the man in the shawl, and Janyon was uncommonly hot. Over and above everything else he was not feeling particularly pleased with himself. The affair had been ill-considered and had ended in an ungainly scramble. Without the help of his unknown ally it most certainly would have failed in its purpose. And yet he couldn't see what else he could have done.

He smoked and presently found himself in a better mood.

Anyhow, the desired result had been achieved. He was probably an idiot for ever thinking he could carry it out single-handed. Salmon & Co. were detained by the police on some cleverly trumped-up charge—the man in the shawl was charging them—and he was alone with Mlle. Dutoit.

"Still think I'm a crook?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Really, I—I am so very sorry."

Janyon grunted. "So you ought to be!"

And suddenly they both laughed, unrestrainedly, riotously. It seemed the only thing to do.

She checked herself suddenly and her expression became serious, as if a dark cloud had passed over the sun.

"But—my father?"

"It was a trap," he returned quietly. "Sir Geoffrey was afraid of something of the sort, and sent me across to keep an eye on you. Professor Dutoit may or may not be in Paris. I'm not in a position to express an opinoin. One thing, however, you can bet your life on—he's not a free agent. Somebody very powerful and very unscrupulous wishes to prevent my Government obtaining possession of your father's invention. You see that?"

"Perfectly."

Her hands were clasped together. Her dark eyes watched his face.

"At present we are not even certain who these people are. We have a name, but it may not be a real name. People of this sort often employ several names. I happen to know one of them by sight. Might I have that telegram you were nursing in the train this morning?"

She opened her bag and passed it to him, together with a letter. Janyon read the contents of both in silence and finally slipped them into his pocket. The letter, as he had suspected, purported to come from Dutoit and bore no address. He was a prisoner in Belgium and hoped to escape with the help of a man he had bribed to send off the letter. The telegram was to tell her he had effected his escape and was waiting for her at a specified address.

"What will you do?" she queried anxiously. "One must make certain."

Janyon's eyes narrowed.

"Yes," he agreed slowly. "We shall have to do that."

"This evening. To-night?" She bent forward excitedly. "You mean you are going to that place . . . ?"

Janyon nodded. He dared not tell her of his one grave auspicion—that Oscar Leverson would have heard of the incident at the Gare St. Lazare and the house when he got there would be empty. Nor, for that matter, had he the vaguest idea what the immediate future had in store.

They were approaching the Place de la Bastille. In a very short while they would arrive at the address in the Boulevard Diderot. He had no notion of its significance, whether an office, a private house, or some restaurant that was the haunt of espionage and counter-espionage agents. Presumably they were to wait there until the mysterious wearer of the brown shawl rolled up . . .

"And if you find my father . . .?"

"We shall get him away somehow," he assured her confidently.

The taxi turned sharply to the right, clung to the kerb for a short distance, and stopped.

No. 133 was an hotel—one of those small, middle-class, essentially French establishments, with no awning or seats on the pavement and a curtained, rather intimate little restaurant on a corner.

A porter in a baize apron came out and took their luggage. A little, smiling old gentleman with a completely bald head bowed deferentially as they entered. A dark, unshaven young man, presumably the old man's son, bowed, too. An old lady at the desk got up and bowed.

Their reception was a trifle overwhelming.

"I'm afraid we're not stopping the night," Janyon hastened to explain. "That is, unless something happens to change our plans."

Nobody appeared in the least perturbed. "You would like a wash? Madame will care to remove her hat? You will take dinner? We serve dinner at any time now."

"As a matter of fact, we should be meeting somebody—a friend—here. A sallow gentleman——"

"In a shawl, monsieur. Monsieur Gabeyron. This way, if you please. Here he is!"

Janyon found himself on the threshold of a small sitting-room, with the old man bowing in front of him and Mlle. Dutoit uttering exclamations of astonishment behind. In a basket-chair in a corner, delicately dipping dominoes of white sugar into a long glass of very black coffee, sat the amazing Monsieur Gabeyron!

"Come in," he invited cordially. "Come in."

Janyon hesitated, found Francoise within reach, and pushed her forward. "This—er—this is Mademoiselle Dutoit."

"Of course." Still munching a sugar square, M. Gabeyron came respectfully to his feet. "Good evening, ma'moiselle. You had a fine crossing? Sit down and make yourself at home. Antoine! Aperitifs!"

A waiter who had somehow managed to replace the old gentleman slid out and closed the door.

Janyon mopped his forehead and marvelled.

He could not for the life of him imagine how M. Gabeyron had contrived to get there so soon.

"TWENTY-NINE bis, Rue Requettes." M. Gabeyron readjusted his reading-glasses. "That's off the Des Gobelins somewhere, not far from the Place d'Italie, which again is no great distance from the Gare d'Orleans."

Janyon smiled. "And not so very far from here," he interposed. "One could slip over the Seine by the Austerlitz——"

"Young man, I make it a practice never to slip anywhere. 'Travel in comfort' is my maxim. At your age, of course, it's different. Talking of slipping, you were just a shade hasty this afternoon, I thought. However, I managed to smooth matters down with the police and no bones were broken."

"How did you?" asked Janyon.

M. Gabeyron spread out his hands in an eloquent shrug. For a second or so it looked as if the desired information was forthcoming, and then apparently the man who had tackled Salmon & Co. changed his mind altogether and began making little geometrical patterns with toothpicks on the tablecloth.

Dinner was over and outside it was getting dusk. Mlle. Dutoit had gone upstairs to lie down. There was still a matter of three and a half hours before the night express for Switzerland pulled out. They had dined in the same private room where M. Gabeyron had been munching sugar. The cloth was still on. Both men sipped black coffee, and by Gabeyron's right elbow stood a bottle of very old cognac.

He looked up sharply and caught Janyon's eye.

"And so you've seen Oscar Leverson?"

"Yes . . . I imagine so." The answer conveyed a certain amount of doubt, which was excusable in the circumstances. He felt he had arrived at a stage in the game when it would be unwise to be sure about

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625668

anything. "A bearded, rugged sort of chap, slightly under medium height and immensely broad. Yellowish whites to his eyes and dark, wild sort of hair." Janyon chuckled at a sudden recollection. "I don't think he likes me very much. A gramophone record dropped on his head from one of the windows at my flat, and the same night I knocked him out in Cadogan Square."

He explained the last incident at some length, and M. Gabeyron listened gravely.

"You won't be quite so amused if ever you fall into Leverson's clutches," he commented.

"I suppose not," Janyon agreed, feeling chastened. "But both these things happened on the spur of the moment. They were almost accidents."

Gabeyron laid a yellowed hand on his arm.

"Leverson's by way of being a connoisseur in accidents. Understand that. A practical joker never likes practical jokes against himself. That's another thought. There's no need to keep looking at your watch. We'll be moving all in good time." He pushed his chair from the table and crossed his leg. "What's your reaction to all this?"

Janyon started.

"How do you mean? To Leverson pinching Dutoit?"

"Precisely. He must have a good reason."

"Certainly he has." Janyon looked surprised at being asked such a simple question. It was like a sixth-form student being set a simple problem in algebra. "Leverson's working for someone else—Russia, Italy, Germany. . . . For all we can say, Japan may be employing him."

"H'm! So that's what you think?"

Janyon flushed scarlet.

"Don't you?" he retorted.

"Quite frankly, I don't. Nor will you, my young friend, if you trouble to consider things calmly. Up to the time of Dutoit's disappearance nobody but Lady Coldwaltham had ever taken him seriously. Nobody had made him a single offer. Nobody in fact believed he could do what he claimed. He was prepared to sell right enough; the trouble was there weren't any buyers. You see that?" Gabeyron reached for his toothpicks, swept them into an untidy heap and began making a fresh pattern. "In short, his invention was for sale to the highest bidder. There was no earthly need for the agents of any Power to kidnap him. Apart from that, whether you may choose to believe it or not, we people have our code of honor; and that sort of thing just isn't done."

"Well?" demanded Janyon.

"Think what this discovery means: aeroplanes' objectives blotted out; troops on the march, important railheads, ammunition dumps, factories, all effectively screened and camouflaged in impenetrable, made-to-order fog! Whoever buys, Dutoit's process isn't going to remain a secret long. . . . One day soon, unless Dutoit's little scheme is effectively nipped in the bud, everybody will possess an effective antidote to everybody else's bombing planes. Munitions are going to slump, mon ami. The well-fed gentlemen who thrive on 'em aren't going to be too happy."

Janyon frowned.

"You mean Oscar Leverson is working for them?"

"Why not? They're not like governments. They stand to be ruined. It's going to mean hundreds of millions to them." Gabeyron sprawled both arms on the table. His eyes glistened. His sallow, aquiline features had taken on a faint touch of pink, the forehead, the cheek-bones, that oddly prominent chin. . . ."Leverson's clients don't want Dutoit's fog; they want it destroyed, blotted out before it can blot them out. And they're paying him in six figures, I shouldn't be surprised."

"A million!" Janyon whistled softly.

"More, for all we know. If he succeeds it'll be worth it every time." With more show of energy than his general bearing implied, M. Gabeyron sprang to his feet. "And now we must get moving. I doubt if our well-informed friend has ever heard of the existence of this place, but I'm having Mlle. Francoise carefully watched, just as a precaution. If you'll just turn the corner into the Rue Cremeur you should find a small red saloon with a greyhound mascot on the radiator. Get in and wait. I'll join you in a minute."

"Right." Janyon found his hat and went.

As Gabeyron had intimated, the car with the greyhound mascot was waiting round the corner. There was no one in the driving seat. Janyon had hardly installed himself in the back, however, before a tall young Frenchman in chauffeur's uniform emerged from a cafe and took his place in front.

It was fully ten minutes before M. Gabeyron put in an appearance, and this time he was without his shawl. Most of his stoop had gone. He crossed the road with the speed and carriage of a young man, whispered something to the driver, sprang in by the door Janyon held open and sat down heavily.

"Ah, here we are! Mlle. Dutoit will be all right, that's one comfort. If neither of us returns from this pilgrimage to the Rue Recuettes she will be escorted safely to her train, and, we hope, to Switzerland. Have you any idea what to do when we reach the flat?"

"Flat?" Janyon stared at him.

"Why—yes—twenty-nine bis, wasn't it? As a matter of fact, I've been making inquiries. That's what made me a little longer than I thought. Twenty-nine bis is at present occupied by a charming lady known as Simone Bercher——"

"A woman?"

"Why not? Surely it would be quite natural for Mademoiselle Francoise to be decoyed to a woman's apartment. Women are so much better at dealing with women. Mademoiselle Bercher like many other charming ladies may indulge in a little espionage business as a sideline when other business is bad."

EVIDENTLY knowing his Paris like a book, M. Gabeyron stopped the car in the Avenue des Gobelins. Taking Janyon's arm he led him a few yards southward to where a narrow turning debouched unexpectedly from the main artery.

"We turn down here," he said quietly. "A man of my acquaintance runs a small cigar shop just ahead on the left. It might be interesting to see if he still keeps any of my brand." Without further explanation Gabeyron left Janyon standing on the kerb and disappeared through a doorway.

A man and a woman passed, arm in arm, making for the Avenue, with an absurd poodle, shaved and wearing an enormous crimson bow, trotting dutifully behind. Janyon had read the name printed on the side of a house. Already he was in the Rue Recuettes, within a stone's-throw of the building to which Francoise was to have been decoyed.

It seemed respectable enough: a sedately quiet thoroughfare with "an air." But that may have been a product of Janyon's imagination. He had entered that very small hotel in the daylight and emerged an hour and a half later to sense that curious, quietly gay atmosphere of residential Paris at night.

It was warmer in London, more spacious somehow, and oddly quiet. The few cars speeding along the Avenue made little noise. People sitting outside cafes sat quietly, watching other quiet people pass.

Janyon had walked back to the corner to look around. He retraced his steps and examined the cigar-seller's window—some open boxes against a background of fumed oak, a small ornamental keg with polished brass bands, some leather cigar-cases on unassuming oak brackets . . .

Looking upwards between buildings he saw stars, palely glimmering, like flowers not yet in full bloom.

Sounds of voices heralded the reappearance of M. Gabeyron escorted by his friend, a little, baldish man with a large moustache. They shook hands and the little man went back into the shop. Gabeyron paused to light a cigar.

"Very interesting," he announced quietly between puffs. "Simone Bercher goes to my friend for an exclusive brand of cigarette. Yesterday a man answering to your description of Leverson bought a hundred murins. He passed again this morning, with Simone on his arm. A very expensive luxury, Mademoiselle Simone, I understand. Now, listen to this. At shortly after six this evening Mouron—that's the cigar merchant—saw Leverson for a third time walking on the opposite side of the road, with overcoat hooked over his shoulders and hands in trousers pockets. He seemed to be in a towering rage about something, and in a deuce of a hurry."

Janyon's face fell.

"That means our birds have flown."

"Wait a minute. At six or thereabouts Oscar Leverson—we're supposing it was he—was alone. Now, there's Mouron's window, with that wide space between the window-fittings and the ceiling, and there's number twenty-nine just along on the far side. Mouron has few casual customers and a lot of time to look about him; and from what I can see he makes the best of it. So far as twenty-nine is concerned he has only seen Leverson airing himself."

"You think the Simone woman is still in?"

Gabeyron nodded.

"We're going up to see now—in the guise of bosom friends of Mr. Leverson. We're reasonably sure he isn't in. If we behave like little gentlemen and stroke Simone the right way we may be invited in to wait."

Still finding his way with uncanny prescience, M. Gabeyron passed through a narrow doorway and up wide stone stairs with a wrought-iron guardrail. Halting before an imposing oak door furnished with a perforated brass grille, he raised a dramatic forefinger and depressed the bell-push.

They waited in silence. Receiving no answer to his first ring, Gabeyron rang again.

This time they were aware of a vague rustling on the far side. A queerly distorted voice demanded their business.

"Two gentlemen from England on important business," Gabeyron declared.

There was another long pause and more rustling.

Janyon's heart bumped. The door was

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625669

opening very slowly. Some sickly perfume invaded the stairs in a hot wave.

Gabeyron hastened the opening with a foot.

Following close on his heels, Janyon found himself in a small square hall. A lean, shifty-eyed manservant with sleeves too short for him was in the act of closing the door, directing them towards an open doorway to the left.

Gabeyron didn't move. His feet were slightly apart, his queer face thrust forward. In one of the pockets into which his hands were thrust Janyon saw the distinct outline of a gun.

"Mademoiselle Simone in?" he demanded tersely.

The man blinked.

"If Monsieur will go into that room—" he began; and Gabeyron's voice rasped another quick question.

"Is Oscar Leverson here? That's what we want to know."

The man uttered a wild cry, ducked and tried to slip through between them. Quick as lightning Gabeyron drew out hand and gun simultaneously and brought both heavily against the side of the valet's chin.

"Neat!" murmured Janyon approvingly, and steadied the servant as he dropped, lowering him gently to the carpet. His next move was to drop the night-latch and shoot a bolt. He turned to find Gabeyron on his knees fastening his late assailant with window-cord.

"We're in!" murmured that gentleman between his teeth. "And I fancy the coast is clear."

The sound of a door opening set both men starting. Janyon caught his breath. A tall, dark woman stood framed at the far end—Simone Bercher beyond a doubt. She was smoking a cigarette in a long jade holder, and one slender, bejewelled hand tilted an automatic to a distinctly unnerving angle . . .

"DO not move, please."

As a compliment apparently to her visitors, Mlle. Bercher spoke in excellent English.

At the first hint of a surprise Janyon's hand had gone to his raincoat, where he now carried his gun for greater convenience. There had been no time, however, for him to draw. Having required the use of both hands to secure the unconscious valet, M. Gabeyron was equally at a disadvantage.

He still knelt by his victim. The younger man leaned against the bolted door—and the magnitude of their predicament was evident to both, as was the fact Simone Bercher was not playing a game of bluff. As if to steady her aim, she rested one arm on the architrave; the hand with the long holder moved to her mouth and away again without the ghost of a tremble, and the cynical smile was always in evidence.

For perhaps thirty seconds nobody said anything.

Then Simone broke the silence: "So you have come all the way from England to see Monsieur Leverson? That is kind. I am quite sure he will be happy that you are here."

Janyon blinked. Inside him a faint hope stirred. He believed Mouron's information correct, and that Leverson was not hidden in one of those rooms. If Leverson were out he would have to come in—and the only point of ingress so far as he was aware was that one door behind them. To unbolt it Mlle. Bercher would have to leave her vantage-point and come towards them. Between them, in that event, they might manage to turn the tables.

More minutes slipped by. Mlle. Bercher showed no sign of changing position. Her weapon was fitted with a silencer and its added weight evidently tired her, for she leaned more noticeably.

Janyon began fidgeting. The business was getting on his nerves. If it had been a man and not a woman they had to contend with he would have acted long before this—taken the chance of a bullet and bolted into the cover provided by a big heater. Her self-assurance puzzled him. Possibly, on second thoughts, Leverson had another and secret way in and she was merely holding the fort, counting on his early return . . .

"May we smoke, mademoiselle?" Gabeyron inquired suddenly.

Janyon glanced down.

M. Gabeyron had gradually changed his position and was now squatting, one hand clasped over a knee, the other lost in the folds of his overcoat. His voice and manner implied he was perfectly at ease.

His dark eyes, momentarily directed on the woman who held the key to the situation, roamed presently over the ceiling and paused again. Janyon tried to make out what was interesting him, but the two angles of sight were different, and he found himself at a loss. Either that dark length of smoke-stack held some clue to the solution of their predicament, or it lay in a swinging bulb in its cut-glass bowl . . .

Mlle. Bercher had not answered.

"For the love of charity, ma'moiselle," pursued Gabeyron with plaintive emphasis. "We have erred; we have entered your premises with violence perhaps. We are entirely beneath your very charming notice, but——"

"I should like to see all your hands, please," came the cold rejoinder. "You, too, monsieur, whoever you are."

Janyon reluctantly obliged and looked anxiously at Gabeyron. The other had raised both hands above his knees—the one empty and innocent, the other holding the brown upper sheath of a cigar-case. From where Simone stood there should be no harm in that; but Janyon could see the shining butt of Gabeyron's automatic poking out at the end!

"Nothing to declare, ma'moiselle."

The girl left the doorway and came slowly forward, her dark head held high, her gaze flickering between Janyon, very erect, and Gabeyron, squatting. Whatever else exercised Janyon's mind at that moment he could not help admiring her nerve. The acid test of a good general lies in his capacity for surrounding himself with the right people. Definitely Leverson was a good general; he knew how to pick his men—and women.

"The switch!" hissed Gabeyron, hardly moving his lips at all. "A foot behind your right hand!"

"Got you!" thought Janyon to himself, and he stepped back furtively, groped and flattened. Nor had he dropped a second too soon. Following right on the blackout came a tongue of vivid flame, a jarring sound on the door and the popping of Mlle. Bercher's silenced gun.

He shuffled to the lee of the wall on his right, sweating a little, marvelling at his escape. Another round popped. His heart sank. Somewhere something had fallen; a deep groan that could only be from his colleague was followed by the sharp tapping on parquet of a man's shoes. Gabeyron was hit, and hit badly! And yet, a moment later a dark form rolled against him and hot breath fanned his face.

"Right of the heater! Quick! I'll take the left."

Gabeyron groaned again, but only, as it transpired, for effect.

Janyon was on his feet, crouching as he ran. Presently he collided with the heater, rounded it and flattened again. Another flash leaped at close quarters and the wind of the bullet fluttered his hair. He saw the vague outline of legs against an open doorway, flexed and shot forward, tackling low. She uttered a scream and came over on top of him. With a sense of relief he heard her gun fall and slither. After a brief but desperate struggle he succeeded in pinning her arms to her sides. She could only writhe and kick and utter little frenzied sobbing noises . . .

Gabeyron blundered over them and fell sprawling.

"I've got her," Janyon called. "Switch on the light."

Gabeyron muttered something in response, picked himself up and shuffled to the far end. The light went on, setting Janyon blinking. The eyes that stared up into his blazed with hatred.

"You do this—to me—Simone Bercher!" she panted. "One day—you will be sorry—you were ever born!"

"A truly charming sentiment!" M. Gabeyron had returned and was drawing an apparently inexhaustible supply of cord from his overcoat pocket. "Ankles," he went on muttering to himself. "Elbows, I think . . . Now the wrists."

Janyon got up, licking his scratches. He helped draw Mlle. Bercher to the wall, where she remained propped, trussed, a writhing untidy mass of sheer unadulterated fury.

"A distasteful business," Gabeyron shot at Janyon; "but very necessary. Now to business. Leverson may return at any minute, and somebody may have heard those shots. I'll take this side of the flat; you try the other. If you find anything, sing out."

He disappeared through the doorway where Simone had first made her appearance. Janyon threw open a door and found himself in a kitchen. Confined in a comparatively small space he saw an electric cooker, refrigerator, glass-fronted dresser, a long narrow table with a gleaming white surface. Beyond the refrigerator were two doors, the first opening into a lobby with a small larder on the left, the second unlocked and leading outside.

He groped his way out, tripped over a dustbin without seeing it, and came to a standstill by a slender metal handrail. At a narrow break in the rail he found the beginnings of a spiral metal staircase running down into the gloom of a shallow courtyard. He leaned there, trying to pick out objects below. His second thoughts had been right. In the darker patch below to his left a passageway evidently communicated with the street. Oscar Leverson could have approached from that direction and surprised them.

He drew back sharply and, as he did so, the door behind him creaked softly shut.

Somebody was approaching along that hidden passageway, someone who moved furtively in soft-soled shoes. The footsteps petered out, and presently the pallid flame of an automatic-lighter leaped up, revealing the dark outline of a cigar, a mouth, a bearded chin, the unusually wide brim of a hat.

Leverson!

The light was extinguished. Janyon traced the other's movements by the glowing end of his cigar. Leverson advanced some paces

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625670

MURDER IN SWITZERLAND

and stopped again. There came the faint jangle of keys. The glowing end dropped perhaps a foot. A key scraped in a lock and down there to his right a door jarred open. . . .

Janyon leaned right over.

The glow disappeared. Leverson's footfalls were barely distinguishable now. They faded into distance and suddenly a faint light appeared, shining through the partly closed door.

Janyon frowned.

The nature of that light puzzled him. It had a curious reddish glow, that kept blazing up and then dying down. Suddenly he understood. The furnace-room for the central heating! The concierge most likely was ill, and Leverson occupied with the innocent pastime of stoking Mlle. Bercher's fire!

He had turned to rejoin Gabeyron when a ghastly scream of terror filtering through the cellar door took him half-way down the stairs.

He halted again. Somebody was talking in French—somebody apparently in mortal terror.

"No—no. . . . Not that, Leverson! I can't—go through that—again. . . . Have mercy. . . . I'll—tell—everything . . . everything . . . Not here, though. . . . I—can't remember——"

Janyon shot back up the stairs.

As he reached the top the kitchen door opened and he saw Gabeyron coming to look for him.

"YOU are quite certain it was Dutoit?"

"Quite. Who else?"

Gabeyron shrugged.

"I can't tell you. Leverson's clever. We've no guarantee he hasn't been hanging around for some time and heard those shots."

Janyon dropped an arm on the other's shoulder, jerking him back from the rail. Leverson had come up without either hearing him. His broad figure blocked the doorway and presently emerged with the dull glow of his cigar ahead like a beacon. This time he was hatless and apparently wearing no jacket, for Janyon picked out the white of sleeves.

Leverson seemed uncertain what to do next. He made first for the stairs, hesitated, strode across to the entrance to the passageway, turned again and presently vanished precipitately into the cellar. Another minute and he was back again, leaning in the doorway, apparently staring fixedly towards the concrete flat where Janyon and Gabeyron waited.

And then he was gone once more and they heard his footsteps retreating below ground.

"Rattled about something," Janyon murmured.

Gabeyron nodded.

"That's rather how it struck me," he said drily. "It also occurred to me he might have seen us. In which case he's probably dropped back for his coat and gun. In the circumstances it may be unwise to go down after him."

"What do you suggest?"

Gabeyron approached the rail again and pointed to a spot some three or four yards to the right of the door. "One of us slip down the stairs and take up a position there, the other follow immediately after and take up a similar position on the other side. Then wait——"

"For Leverson to show up."

"Exactly." Gabeyron drew Janyon's attention to Mlle. Bercher's silenced gun that he had purloined. "We both cover him, but only I shoot—with this. You see that? That's if there's need for shooting. As soon as you see your way clear slip through and make straight for the cellar."

Janyon slipped off his shoes and went down first. At the bottom of the spiral staircase he waited, listening. Hearing no further sounds of movement from the cellar he cut across to Gabeyron's No. 1 position and replaced his shoes.

So far so good! Janyon was feeling optimistic. His post was on the side the door opened. If Leverson chose to come up now he would walk right into the range of his gun. Whether he had noticed them up there didn't seem to matter. It was unlikely he intended stopping in the cellar all night. The existence of another means of exit was equally beyond the bounds of probability; nor was there any risk of help coming to him from the flat. Gabeyron had brought the science of knotting and lashing to a very fine art.

Gabeyron was creeping down now. He paused as Janyon had paused, cut well over to the left and returned slowly to position No. 2, keeping, however, about six feet away from the wall. The reason for this was obvious: coming straight from the light into darkness, Leverson would be temporarily blinded. He wouldn't notice Gabeyron out there, and Gabeyron would at no time lose sight of him. And Gabeyron was prepared to shoot if necessary. That was important. The shooting need not attract particular attention. If indeed a shot were fired and some startled neighbor prompted to telephone for police assistance there should still be ample time to find Dutoit and get him to the spot where the car was waiting.

Ten minutes passed and Janyon began to grow uneasy.

The cellar, the courtyard, everything about him, had grown strangely silent. Even the traffic in the Avenue seemed to have died down. Above him were shadowy gutterings, chimney-stacks, stars . . . the spiral staircase twisting upwards in the gloom, frail and fretted like a child's model . . . the concrete landing where he had collided with a dustbin . . .

He changed his stance, leaned, felt tempted to smoke. A cigarette at that moment would have been a boon; anything in fact to vary the monotony of that ghastly waiting. From what he could see of Gabeyron he didn't seem to turn a hair.

Now that he was used to the darkness the outline of that extraordinary personality with his bangles and scented handkerchief stood out quite clearly—his queer, hawklike profile, his stoop, his slightly sagging knees. Janyon wondered what his age was, his origin, his precise nationality.

He used a French name, although that might mean anything. If indeed he had any right to it, there must be some Spanish blood in his ancestry.

Janyon found himself grappling with a fresh problem, born of Gabeyron's conviction that Oscar Leverson was in the pay of the munition kings. If Leverson's task was to destroy Dutoit's invention once and for all, why hadn't he murdered him in the first place? Why go to the trouble of smuggling him to Paris and lodging him in a cellar? Why hadn't the professor been made to succumb to a supposed heart-attack, like that other poor devil in the Swiss funicular? Why torture him to obtain his secret? There could be only one or two answers to this: either Gabeyron was wrong or Leverson was playing a double game—accepting heavy payment on the one side and suiting his own ends on the other.

A sound from the outer darkness brought Janyon to his senses. Someone else was approaching along that darkened passageway. Gabeyron had become suddenly active; he signalled with one arm and moved silently into the deeper shadow by the wall.

Presently the mysterious visitor to the courtyard hove in sight—a smallish man wrapped in a heavy cloak, with all his face and part of his felt hat lost in the voluminous folds of an upturned collar.

Janyon flattened against the wall, his fingers tightened over his gun, covering the newcomer all the way.

The man made directly for the open doorway, stopped short, stared straight at Gabeyron, jumped back a yard and started to run. He passed through the doorway in a flash, his body stooping, his whole attitude betraying panic. There was no question as to the reason for his fear. He had come from darkness into darkness—he had seen Gabeyron and guessed somehow the purpose of his presence.

Janyon crept towards the door, listening.

There was a noise as if someone had fallen down the steps, a sharp exclamation that must have been Leverson's, the sounds of voices raised in argument. The talking ceased abruptly and again an ominous silence ensued. But not for long. In two minutes, not more, another noise became audible on the steps. A shadow appeared on the concrete just outside. Something dark was pitched into the courtyard that exploded feebly like the bursting of a paper bag.

Janyon had ducked, expecting a bomb, a hand-grenade, something violent and lethal; but there was no flash, no scattering of steel fragments. The thing, whatever it was, made its pathetic little pop, hissed like a soda-siphon for some minutes, and finally expired.

"Duds!" Janyon muttered and kept low, momentarily expecting another and more effective missile. The shadow, however, was gone again and the cellar became as silent as the grave.

He stirred and blinked, wondering at first what was happening to his eyes. The lighted doorway seemed to be gradually growing dim; the surrounding walls had become a blur. Looking to his left, he failed to discern the spiral staircase. The air had a faint chemical tang that was vaguely familiar.

Fog! Dutoit's fog! The doorway had disappeared entirely before he realised. Leverson and that other man knew they were cornered. Somehow in kidnapping Dutoit they must also have managed to lay hands on one or more of the containers intended for demonstration purposes.

Something must be done quickly. At all costs they must block that doorway and prevent the professor being spirited away again.

He shouted to Gabeyron, "Quick! The cellar!" and sprang forward himself just as guns began popping in a curious muffled manner, showing no flashes. A bullet gouged a line of pain along his left cheek. A brief interval and he smashed out at a heavy, reeling form that blundered into him in the fog. He missed and fell sprawling, and right over his head another gun went off. Recovering, he found the doorway and plunged in. One man at least had gone; he somehow suspected both. In the fog it was difficult to tell.

Only some of it had penetrated inside. In the pale light filtering through to the stairs he could see clearly enough. He glanced round once as he descended and found Gabeyron there, evidently with the same object in view.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625671

"Smoke-bomb!" he emitted in disgust. "How the dickens did they have one handy?"

"Dutoit's fog," Janyon retorted briefly. "I saw some in London."

They reached the bottom of the flight together. The underground chamber was just a cellar, long and narrow, with a large coke-furnace opposite the stairs, a smoke-blackened roof and cobweb-laden, bare brick walls. Fire-irons lay scattered about the floor. To the right was piled a great heap of fuel, kept from spreading past the furnace by planks held with iron stanchions. To the left, beyond a litter of old packing-cases and broken crates, a narrow archway led into a smaller compartment, illuminated by a single hanging bulb.

Gabeyron went in first.

His sharp exclamation brought Janyon through the opening in a hurry.

"Good heavens!" he exploded, horrified. "Dutoit!"

The place was barely furnished—a passable replica of a prison-cell in the Middle Ages: a rough table supporting a bottle of wine and some rolls, a heap of straw that had evidently been slept on. An overcoat and hat hung on a nail: a dinner-jacket on a broken chair . . .

For all these things mattered Janyon might still have been blundering in fog. He only saw Dutoit, fettered and manacled to the wall, with the white shirt in which he had been kidnapped ripped open.

Gabeyron was speaking.

"Monsieur Dutoit! Professor! We are friends. We have come to take you away."

He felt for the professor's pulse, forced open his clenched fingers. A small dark object slipped from them and fell. Gabeyron caught it, held it on his open palm and remained staring.

Janyon craned forward, trying to see.

"Too late?" he suggested huskily. "Those swines have beaten us. They've murdered him."

"What else did you expect?"

He showed Janyon what was in his hand—a replica of the ornament Raggett had brought to his flat—the sign, in fact, of the Spider!

JANYON awoke from a disturbed sleep and sat up, looking around him.

For some time he remained, supported on his two arms, languidly surveying flamboyant wallpaper, conventional peonies growing for some reason up a faded blue lattice. The windows were tall and narrow, the blinds of an unusual pattern. He looked at the floor and saw his duvet, that white oversized abortion that masquerades abroad as an eiderdown, huddled down there like an immense and bloated corpse.

His left cheek pained him and had a sense of stiffness that seemed to demand explanation. He touched it and his fingers ran the whole length of a broad strip of medical plaster, holding in place lint or wadding. He felt more plaster, running diagonally from nose to chin.

He yawned and recovered the down quilt, piling it at the foot of the bed—rather a large bed with *solid* walnut ends and an indisputable box spring. The removal of the down quilt had revealed his slippers. He swung his legs out and felt for them with his toes. Presently he crawled to a window and ran up a blind.

He remembered it had been a devil of a night! Gabeyron taking Dutoit's jacket as evidence, groping their way to the clearer air of the street, finding the car again, going with Gabeyron to a strange little French doctor who wore a monocle like Greatham and treated the bullet wound in his face. He had felt faint, and somebody—he imagined it was Gabeyron—had helped him to bed.

Satisfied he had things in their proper order, he crossed to the wash-basin and turned on taps. His suitcase lay open on a trestle. He disturbed the contents with both hands, ruthlessly, finally producing a sponge bag and the leather case with his shaving tackle. Shaving round that plaster was a work of art. He dressed partly and rang for breakfast.

His watch had stopped. The clock opposite showed him it was ten minutes past nine. The morning express would have left over an hour ago—and he was still in Paris!

He remembered Dutoit again and felt relieved on one point, at any rate.

Francoise would have gone the night before, and there would be no necessity for him to break the news about her father. She would probably read all about it in the papers.

The waiter tapped with his coffee and rolls.

"Monsieur Gabeyron?" asked Janyon.

The waiter set down the tray.

"Yes, sir. I know him."

"Has he been here this morning?"

"No, sir."

Janyon gave him ten francs and told him to send up some papers. The man returned within ten minutes with these and a sealed envelope, which proved to be a note from Gabeyron, hastily scribbled on hotel paper and presumably written the previous night. It lacked the conventional beginning and finish, and contained exactly nine words:

"Do not go out until you have seen me."

Janyon ate his breakfast, repacked his case and went downstairs. Neither the bald gentleman nor his wife were in evidence. The son was behind the reception-counter and slightly more unshaven than before. He bowed and ushered Janyon into the private room where Francoise, Gabeyron and he had dined together. He occupied the basket-chair and smoked. The place felt stuffy and he opened a window. For more than an hour he pored over French journals, expecting to find some mention of a body in the Rue Recuettes. Finally he gave it up and ran his mind back over the events of the previous evening.

Dutoit was dead in the little room off the furnace-room of 29-bis. That, at least, was definite. He had received terrible injuries, but it was difficult to believe he had died as a result.

The voice Janyon had heard appealing to Leverson had been too strong. He had agreed to surrender his secret. Obviously he would not have been tortured again.

What then? The fact of Leverson having removed his jacket carried little significance. It had been unbearably hot in the cellar. He had been expecting that other man to turn up and was impatient because he was late. They had it from Mouron, the cigar merchant, that Leverson had been seen in a towering rage at approximately the time the news would have leaked through that Francoise was safe. Leverson's nerves would necessarily have been on edge all evening.

And here Janyon believed was the important point, the pivot on which his theory rested: Leverson had no intention of murdering Dutoit until that other man had arrived with the news they were being watched. Rather than allow him to fall into their hands, one or other of them had administered some form of poisoning, thrown that one fog grenade into the courtyard, and the pair had made their getaway.

Oscar Leverson was still well on the way to earn his million; he had merely been forced to reconsider that other and illicit rake-off he had previously had in mind. That he would be furious at being driven into that impasse, Janyon had not the slightest doubt; more furious still when he revisited 29-bis and discovered the plight of Simone Bercher and the valet de chambre. Simone would be able to provide a graphic description of the intruders. It might not be so pleasant for either Gabeyron or himself if at some future date they fell into Leverson's clutches.

Now the main point was, what would Leverson do next?

With Dutoit dead, hopes of obtaining possession of the complete formula were distinctly minimised. Legal procedure in Switzerland would be roughly the same as anywhere else. There were bound to be long delays, and time with Leverson would be an important factor. If there were a short cut, undoubtedly he would take it.

Unless the professor had managed to destroy it he would already have the all-important notebook. That would provide him with one-third of the dissected formula in code. Presumably the key to that code would be missing. Even if he had compelled the professor to explain his notes there were still the two other sections—Paschoud's and Francoise's.

From this point his line of action was fairly clear.

Leverson would undoubtedly go to Switzerland. A trusted agent or agents would be sent to invade the laboratory in Vevey and see what was to be found there. Paschoud would be trailed everywhere; perhaps surprised at the laboratory and compelled to reveal all he knew of the process. Leverson would probably have chemists in his pay whose knowledge and experience would be called in. Francoise would definitely be in danger.

And here Janyon realised a mistake.

He had been arguing on the assumption Leverson's mind was still on that rake-off, that he still hoped to reap two enormous profits. Supposing he was wrong? Supposing the possession of the secret no longer interested him?

He had been operating for some time, presumably without any marked success. His haven in Paris had been discovered. The tireless energy of other secret agents must be harassing him a good deal. It was feasible in the circumstances that even a ruthless man like Leverson must be reflecting on the wisdom of too many eggs in one doubtful basket.

If he drew his reward from the munition magnates under the pretext of having blotted out Dutoit's fog and the fog cropped up again in the hands of the British or some other Government, it was reasonable to suppose somebody would be employed to kill him.

Had Leverson considered this risk? If he had, would he not be inclined to revert to the original plan and blot out everybody who knew anything—Paschoud, Dutoit's assistant, and Francoise?

(TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press, Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4625672